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LAW AND MANNERS

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MOULTON

[A word of explanation seems desirable in regard to the form and the authorship of this paper. It is the verbatim record, by an accurate reporter, of an impromptu speech made by Lord Moulton at the Authors' Club in London some years before his death. Because of its pertinent interest for present-day Americans, we count ourselves fortunate to be able to print it in the *Atlantic* at this time.

John Fletcher Moulton, first Baron, Minister of Munitions for Great Britain at the outbreak of the war, a noted Judge, a great Parliamentarian and administrator, may be fittingly introduced to *Atlantic* readers in the words of the Lord Chancellor before the House of Lords at the time of Lord Moulton's death in 1921:—

'I choose my words carefully when I say that I greatly doubt whether it would have been possible for the war to have been brought to a successful conclusion when it was, but for the part Lord Moulton took in it. I hope the country will not soon forget the extraordinary work of this most remarkable man, whose memory his colleagues will long cherish.'

In order to explain this extraordinary title I must ask you to follow me in examining the three great domains of

Human Action. First comes the domain of Positive Law, where our actions are prescribed by laws binding upon us which must be obeyed. Next comes the domain of Free Choice, which includes all those actions as to which we claim and enjoy complete freedom. But between these two there is a third large and important domain in which there rules neither Positive Law nor Absolute Freedom. In that domain there is no law which inexorably determines our course of action, and yet we feel that we are not free to choose as we would. The degree of this sense of a lack of complete freedom in this domain varies in every case. It grades from a consciousness of a Duty nearly as strong as Positive Law, to a feeling that the matter is all but a question of personal choice. Some might wish to parcel out this domain into separate countries, calling one, for instance, the domain of Duty, another the domain of Public Spirit, another the domain of Good Form; but I prefer to look at it as all one domain, for it has one and the same characteristic throughout—it is the domain of Obedience to the Unenforceable. The obedience is the obedience of a man to that which he cannot be forced to obey. He is the enforcer of the law upon himself.

One of the reasons why I have chosen this as the subject on which to speak is that I have spent my life as a commissioner for delimiting the frontier line which divides this domain from the realm of Positive Law. I have had to decide so frequently whether Law could say, 'You must,' or regretfully to say, 'I must leave it to you.' This is the land in which all those whom the Law cannot reach take refuge. It might be thought from such a description that I wished to annex that country and bring it under the rule of Positive Law. That is not the case. The infinite variety of circumstances surrounding the individual and rightly influencing his action make it impossible to subject him in all things to rules rigidly prescribed and duly enforced. Thus there was wisely left the intermediate domain which, so far as Positive Law is concerned, is a land of freedom of action, but in which the individual should feel that he was not wholly free. This country which lies between Law and Free Choice I always think of as the domain of Manners. To me, Manners in this broad sense signifies the doing that which you should do although you are not obliged to do it. I do not wish to call it Duty, for that is too narrow to describe it, nor would I call it Morals for the same reason. It might include both, but it extends beyond them. It covers all cases of right doing where there is no one to make you do it but yourself.

All these three domains are essential to the properly organized life of the individual, and one must be on one's guard against thinking that any of them can safely be encroached upon. That Law must exist needs no argument. But, on the other hand, the domain of Free Choice should be dear to all. This is where spontaneity, originality, and energy are born. The great movements which make the history

of a country start there. It covers a precious land where the actions of men are not only such as they choose, but have a right to claim freedom even from criticism. Men must keep safely guarded this right to follow the bent of their nature in proper cases and act as they would without anyone having the right to utter a word of dictation or command. This country forms the other frontier of the domain of Manners and delimits it on the side farthest away from that of Positive Law.

The dangers that threaten the maintenance of this domain of Manners arise from its situation between the region of Absolute Choice and the region of Positive Law. There are countless supporters of the movements to enlarge the sphere of Positive Law. In many countries — especially in the younger nations — there is a tendency to make laws to regulate everything. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency to treat matters that are not regulated by Positive Law as being matters of Absolute Choice. Both these movements are encroachments on the middle land, and to my mind the real greatness of a nation, its true civilization, is measured by the extent of this land of Obedience to the Un-enforceable. It measures the extent to which the nation trusts its citizens, and its existence and area testify to the way they behave in response to that trust. Mere obedience to Law does not measure the greatness of a Nation. It can easily be obtained by a strong executive, and most easily of all from a timorous people. Nor is the licence of behavior which so often accompanies the absence of Law, and which is mis-called Liberty, a proof of greatness. The true test is the extent to which the individuals composing the nation can be trusted to obey self-imposed law.

In the changes that are taking place in the world around us, one of those

which is fraught with grave peril is the discredit into which this idea of the middle land is falling. I will give two examples. First, I will take freedom of debate in the houses of legislature such as our own House of Commons. For centuries the members had unrestricted freedom of debate, and no inconvenience was felt. But in recent times some members of this House have said to themselves: 'We have unrestricted freedom of debate. We will use it so as to destroy debate. The absence of imposed restriction enables us to do it.' This obstruction was developed, and it has destroyed freedom of debate, and, indeed, all useful debate in practically every legislature. The freedom due to absence of positive restriction has been treated by the individual members as leaving their use of debate a matter of Absolute Choice, fettered with no duty that they were bound to regard. They shut their eyes to the fact that the freedom was given to them in trust to help forward debate, and that it was incumbent on them so to use it. Clumsy and even mischievous regulations have necessarily been introduced which fetter debate but prevent its being absolutely stifled. The old freedom cannot now be entrusted to the members, because when they possessed it they did not respond to it by the exercise of that moral sense which would have led them to treat it as a trust, and not as an absolute possession, unburdened by obligations which they should compel themselves to regard.

It is not only the conduct of individual members of the legislature that furnishes an illustration. The conduct of the legislatures themselves furnishes an equally striking one. It is the fundamental principle of democracies to bow to the decision of the majority. But in accepting this we do not surrender ourselves to the rule of the majority in all things, but only in

those things which are of a kind fit to be regulated by Government. We do not admit, for instance, the right of the majority to decide whom we should marry or what should be our religion. These are but types of a vast number of matters of great interest in life which we hold to be outside the decision of a majority, and which are for the individual alone to decide. But in form the power of a Government has no restrictions. It has the power to do everything, and too often it forgets that this limitless power does not leave the scope of its legislation a matter of absolute choice on its part, but a choice fettered by a duty to act according to the trust reposed in it, and to abstain from legislating in matters where legislation is not truly within its province. And what is true as to the scope of legislation is also true to a great extent as to the nature of that legislation. But there is a widespread tendency to regard the fact that they can do a thing as meaning that they may do it. There can be no more fatal error than this. Between 'can do' and 'may do' ought to exist the whole realm which recognizes the sway of duty, fairness, sympathy, taste, and all the other things that make life beautiful and society possible. It is this confusion between 'can do' and 'may do' which makes me fear at times lest in the future the worst tyranny will be found in democracies. Interests which are not strongly represented in parliament may be treated as though they had no rights by Governments who think that the power and the will to legislate amount to a justification of that legislation. Such a principle would be death to liberty. No part of our life would be secure from interference from without. If I were asked to define tyranny, I would say it was yielding to the lust of governing. It is only when Governments feel it an honorable duty not to

step beyond that which was in reality, and not only in form, put into their hands that the world will know what true Freedom is.

The tendency of modern legislation is to extend the area ruled by Positive Law, and to diminish the area of action which is determined by the decision of the individual himself. But there is one great example in the opposite direction. In one instance the People have deliberately chosen to carve a domain out of that previously covered by Positive Law and to throw it into the domain where the individual can determine for himself his course of action. Take the legislation relating to Trades-Unions and Trade Disputes. Limitations on the power of combination have been swept away, and to a great extent that which was previously marked out by Law is now in the hands of the individuals themselves.

I am far from suggesting that this was a retrograde step, but to my mind the question whether it is dangerous, and whether it may and will become disastrous, depends on whether the masters of workmen who gained this freedom of action, not allowed them by the Common Law, look upon the change as justifying their treating the matters to which it relates as belonging to the realm of Absolute Choice, or whether as belonging to the realm where, though not restrained by Positive Law, they yet recognize the duty of obedience to the Unenforceable. Do they recognize that the increase of their freedom of action brings with it not unfettered choice but the corresponding responsibility of using that freedom? That many have failed to realize that this is the true effect of the change has already been made too clear. At the time of the general coal-strike many voices were heard which in a tone hitherto unknown to us cried: 'We can by a universal strike bring the nation

to its knees.' It is a proof of the extent to which the sense of Duty ran in the nation, even at a time of such excitement, that this cry was not heeded, and that we came out of the crisis with little harm beyond some labor legislation which will probably have to be modified many, many times before it comes into working order — a very light price to pay for the experience.

I am not afraid to trust people — my fear is that people will not see that trust is being reposed in them. Hence I have no wish that Positive Law should annex this intermediate country. On the contrary, I dread it. Instead of the iron rule of law being thrown over it I would rather see it well policed by the inhabitants. I am too well acquainted with the inadequacy of the formal language of statutes to prefer them to the living action of public and private sense of Duty.

The great principle of Obedience to the Unenforceable is no mere ideal, but in some form or other it is strong in the hearts of all except the most depraved. If you wish to know how strong, remember the account of the Titanic disaster. The men were gentlemen to the edge of death. 'Ladies first.' Why was that? Law did not require it. Force could not have compelled it in the face of almost certain death. It was merely a piece of good Manners in the sense in which I have used the phrase. The feeling of obedience to the Unenforceable was so strong that at that terrible moment all behaved as, if they could look back, they would wish to have behaved. I have no fear of its strength, whatever be the class appealed to. Even if one takes the least educated, — the so-called lower classes, of whom so many are afraid, — one would find the same loyal obedience to unenforceable obligation in the relationships with which these classes are familiar. The danger lies in that by

the growth of the democratic spirit they have newly come into much larger powers, and they have not yet learned that power has its duties as well as its rights. When they have become familiar with these powers, and when intercourse with those who have a wider outlook has taught them that the domain of obligation includes them in their use of them, I am satisfied that those who have been loyal to duty in the smaller lives that they have led will be loyal in the wider fields in which they are now able to exercise their power. It is this faith that makes me dread lest we should hurriedly let Positive Law come in and check the growth of self-reliance, check the growth of the sense of personal duty, and lead people to feel that, if they obey the Law, they have done all their

duty. It is wiser to exercise patience and let them alone till increase of experience in life teaches them to appreciate better their true position, and to feel that it is still needful for them to see for themselves that they behave as worthy men should do.

Now I can tell you why I chose the title 'Law and Manners.' It must be evident to you that Manners must include all things which a man should impose upon himself, from duty to good taste. I have borne in mind the great motto of William of Wykeham — *Manners makyth Man*. It is in this sense — loyalty to the rule of Obedience to the Unenforceable, throughout the whole realm of personal action — that we should use the word 'Manners' if we would truly say that 'Manners makyth Man.'

A COAL MINER'S JOURNAL

BY EDWARD A. WIECK

THE recorder of this journal has worked in the coal mines for twenty-one years, particularly in the Illinois and Washington fields. He has tramped through the entire 'central bituminous field,' Montana, the anthracite, and West Virginia, and for the past decade has attended the conventions of the miners' organizations, thus acquiring an intimate acquaintanceship with many miners and union officials in the coal-producing states. — THE EDITOR

Oct. 22, 1923. — I was elected on the Pit Committee along with Gumme and 'Bad-Eye.' The old committee had been deposed by the Joint Board for having shut the mine down contrary to the contract.

Went to C — (the mine manager) this morning and told him of our election. We further told him that we did not want him to make any cases, and expected him to settle disputes with the

men. He said he would give the men what the contract called for. We told him if he did that, there would be no trouble between us, and went on into the mine to work. I don't think anybody was fooled by this exchange of courtesies.

Oct. 24. — Check 140 claimed he was being discriminated against by the driver in the matter of the turn in his entry. The full committee heard his

complaint, took evidence from the driver and a digger in the next room, and found, inasmuch as there was no difference in the turn at the end of the day, that no injustice had been done him. He seemed satisfied to let the matter rest.

Oct. 25. — Saw the Top boss and asked him to replace some broken window-panes in the washhouse. Also to repair the chain and weight on the washhouse door, so that it would close automatically. I found on coming out of the mine this evening that it had been done.

Oct. 27. — This morning took up with C — the matter of tools not being properly sharpened. Too soft. He promised to take it up with the blacksmith. He protested that the blacksmith was expert in his line and could not understand the complaint. We also took up the matter of men not reaching their working-places by starting-time. . . .

[In answer to our question about the Pit Committee, Mr. Wieck wrote: 'The Pit Committee is a grievance committee. Each mine under the jurisdiction of the miners' organization has its own Pit Committee, elected by the men employed at that mine and composed of men actually working in or around the mine. Ordinarily three men compose the Pit Committee. When a dispute arises between an individual miner and the mine manager and no settlement is reached, the miner refers the case to the Pit Committee, which is the first step in a long series of courts set up for the adjustment of grievances in the unionized coal industry. . . . In the handling of the case by the Pit Committee and the mine manager, the dispute is frequently settled on a basis of common-sense and reasonableness.' — THE EDITOR]

Nov. 2. — The Sub-Dist. Pres. was on the job at eight o'clock along with the Asst. Supt. . . . Then appeared the Operators' Commissioner and our Board member along with the Gen. Supt. Their purpose was to review

a number of cases which had been referred up to them and which had originated under the old committee. The first was a case of 'Bad-Eye,' who was claiming an additional four hours for rock-cleaning over and above what had been paid him. 'Bad-Eye' is a contentious individual who learned to dig coal in Iowa, where it is mostly hard grubbing, and cannot properly oppose his opponent without bringing some hate into it. . . .

The next case was Check 58 and 59, involving fifty-three hours for cleaning slate. At the request of the Board member I had telephoned into the mine and gotten these two young fellows out to testify. In the hearing of the previous case I had kept one ear open for the signal bells in the engine-room, which could be heard from where we were, and hearing the signal to hoist men, I met them at the pit-head and gave them some advice on what to say and how to say it, when to talk and when not to talk. One young fellow of nineteen or thereabouts proved an excellent witness. It is generally dangerous to bring our people before the Commissioner in such cases, stage fright often operating against their interests. This Commissioner is noted for his bulldozing tactics and rapid-fire questioning, which many times confuse and discomfit even committeemen if they be not well experienced.

This youth told a straightforward story of the two of them having worked on this fall for three full days and a part of the fourth, doing no other work. This according to the contract would entitle them to the amount of time they claimed. C — claimed that, according to the measurements of the fall, they should have cleaned it in forty hours.

The Commissioner in pursuance of his usual tactics snapped at the boy: 'Did you work at it all the time?' He

replied that he did. 'Stop for dinner?' 'Long enough time to eat it.' 'Did n't stop for lunch, nine or half past?' 'No.' 'Did n't stop for lunch?' 'No!' very emphatically. 'I said, No.'

The Commissioner digressed. He said, 'I knew an old fellow some thirty years ago that never ate anything in the mine until dinner-time. Him and you two are the only three coal-diggers I ever heard of that did n't stop for a mid-morning lunch.'

The Board member spoke up: 'I never ate lunch in the mine in my life.'

'By God, then you're a fourth one.'

His purpose was obvious, but he failed to fluster the boy. I then asked the lad if the stuff that had fallen was easily broken up.

'I'll say not!' was his answer.

'What did you break it with?' I asked him.

"Twenty-pound hammer, furnished by the company.'

The usual six- or eight-pound hammer used by the miner would have made no impression on this slate, and obviously the twenty-pound hammer was proof that there was work to be done there besides moving it, which had been the only thing taken into consideration in arriving at the conclusion that forty hours was sufficient for the removal of this fall.

The Board member then asked the question: 'Was there any boss showed up in your place during the three days and a part of the fourth day that you were working on this fall?' When the lad answered, No, the wise old Commissioner looked at C—— with his tongue in his cheek; said in a deploring tone, 'God, there'd ought to have been!'

Nov. 7. — This morning . . . we found the mine manager on the bottom, backed up against the rib, listening to an excited, vociferous exposition of

the condition of his mule by one of the drivers. The mule — this driver said — was unfit to be taken out of the barn, had been worked too hard and continuously; and that it was a shame to treat a dumb brute in that manner. He wound up by saying, 'By God, I won't take him out! I don't give a damn what you do!'

The mine manager told him to take the mule and do what work he could with him; that he had asked the company for more mules but had not yet received them; and that he intended to take this mule out when he got the new ones. This failed to pacify Rosa, and upon seeing us, he appealed: 'I don't have to take this damn mule out, do I? It's a damn shame and disgrace. The Humane Society ought to be notified.'

I answered: 'Since you asked me, I am telling you that as long as there is no danger to your health in handling the mule, you are supposed to take any mule that the company provides for you. Do what work you can with him, and if he lays down on you, sit alongside of him until he gets up. You are not supposed to abuse him unduly to get him to work.'

'Well,' he said, 'can't I notify the Humane Society?' and I told him: 'Your duties and rights as a citizen to report this matter are not abrogated by the contract, but your job obligates you to drive that mule.' He went to the barn very reluctantly.

I know that the boss does n't like to work a mule like that, and that the driver's acts showed that he did n't want to, and I am sure that the committee did not want to; but still he was worked. Someone sitting in a swivel-chair somewhere was to blame.

Nov. 13. — The hoisting engineer saw me again this morning, asking that I help him in bringing influence to bear on a certain digger whose note he had

signed for \$50 during the strike last year. I told him that he knew we had no power to compel payment, which he admitted, but that if the opportunity presented itself, I would do what I could to have the man pay the note. . . .

In coming out of the mine this evening and looking over the fines for dirty coal, I found one, Check 167, marked 'aggravated case,' which probably will mean discharge. It consisted of three large lumps of coal, one weighing nearly two hundred pounds, one about a hundred, the other less, with an inch-and-a-half streak of blue-band through the middle of each. On my way over to the washhouse, a digger remarked to me, 'You'll have a hell of a time gettin' that fellow's job back.' I agreed there was little chance, considering the amount of dirt. Upon inquiry I learned that he was a new man who had just started that morning, and while making coal had loaded that single box. Well, we'll take it up in the morning.

Nov. 14. — Check 80 complained to us that his buddy, Check 163, did not give him a square deal in checking the cars in rotation; that his buddy had 12 cars more than him, last pay, and was 14 cars ahead of him this pay. We knew that Check 80 was not altogether bright, so we called him and his buddy and the check-weighman into conference. We learned from the check-weighman that 163 had no more cars than the turn of that entry, and that 80 had gone home early several days, thereby running behind the turn. Check 163 complained vigorously about 80 not doing his share of work in the room, and for that reason falling behind. We lectured them both and told them that it was up to them to work together to each other's best advantage and to get along. We told them we expected them to do this and wanted to hear no further complaints, as the

committee had more important work of disputes with the company. . . . Tonight after work there were rumors in the washhouse that the company was bankrupt and that there would be no pay-day to-morrow. I could find no head to the rumors and scoffed them.

Nov. 15. — When I arrived at the mine this morning, before the men started into the mine a man walked up to me and said, 'The Top boss says, "no checks to-day." Better look into it.' I sought the Top boss and asked him about it. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'there'll be checks, after work.' This was changing the custom, which had permitted men to get their checks before work if they so desired. As the company was well within the contract in giving the checks out at quitting-time, I let it go and told the men I was informed the checks would be there that evening. After I had changed clothes I got Gumme and Bad-Eye and went to the mine manager, telling him of the rumors and asking him what he knew about them. He said that as far as he knew the checks would be there that evening, and laughingly remarked, 'If the checks don't come, I guess I'll lose more than any of the rest of you, as mine would n't come either. . . .'

There was a lot of talk all through the mine to-day about whether or not the checks would be at the mine at quitting-time. I doubt whether many had much heart for their work, as the pay to be received that evening and the two weeks' regularly held back constituted a month's hard labor. When I got out of the mine at 3.30, some thirty or forty men were waiting at the office and told me the checks were not yet there. After I had washed and changed clothes, Gumme and I sought the clerk and asked him, 'What's the matter with the checks?' He seemed quite flustered, but insisted that he was going over to the other mine with his machine

in a short time to get them. He did, and to the great relief of the men, they began paying off shortly after four o'clock. The failure of a number of coal companies to pay in recent months has made men very uneasy. In fact, a nearby mine of another company failed to pay to-day.

Nov. 16. — Talked to the mine manager this morning about the pay-checks. He said that on account of a number of circumstances, the matter had been balled up; that he expected the checks to be there earlier next pay-day. All the rumor and talk, however, had had its effect, and quite a number of men came to me asking what could be done toward having the pay-roll guaranteed. I told them that I would get in touch with the Sub-District President and see what could be done. I was unable to get him on the telephone to-night and will try again to-morrow.

Nov. 17. — The mine manager was in my place this morning and we informally discussed the matter of companies defaulting pay-rolls. Among other things he said, 'Situations like that put a boss in a bad hole. He has nothing to do with and knows nothing about the financial end of the business. He can't tell the men they will get their checks when he does n't know, and obviously he can't tell them they won't.' We discussed also the new mine this company has recently sunk and into which they have put about a million dollars, and in which things don't seem to be going right. It is now shut down.

Called up the Sub-District President to-night, explaining this pay-roll situation to him. He agreed that something should be done toward guaranteeing pay-rolls generally. He said he would lay our matter before the District office and see what could be done. I will see that he does not procrastinate.

Nov. 19. — There being no work on ac-

count of a motor being broken, I went to the sub-district office and went over the entire pay-roll matter with the President. He admitted the seriousness of the situation and said that he had made arrangements to meet the District Vice President in St. Louis on Wednesday, the District President being in the hospital.

Nov. 20. — After consulting with the rest of the committee, I called a meeting of the men at the mine in the wash-house before going down to work, and told them what had been done in the pay-roll matter and of the conference arranged for in St. Louis. It was voted that I attend that meeting.

Nov. 21. — Went to St. Louis this morning with the Sub-District President to meet the District Vice President, to see what could be done toward having the company guarantee our pay with a surety bond or some such device. The V. P. seemed inclined to the belief that the company, through their peculiar methods of finance, was probably in a bad way, but did not seem to know just what should be done. After quite a bit of talk it was decided that the Sub-District President and myself should call upon the President of the company. On the telephone this gentleman declined to make an appointment 'to meet a committee,' when informed that a committeeman from the Warren mine would accompany the Sub-District President. When asked if he had any objections if the committeeman accompanied the Sub-Dist. Pres., he said the Sub-District officer should come without an appointment, and in that way he would not know who was coming. I have yet to fathom the purpose of this grandiose gesture.

Upon arriving at his office the girl at the telephone, after the Sub-District President's name was announced, asked us to wait a few minutes. After five

minutes or so the President ushered a caller out down the corridor and welcomed us with a hearty, 'Come on in, Pete,' to the Sub-District President. While being introduced and shaking hands with me, he must have scrutinized me as closely as I did him, for as we sat down his first remark was, glancing at my gray flannel shirt: 'You've stolen my shirt.' I told him I may have stolen it, but it cost me \$3.50.

He said his cost him \$3.85. It was his Sunday shirt, he explained. 'I shave and dress up every morning during the week, but let the shaving go and put on my flannel shirt on Sunday. That is my day. I don't go to church, although I don't think anybody can be harmed going to church. There are no bad influences there. I am saying all this not knowing what church you men belong to. What church do you belong to, Pete?'

Laughing, Pete replied, 'Let's see — I think I was in a Methodist church the last time. Every time I go I want to debate with the preacher, although I have never had that opportunity.'

He looked at me. 'What church do you belong to?'

'I belong to the big one,' I answered. He looked a little embarrassed, and thinking that perhaps he took me for a Roman Catholic, I added, 'The one that has the most members — I attend none.'

With that, he lit a long cigar and said, 'Well, boys, what brought you?'

The Sub-District President opened up by telling him that he was doubtless aware of the various coal companies recently defaulting the miners' payroll, and told him that there were considerable rumors at the Warren mine that the company was in a bad way financially.

'Yes, I've heard about that. Know who started the rumors and why they were started.'

I said, 'You may know. I did my best to find out their head, but was unable to do so. I wish I knew who started them and why. If we did, the men might feel easier about their money.' Looking straight at him, I went on: 'When they were first started, I thought their purpose was to boost the sticker market.'¹

He pulled hard on his cigar. In fact by now it never left his face, his left hand holding it close to his mouth between puffs. He seemed disturbed, although his rapid smoking was the only evidence. After studying awhile he remarked: 'I won't spend thirty cents to bond that pay-roll. In fact, I have been studying whether or not to shut those three mines down. We can buy coal in the open market cheaper than we can produce it.'

'You can buy it pretty damn cheap if you can buy it cheaper than you can produce it at the Warren mine,' I remarked.

'Well, we can,' he answered. (I still doubt this, as I am convinced that coal is produced more cheaply at that mine than at any mine in the state of Illinois.) 'Our properties,' he went on, 'will appraise two million dollars.'

The Sub-District President asked if that were a 1923 appraiser.

'No,' he said, 'I have deducted a million and a half. They did appraise three and a half million.'

'How about encumbrances?' asked the Sub-Dist. Pres.

'I was coming to that,' he replied. 'We have three hundred thousand dollars on them. I don't think it's right to ask us to bond the pay-roll, and we don't intend to do it. The men can quit or go on strike or do as they please for all that we care'; and he repeated

¹ 'Sticker' is discounting wages and drawing them in advance of the regular pay-day. This practice is forbidden by laws of the miners' union and the contract with the operator. — THE AUTHOR

that they could buy the coal in the open market more cheaply than they could produce it.

'I suppose you would want to penalize us under the contract if we came on strike,' I remarked.

'More than likely I would,' he smiled.

I then said that, as far as I was concerned, there would be no strike as long as we got our money on time; and that I believed in living up to the contract, and that, as long as I was committeeman, my influence would be used against illegal strikes. I told him it was to our interest to keep the mine running, and that was our purpose in laying the matter before him. We thought perhaps the men might get excited over the various rumors and shut the mine down. I pointed out that there were quite a number of men at the Warren mine who had recently lost their pay in other mines, and that these men could not be blamed if they became nervous about the rumors. We thought perhaps that he would be willing to do something to reassure the men.

'We'll do nothing,' was his comment. Turning to the Sub-District President, he asked, 'Did you ask the Northern Coal Company to give bond?'

'No; no complaints have been made about that company,' he replied.

'Have you asked the Kuehn Company?'

'No; there was no complaint there.'

'Well, then, I don't think it is quite fair to ask me to do so,' he said.

'Would you be willing to do so,' asked the Sub-Dist. Pres., 'if all the rest of the companies in the state were forced to furnish bond?'

'Yes, I guess I'd have to,' he said; 'but up until now you have n't shown me any good reason why I should.'

'You would, then, if we showed you a good reason?' went on the Sub-Dist. Pres.; to which he answered, 'Yes, I guess so.'

I thought to myself that a good reason, in his estimation, would be for us to bring indisputable proof that his company was bankrupt; and then how would he be able to furnish a bond? The fact that he had nothing before the war, the stories of his buying up mine after mine through stock deals and otherwise, have led everyone familiar with mining in this state to believe that his resources are widely scattered and that in this time of depression in the coal industry he has more than he can handle. The reported bad luck that he is said to have had with a new million-dollar mine in central Illinois certainly does not reassure us as to the stability of his companies. With the producing end incorporated in one company and the selling end incorporated in another, we wonder just how much would be attachable in case of trouble, outside of a few old worked-out mines. His appearance — short and round-faced, wavy hair — put one more in mind of a cigar salesman than of a competent manager of industry.

We returned to the hotel and reported our conversation to the District Vice President, who said that it was what he expected, and he wanted to know if the President seemed disturbed and how he took it. 'I have no doubt,' he said, 'that his companies are shaky, but how to prove it is another thing.' Then he asked, 'Does he sell mostly railroad coal? Perhaps he has a bad contract fastened on to him which he wishes to get rid of. By stirring up a strike, the strike clause in the contract would relieve him of the contract.'

I replied that I did not think so, because of the figure at which they were able to produce coal at the Warren mine. After hearing this figure, the District V. P. agreed with me that they should be making money at that particular mine, but they had the burden of the idle mines of the company to carry.

We went to lunch with the V. P. and there he agreed to look particularly into the affairs of the company, as much as he should be able, and also that we should stop in East St. Louis and see the organization's attorney, and have him get to work on the job to ascertain if possible just what the particular corporation which controlled the Warren mine is worth. With that we left the matter in the hands of the V. P.

Nov. 24. — Saw the Top boss about having the washhouse cleaned, and he excused it by saying that the man who did that work was off yesterday, but he would see that it was kept clean in the future. I spoke also about cleaning out the showers and repairing one that was broken off, and he promised to do this. 'Bad-Eye' suggested to me that we ought to ask for more showers, but I told him that interpretations of the law by the Department of Mines and Minerals, as to a sufficient number of showers, was one for each 25 men, and we, having 9 showers for 190 men, could not make that demand. He said, 'It's a hell of a law. But since it's the law I guess we'll have to stand for it.'

Nov. 26. — Showers in washhouse not repaired. Saw the Top boss again this morning and he pleaded he had been short two men yesterday but would try and get it done to-day. . . .

At quitting-time the showers in the washhouse had not been repaired. I went to the office and took it up with the mine manager, considering that I had given the Top boss plenty of time, and told him what had been given me as an excuse for not making the repairs. He was very frank and said, 'Hell! He's had a full force all the time. I'll see that he does it.'

Just then the Top boss walked into the office and the manager said, 'Bill, put a man on in the morning to fix those showers, and don't forget about it.'

Dec. 1. — Checks 20 and 172, buddies, claim seven hours each for piling rock yesterday, for which the boss said they were entitled only to four hours each. The mine examiner had taken their checks off the board yesterday, and when they went to get them, the mine manager told them to wait in their place until he came and looked it over to see what should be done. He came in at nine o'clock and after looking it over, told them to go ahead and clean it up. They say they put in the balance of the day, loading no coal and drilling no holes. Inquiry made of the driver corroborated their statement that they had loaded no coal. We went to the mine manager and learned that his reason for paying them only four hours each was that, according to the measurements of the fall, they should have been able to clean it up in that time. We reminded him that the contract provided for payment of such work by the hour and did not specify how much work should be done in any specified time. We told him that his remedy, under the contract, if he feared the men did not work fast enough, was to remain in the place or to put a representative in the place to see that the men did not shirk, or to send day men to clean the fall. Since he did not elect to do either, but had instructed these diggers to do the work, he was obligated to pay them for the time it took them.

While not trying to refute this argument, he continually talked about the number of cubic feet of rock the men piled, according to the measurements he had taken the day before. I told him that it was about time that the General Superintendent's idea of having rock piled by the cubic foot be tested out by sending a case up to the Joint Board, and that as far as I was concerned, I was willing to send this one up, as it was a clear-cut case where the men had done nothing else but pile rock for the

entire day. I told him that had I been in the men's place, I would have asked eight hours instead of seven, charging for the one hour they had waited for him to appear in the place; and as their claim was only for seven hours, we could ask for no more, but we intended to have that seven. I was determined that the case should go on up, but he seemed very reluctant and kept insisting that the committee go in and see the place and let him know that evening whether we believed the men had done the seven hours' work. We agreed to do that and went below to view the place.

When we got in, we found that the statement that the men had done no drilling the day before was true. We found also that there was a dip in the seam where they had shot the night previous to the fall, which had caused them to misjudge their shots and blow out the timbers — which had been hinted at by the boss, and from which I steered the conversation, for fear of complications in the settlement. Not having a tape-line or a rule, we first stepped the fall. Later we measured a scraper hand-over-hand, finding its length to be 10 feet, 4 inches, and in that way measured the fall. We found a number of discrepancies in the measurements as given us by the mine manager, the worst being in the thickness, he averaging it four inches while we found it nearer six.

After getting this information we decided that we probably could beat him at his own game — measurements. Stopping at the mouth of the room to eat a bite of lunch and confer before we went to our working-places, when the boss happened along, 'You are just the fellow we want,' we told him. 'We want you to use your tape-line, and then we think we can settle this case.' We went into the place, measuring and remeasuring, figuring on the slabs of

rock with a piece of chalk, until finally we agreed on the number of square feet. Then I asked, 'Now, how thick is it?' We measured here and there, half a dozen places, and finally agreed to call it 6 inches. I refrained from multiplying the feet into cubic feet, and allowed the mine manager to do this, knowing from previous experience that instead of multiplying it by .5 feet, he would multiply it by .6 feet, in his ignorance of mathematics, thinking that would give him the correct number of cubic feet. Mentally I had already computed the results, knowing that this would make the desired number of cubic feet for which he would give each man seven hours.

After he had figured it, he looked at me and grinned. 'I guess you'd better get those 4-hour slips off these men and make them out new ones for 7 hours each,' I remarked.

He hesitated a moment and then said, 'It's a little scant, but I'll do it.'

While he was making out the slips, one of the diggers said, 'I was after the track-layer this morning to throw our track over as you told us yesterday, but he says he can't come until to-morrow. The way the gob is piled here, we can't get our car in unless the track is thrown over. What shall we do about that?'

The boss laughingly said, 'Dig out a little on the end of each tie and throw it over. I am paying a little more on this rock than you're entitled to, so that will even it up some.'

The digger, being a little soft, took it seriously and did not answer. The boss continued: 'Well, what do you think about it?' The digger stammered, 'I — I don't know.'

'You don't?' I exploded; and then on second thought, continued, 'Well, damn it, I won't interfere,' vexed as I was at the man's denseness and ignorance of the contract. Then, thinking again, the poor devil needs a little help,

I said: 'Huck, listen to me. If the boss tells you to do anything, you do it. He's the boss. If he comes in here and tells you to throw your shovel in the gob, and load coal with your hands, you do as he tells you, and if at the end of the day you think you have not made enough money because of his instructions, ask him for additional pay, and if you can't settle it with him, bring your complaint to us.'

The man looked at me rather queerly after this lecture and I think he got the point, for he said: 'All right — we'll throw it over.' I presume he was paid for it, because I heard no more from him.

Dec. 10. — Check 6, who was hurt by a fall of rock some six weeks ago, was reported to the committee in bad financial circumstances, his wife being sick in addition to his own injuries. The committee agreed that a meeting of the men should be held to-morrow in the washhouse, to consider the matter of a collection.

Dec. 11. — Held a meeting in the washhouse this morning and it was voted to give Check 6 a collection. . . .

Dec. 17. — Checks 163 and 80 have fallen out again. Check 80 came to me this morning and said: 'My buddy is back again this morning. He has been off three days. I am through with him. I won't work with him any longer.'

I explained to him that that was a matter outside the jurisdiction of the Pit Committee and that he must take his complaint to the mine manager.

He appeared in the office to make his complaint while we were there taking up other matters. He told the boss what he had told me. The boss looked at me and asked, 'What shall we do about these two?' I said that he came to me with his story and I told him

we had no jurisdiction and that he must come to the boss.

'Well,' the boss said, 'I can discharge him. He's been off three days.'

I said, 'Andy came to me this morning and told me he had been off, sick, and wanted to know if it was necessary to go to you and explain matters. I told him as long as his life check was on the board, to grab it and go on down, and not hunt trouble. You can't discharge a man who's been off sick.'

We all recognized the peculiar situation of these two men. The boss remarked, 'I'd settle this case by putting Andy off in a place by himself, but he is not capable of taking care of himself. We'll have to try to work out something to get them to work together.'

I suggested that he tell Frenchy to go on down and work to-day and we would discuss the matter later. We finally settled it by Bad-Eye and I agreeing — we both working in the same pair of entries with Andy and Frenchy — to go into their place and give them a good talking to, which we did. When we got in their place, we found Frenchy loading a car which he was just finishing, and Andy drilling a hole. Bad feeling was in the air, which would result in loss of wages to both of them if allowed to continue.

After greeting them, we all sat down at my invitation and I proceeded to talk to them. I told them both that they were not buddies from choice, that they did not work in this particular place through choice, nor in this particular mine through choice; that they both had applied for work because they needed to make a living; that the boss had designated the place and their buddy, and in order to make a living with the least effort, it was necessary for them to agree, at least while they were at work. I told them that, as far as we were concerned, they need never speak to each other outside their work-

ing-place, but in the interest of them both they must coöperate and work together during working-hours.

Frenchy complained that Andy had a habit of leaving the place early, a half hour or so, leaving him to do necessary work that both of them should do. Andy complained that Frenchy would give him no advice or assistance in placing shots, causing sometimes useless labor on his part. We told Andy that it was his business to stay in the place and work as long as there was work for the two of them to do, and that he did wrong when he left the work for his buddy to do. We told the Frenchman that it was to his interest to see that Andy's shots did as well as his own, as in double work, such as obtains in this mine, it would necessitate Andy's loading some of the other's coal if his shots made none. We impressed upon them that we have enough trouble with the company without settling disputes among the men themselves, and that they must get along with each other. They promised to do their best, each saying that he would do his part if the other would. I will try and get over into their place occasionally when I have time, and try and keep them together.

Dec. 19. — When I arrived at the mine this morning, one of the drivers told me that they wanted to see the committee. We got together with them and they told us they had made up their minds to go on strike next Monday if something definite were not done by that time to enforce the Joint Board decision made in their favor in the bonus case. . . .

Dec. 21. . . . The check-weighman handed me a telegram received from the Acting Dist. Pres. in reply to the wire sent him about the drivers' strike. It was lengthy and of course advised against any shutdown of the mine.

Whether by accident or design, he put one sentence into the telegram that gave us a good argument to use on the drivers to have them continue at work. 'You may rest assured that the miners' organization will enforce decision that has been made.' We got the drivers together in the washhouse and read them the telegram. Some were in their work-clothes and others had not yet changed. There was a division of opinion among them. Some of them are not in favor of wildcatting either to-day or Monday, but are willing to await the slow process of settlement, having had their fingers burnt in such matters before. Others said, 'Hell! That don't give us any assurance that we'll have a settlement by Monday. We'd just as well strike now.'

I told them that if they wildcatted, they would have not only the company to fight, but our own organization, it being the organization's policy to delay the adjudication of any pending dispute as long as men were on illegal strikes to force matters.

While in the midst of this earnest talk with the drivers, with their minds flickering backward and forth, work or no work, the asst. manager stepped into the washhouse.

'What the hell's the matter — ain't there no work to-day?' he blurted out.

'Of course,' I quickly replied.

'Are n't the men going down?'

'Yes, but they can't work without these drivers.'

'Never mind,' I said, 'you go on down; they'll come.'

I saw the drivers bristle up the minute he stepped in, and I thought for a moment he had ruined by his bonehead action the effect of all my argument, but it seems that my assurance to him that they were going down was just the thing I should have said, because those that were dressed for work immediately went over to the shaft and the others went to change clothes. One who was

not changed remarked, 'It's a little late. I might be changing clothes for nothing. He might send me out.'

The thought that all my efforts to get them to work might be brought to naught by the asst. telling him it was too late and perhaps sending all the drivers home and shutting the mine down, angered me, and I said, 'You change clothes and go to work. If he does n't let you work, then come to me, and there 'll be a hell of a row around this mine this morning.' Apparently one bonehead a day is the limit of the asst., because there was no interference and we went to work.

As we walked over to the pit-head, the mine manager reached the mine. We went over to the office with him. He asked, 'What 's the matter?'

'Well,' I replied, 'we got 'em down.'

'Who?' he said: 'the drivers? I thought they said they was n't going to strike till Monday.'

I explained to him the telegram that had been received and the difficulty we had had in persuading the men, and also the injudicious conduct of the asst. In his defense of the asst., he said, 'Well, I guess he wanted them to go to work.' I asked him if in his experience as a mine manager he had ever seen a case where the mine manager's appearance on the scene, trying to persuade men who were determined to wildcat

not to do so, acted on them otherwise than as waving a red flag before a bull. I told him I had always noticed that shrewd mine-managers stayed in the office out of sight when trouble of this kind occurred, leaving it to the Pit Committee, and if they failed, reporting it to the operators' association, who in turn took the matter up with higher officials of the miners' organization.

He eventually agreed that perhaps that was the right policy to pursue. He seemed vexed, however, and said, 'It's about time we quit coddling these drivers. If they're going to strike why in the hell don't they strike and be done with it?'

I bristled up and told him that we had done what we considered our duty under the contract, in trying to keep the mine in operation, but if he said so we would cease further efforts and let the thing take its own course. He saw the trap, however, and backed out, so I told him that we would keep them at work, but expected him to coöperate with us and not complain if we delayed starting-time in the morning a few minutes. It would be entirely up to him, however, we informed him; and if the mine were shut down by him because of the delay in getting the men started, that, of course, would be presented in the evidence to the Joint Board, if the case got that far. . . .

INDIAN VOICES¹

BY DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

I

CALCUTTA offended me. As a town it was bad enough fifteen years ago. Now, with endless electric car-lines, with numberless taxicabs as well as private automobiles, the second largest city of the British Empire was unendurable beyond description. Business was the genesis of this town when it was built and fortified in the last lap of the seventeenth century; and it will be business, I hope, that will kill it some day. The unbearable Gothic and French-Renaissance architecture of the offices of the Government produced an excruciating effect on me, particularly when they were reinforced by European houses modeled after the horrible mediocre middle-class homes of the 70's in Britain and Germany. A thousand years from now, when visitors marvel at the beauteous architecture of the Mogul India, they will marvel equally at the ugliness of British India. If there is anything more exotically ugly and unnatural than those Gothic horrors in tropical Calcutta, I should like to be warned, that I may forever avoid seeing it. I might advise a Western tourist not to judge India by Calcutta, for it would be nothing short of judging salvation by suicide. If you can imagine Brixton, East Ealing, Bayswater, all on the shores of the Ganges, then you can imagine the unimaginable — Calcutta.

¹ An earlier chapter of Mr. Mukerji's experiences appeared in the June *Atlantic* under the title 'My Brother's Face.' — THE EDITOR
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It has a long river-front covered with jute mills owned by Scotchmen, Americans, Greeks, Jews, and Englishmen. And, where there are bathing-ghats for Hindus, the steps down are of cast iron made in Sheffield. Where there are no ghats nor factories there are steamboat landing-stations as ugly as any the world over. Added to this a horrible steam freight-train line runs along the full length of the town up and down the river to carry jute from factory to warehouse and back again. The only relief from the reign of ugliness is a few Indian temples and the Maidan.

The Maidan is a large park with gardens, cricket fields and polo grounds, the centre of which is occupied by the garrison called Fort William. Beautiful gray macadam and red-gravel roads serpentine their way through the thick tropical verdure of this park which is, however, being encroached upon rapidly by statues and public buildings whose untropical character I have already described. Even in the Maidan, if one has any hope left for Beauty, it is well crushed by the military band that plays indifferent Western music there with great gusto. Think of bits from Meyerbeer, Verdi, Victor Herbert, and Tchaikowsky's tenth symphony — all groaning, booming, and bombarding your hearing, while the sunlight falls on you like a thunderbolt of heat, and the breeze is oppressive with a thousand whisperings of the forest lands

where tigers creep, taut as a rope, stretched to the full, ready to leap on bison twice their size, and the flute of the savage calls his beloved to the tryst through the thickly fragrant night.

Where thousands of elephants used to walk through jungle lands, now honk and pass auto-taxis intent on speed and profit. Speed and profit — yes; that is the breath and pulse-beat of modern Calcutta.

Yet — it is my own town, and I love it. The language of Bengal is spoken there as nowhere else. Every tongue has the style of Tagore's prose — pellucid, haunting, wicked. The first Bengali sentence that Calcutta spoke to me on my return was, 'Come, amuse thyself with kind words; the day is young, and we all know life is brief as a sparrow's hop.'

The speech of men is the ring of gold in which may shine the precious stone of Thought; and there is no speech so attractive as Bengali, unless it be Spanish — 'a language of caprice and orderliness.' Tears came to my eyes when I heard the railway porter say, 'The parched tongue needs a cool drink or the voice of the beloved to slake its thirst.'

Of course we Bengalis are tremendous talkers. But what a picturesque speech we utter! The best poet of India as well as the best scientist is a Bengali, and Jagadish Bose is as much of a poet (read his inaugural address before his institute) as Tagore is a scientist.

So when I am accused of being a talkative Bengali I am complimented, and I say to myself, 'If you had such a tongue as mine you too would talk.'

II

In a tumultuous state of mind — horrified at Calcutta's ugliness, and thrilled at the Bengali speech — I

reached our home. It was all there, yet all seemed so empty without my mother to welcome me. My widowed sister and her children and my brother, all put together, could not fill the place of my mother. They too felt as I did, and the home-coming, though sweet, was infinitely sad. Everything reminded me of her — the picture of Vishnu and Shiva on the white polished walls which had been hers. The bare floors, immaculate and red-tiled as before, the tree in the front yard and the empty backyard — each thing was familiarity itself, yet none spoke out its heart to me. As my brother and sister said: 'The goddess is gone, only the devotees are left.'

Then I went to look at our family temple. How beautiful it was and how old! It had been ours for many, many centuries. I was told that it had hardly any beams and rafters and that all its three stories were held up by cunningly contrived arches — the product of an art and a science that are no more within the command of the master builders. It was strange to think that here I might have remained to carry on the tradition of my family in peace, instead of leaving all in exchange for the strange turbulent years in a foreign land. But something had always driven me from the settled path, some urge toward an unknown goal, where should await me 'The Thousand-Faced One' — at last.

I must not delude the reader into believing that the moment of reunion was a perfectly happy one for our family. It took nearly two days for us to overcome strange obstacles of thought and to make the necessary adjustment to them. I had to unlearn many things. For an example: in America young and old smoke together, but in India one does not smoke in the presence of one's elders, whether relatives or friends. Since I am the

youngest I have no end of elders in my family and the result was that I could hardly light a cigarette and smoke for a few seconds without hearing footsteps which were the signal for me to fling the cigarette at once from the window, and sit still like a nice boy. It was agonizing to see a good cigarette smoking itself out of existence just outside one's own window. And I took the only way out of that difficulty — I gave up smoking. The cigarette episode proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that, in my family, we have an extraordinarily large number of elderly relations.

I must say also that beside unlearning many things I was forced to learn a great deal. The younger members of the family, mostly my nephews and nieces, were very forward and assertive. I said to myself, 'They have no manners at all. Why, when we were their age — eighteen or twenty — we were seen, never heard! The young are a horrible spectacle nowadays, the world over. No doubt they have their excellence, but that does not excuse their demerits. Imagine young people thirty years ago arguing to prove one of their seniors wrong! We never did such rude things.' My nephews and nieces not only contradicted me, but told me to my face that I was not good but — goody-good! I was so enraged that I could have murdered the lot of them, and felt no regret.

Every dog must have his day, however, even those modern youngsters. My niece told me that she thought men ought to attempt to 'live up' to the women. (Yes, she spoke English!) As if they had done anything else these centuries! She added insult to injury by saying that a man like me, who relaxes too much at home, will not be tolerated within another twenty years. I was advised to keep up to the

mark at home as I did abroad. Then another niece, an orthodox soul, enjoined upon me two baths and three meditation hours a day. She also thought my relations with God were too loose. Now I ask the traveled reader if this does not sound like his own home-coming. I have since then decided to live on steamships and Pullman trains. Never shall I willingly go where the young are shaping the future nearer to their heart's desire.

I have a nephew, a lad of twenty or thereabouts. He and his friends opened my eyes to another aspect of modern Indian life. They are all university men and not a single one of them has any respect for the Western mind. I remember that when I was a boy of their age I went to the Occident to learn at its feet. The young college men of India, to-day, would rather sit on the head of the West. I had one unforgettable afternoon with these youngsters. There were four of us — myself, two students of physics, and one medical student who was very fair, with a round face, pug nose, and extremely strong ungracious chin. The other two were of a professional and retiring type, as dark as ripe olives, and with exquisite features, but they both lacked strength of jaw, and looked very much alike.

The young doctor began the conversation by saying: 'Civilization comes from the East as does the sun. The West has nothing to teach us.'

'But is not medicine Western?' I asked. 'Hippocrates, Harvey, Osler —'

He said, 'But what about our Hindu medicine, Ayurveda (translated, 'how to lengthen life,' which is our word for medicine)? And chemistry? Has the East known less of these than the West? Has it not contributed just as many valuable truths? Even now we find that a majority of the people of India lives by the aid of old Hindu

medicine, and few ever get assistance from the West. You forget, sir. I am afraid you take the sordid European's evil interpretation of our history and sciences. There are thirty Indians who go to Hindu practitioners to one who receives aid from European doctors. In the face of that —'

'But you must admit that some things are lacking to our science,' I ventured meekly.

'Whatever it lacks in one way it can supply in another.' He was firm. 'The West may teach us something of surgery, but we can teach it the cure of leprosy. Does it not rather balance the account?' questioned this aggressive young hopeful.

'Surely in physics and chemistry Westerners teach us a lot.' I turned to the two physicists, but I am afraid I had mistaken their meekness.

'What can those aggressive barbarians teach us more than we ourselves have taught them?' answered one.

'What did we teach them, by the way, for they think of us as savages?' I remarked.

A flood of eloquence was the reward of my retort. 'Did not we Hindus teach the Arabs algebra and the decimal system of notation and numerals, and did not the Arabs give these to the Western savages? Did not the Chaldeans, another Eastern people, teach them astronomy? Did not China teach them how to make gunpowder and the mariner's compass? Did not Persia invent paper, the very thing on which printing — a Chinese invention — depends?'

The second physicist added to the list: 'Did not India teach Pythagoras the scales of music? The very word, Pythagoras, is Sanskrit — Father, Teacher. India has her own geometry, her own mathematics, her own art, science, and philology. Should we bow

to the Western savage simply because he has the lung power to shout that he is superior? He has invented poison gas, liquid fire, and peace proclamations; then he comes to us, Bible in one hand and hand grenades in the other. Who is savage — he or we? They from the West send us whiskey with machine guns and we offer them Gandhism. Who is more spiritual, who more civilized, they or we?'

Here the medical student put the finishing touch to the afternoon's argument: 'Until the eighteenth century, the East and West were abreast of each other. If one were more advanced than the other, surely it was the East. Since the Crusades and before the eighteenth century, the Western swashbucklers came to us for gold, silk, Damascene work, and the real arts of civilization. They kept on coming as beggars to the gate of a royal palace. Till the eighteenth century they were our debtors. Then they stole a march on us — when they superseded man and animal-power by steam and electricity. During all these thousands of years civilization was the gift of the East to the West. Only a hundred out of thousands of years is European; their civilization began with the steam engine and will end with aerial navigation. In a hundred more years, they are finished — and their souls dead. I grant you that the nineteenth century is theirs, but not the other hundreds of years before that, when they took and we gave!'

'But that hundred years is something, is n't it?' I asked.

'Give us time. Let us have the equivalent of those hundred years, with all their material facilities, and I can wager that our Asiatic genius and concentration will in the end give them a better science than their own. We shall beat them in their own game. Bose, Sah, Dutta, Ghose,

Ray, Shimo, Noguchi are illustrious names in science already. In thirty-five years, working under discomfort and positive discouragement, the Asiatic genius has already shown what it can do. I repeat, give us a hundred years with full facilities, — that is all we ask, — and then the West will do what it did before; it will come to the East for culture and for civilization.'

I said: 'I am glad to hear you talk like that. It illustrates the difference of your generation from mine. In mine we did not believe in anything hardly, not even in our own genius or race.'

'We are hoping, sir,' he said eagerly, 'to bring in the new spirit. We are working against the adamantine obstructive conspiracy of the Westerners who have helped and taught the world to think that Asia has always been backward and always inferior. You know, sir, an ant grows wings to fly; but no sooner does it hop off the ground than the insect-eating bird catches it in mid-air and devours it. The Western ant is growing wings of vanity. Once it flies, the bird of the East will swallow it. It is a pity that you have lived so long in the West; it has dazzled your eyes, but it cannot dazzle ours. Our generation in Asia will brush the Western fly out of existence.'

When they left me I felt drowned in melancholy. Could it be possible that boys, hardly twenty years younger, could be just the opposite of what we were at that age? I do not mean that they were wrong; there was a great deal of sense in what they said. But why so much optimism? It sounded so crude, so vulgar. Yet perhaps, I thought, boastfulness is only natural to the injured vanity of the young men of a long-conquered race.

Still the seed of the next war was being planted; arrogant West grappling

the new arrogant East — and whose fault was it?

In passing, I may remark that the speech of the Indian young of to-day is not poetic and picturesque as it was thirty years ago. They speak with a realistic turn of phrase scarcely mitigated by a fluid use of historical fact. Instead of inventing a story in order to illustrate a point, the intelligent young man quotes an event in history. This is the beginning of a mental barrenness which will kill our fertile imagination; I can forecast a day that I shall live to see when no Hindu will make his point without quoting abundant statistics. The pestilence of figures is spreading from mind to mind.

III

That some of my old friends had grown rich in India while I was in America was no fault of mine. So far as I knew, the war so upset the economic life of India that some new groups had to become wealthy, and I admit I was a bit elated to find among them one or two friends of my own!

Nilu had begun life as a college professor; but now, at the age of thirty-six, he owned three factories and had about seventeen-hundred souls in his employ. I could not believe my eyes when I beheld the lad of five-feet-six, now grown somewhat rotund, jumping from his Rolls-Royce car! I simply could not entertain the vision as a reality. But there he was — coming to me with hands stretched out to take mine in his. How could he be my boyhood's friend and grow rich? Impossible!

He was stout, and pale-brown in complexion, with a round, beneficent-looking face. The short, sharp nose was pugnacious, no doubt, but not the rest of him! Girlish eyes, large and deep, — dark brown, — an even brow,

high, smooth, care-free forehead, and moderately marked chin — there was not a feature to indicate anything but the college professor. His mouth was small, its bow-shaped lips were like those of a child of six or seven. How could such a helpless fellow manage to be clever enough to be rich? To my mind, the acquisition of wealth presupposes a Mephistophelian ability, reinforced by a Napoleonic will-to-power; yet lo, here was a rich man who was Napoleonic in nothing but in stature!

I asked Nilu to be seated on the floor of our temple porch. He had come all the way from Calcutta to the edge of the town where we dwelt. Before us were a few trees, a green pasture, and the Ganges where people were bathing.

I spoke to him in English; for I could n't imagine any other of our languages suited to the Rolls-Royce car.

'It is very kind of you to come to see me, particularly now that you are so busy.'

He fanned his face with his silken chuddar. He was dressed in exquisite silk robes of ivory yellow from which his brown head rose like the fragment of a statue on an ivory pedestal. After having fanned himself for a while, he spoke in reminiscent vein.

'I wish I had my old courage to be poor, and had stuck to teaching history, but I cannot afford to be poor, and so I have no time to live. Look here! I want you to see something of our rich people. I shall put that car of mine at your disposal.'

'But, my dear fellow, I do not need your car,' I answered earnestly.

'Childish as ever,' Nilu admonished me. 'If you do not own a car you are no gentleman. That is one of the rules of our set.'

'But I am a Brahman; that I con-

sider is passport to any place.' I spoke loftily.

'Oh no, my boy. That was all right before the war, but between the war and Gandhi the Brahman's prestige has been knocked into a cocked hat. The rich, particularly the newly rich, are the model of our life. You must have the trappings of a rich man. Don't demur, old fellow. I shan't hear of it. In an hour, another car will come to fetch me. It is, let me see, four in the afternoon; I shall expect you to dine with us at seven. Use the car as your own as long as you are here; it will facilitate your entrée into many exclusive places.'

'By the bye, have you any telephone in this temple?'

That made me furious.

'Telephone in the house of God!' I exclaimed.

'Of course not! How stupid of me,' he said to himself, taking not the slightest notice of my indignation. 'Well, I shall have to telegraph you from time to time. I want to show you what our Indian hospitality is. Let me just take charge of you; I want you to see what has happened here while you have been wasting your time in America. I myself wasted three years in Harvard, but knew better than to stay there, but you spent thirteen years. Golly! What a waste of time! Yet I must say that America taught me how to get where I am.'

Here my friend looked at his watch. It wanted some twenty minutes to five. He said, 'I married out of caste, as you know. My wife is coming to meet you.'

'What? A Hindu girl going about alone in an automobile?' I questioned in amazement.

'What do you want her on — an elephant?' Nilu hit back. 'You have kept your mediævalism alive in spite of America. Why should n't my wife go about in her husband's car?'

'Look here!' I began a long ha-

range. 'I am very much obliged to you for your car. I am glad that you will show me the life of the new rich, but let us talk Bengali. Why are you so restless? India is eternal. Why look at your watch? Why should you count the minutes in Eternity? There is the Ganges; she flows on now that the bathers are very few with the same inevitable ease as when the bathers were many in the morning.

'The English tongue that we have spoken registers only the froth and scum of our being. Now give thy heart's inmost talk. Let the wing of forgetfulness bear away the burden of work. Thou knowest that I long for the light of thy soul in the gaze of thine eyes, brother. It is an age since we dreamed on the green fields and by the rushing waters. I care not if thou art riding the stallion of wealth or walking on the unsandaled feet of poverty; only tell me thine inmost story, thy heart's longing and thy spirit's dream. I meet thee across the river of boyhood on the shore of middle-age! Tell me if thy head rests on the pillow of serenity and thy limbs repose on the couch of friendliness and love.'

'Shiva Vishnu! Dost thou know I spend all my days speaking English?' he burst forth. 'I deal with English firms, they send men who are ignorant of any tongue save their own, and I speak better than they. The hours of the day I waste talking alien speech! My soul has no time. My heart knows no serenity. My head rests — if rest that be — on the pillow of care. Gunga, mother of waters, I never see; I bathe in my private bath; I work in my private office. I am alone — lonely as I used to be in solitary confinement when the British put me in prison on my return from America at the inception of the war.'

'Did they charge thee with treason? Wert thou tried?' I asked.

'Nay, brother,' he answered. 'In the time of that insane slaughter, the State turned the key on anyone it suspected, in any place it saw fit. I, among others, was never tried, and I was released after four years, when it suited the convenience of the State.'

'How many were you?'

'We were fifteen in one beauty parlor (exact translation of Shrigar). At first they put us in solitary cells in order to make us confess what we might know. There I meditated on God, but somehow that did not help to soften the hearts of our jailers, so we all began a hunger strike. I fasted sixty days. Rama, Rama, that broke the resistance of our jailers! Those protectors of peace did not wish to have us die; so when the third score of days passed and I would not break my fast, they gave us what we wanted and let us have our way in the King's hotel, as we called the jail. From now on we had books, papers, good food, and no more solitary confinement, and my soul could dream untrammelled by telephones, and unsought by visitors.'

'It is strange that India's Harvard and Oxford graduates have given more of themselves to their country than Indians from other Western universities,' I remarked.

Nilu answered, 'True, very true. Harvard University at present has contributed more men that follow Gandhi's teachings than any other American university where Hindus have studied. Harvard has the greatest prestige in India; for it has supplied us with the largest number of jail-birds!' he concluded in English.

Just then my friend's wife arrived in her car. She wore a beautiful sari of violet fringed with gold. I noticed that she had slippers but no stockings — her bronze-colored ankles needed no covering.

It thrilled me when she knelt down

and took the dust from my feet. Ah, still to be honored as a Brahman — what a privilege! I was on the verge of tears. I blessed her: 'Be thou thy husband's jewel of pride. Bear him royal sons.'

Then all three of us took off our slippers and climbed the cool cemented stairway to the shrine proper, two flights above. There we bowed to Krishna; then sat on the porch in silence for a time, until my sister came from our adjoining house to greet Nilu's wife. She offered us sweetmeats from the remnants of the noon offering to the god.

Nilu's wife touched the sacramental morsel to her forehead first, as a salutation to it, then put it in her curving mouth.

It was a pity they could not linger, but the Rolls-Royce stayed behind for my use. Again that violet-draped woman bowed to my sister and to me, took the dust from our feet, and went.

'Is there anything more beautiful than the good old courtesies?' I said to her husband, who saluted us after, following her example. I blessed them both.

As they climbed into their car, Nilu said in English, 'You know this salutation-business is beautiful for you Brahmans; but we, who are not Brahmans, feel as if our backs would break!'

IV

From the younger generation I went to my brother and sister for protection. It was evening. We sat on the roof under the starry sky — velvety black — from which the stars hung so low and warm that one could almost pluck them, like grapes. But to-night even the stars were out of key. In that darkness we spoke of our parents and, presently, all our talk concentrated upon our mother.

My sister, it appeared, had for her the same worship as my brother and I. She came to know her long before we did, because she was about fifteen years older than my brother, who was separated from me by four years. Doubtless she could tell us much about her that would be new to us.

I had found my sister little changed. She had never resembled the rest of us — she had lighter skin, 'coffee, tempered by cream,' my brother used to say, not coffee-clear like ours; her nose was aquiline, almost Semitic; her eyes were slanting, not round, darkened by long black lashes; there was some gray now in her thick jet hair and a line or two in that smooth brow, but nothing else, save her white widow's sari, spoke of any change. In the darkness, I could distinguish nothing but the whiteness of her dress, but I knew that its severity was unmitigated by any borders of colorful design. She had never worn ornaments even in her youth. Great was her austerity, and fortunately she was very strong. None of us could remember a day when she felt tired enough to omit the fulfillment of a single duty. She lived on two small meals a day — altogether a one-half pound of rice and a pound of milk, while she superintended the work of a temple, fed forty or fifty people, and meditated on God three solid hours every day, beside which she took care of a daughter-in-law, son, and grandson. She gave an hour and a half each day to her grandson, as a part of religious communion. But, in spite of her competence, she was not like our mother; she had a plethora of common sense. Once, when a European lady had invited her to tea, my sister inquiring the hour and hearing that it was half-past four, answered, 'Oh! I am sorry to say then that it will be impossible for me to come, as the important preparation of

God-business begins after four, and if I do not attend to it, the evensong will not be as good as usual.'

Such a reply would have been impossible from my mother; to her God was as light as a whim, not a heavy weight on her mind. I am certain that she would have found as much of Him in a tea-cup as in an evensong. Was he not spirit omnipresent?

While I was thinking of these things, my sister was saying: 'To me, mother gave different instructions from yours, my brothers. I was taught only stories and songs of devotion. I do not know whether she had a premonition that I should become a widow at twenty-two, but, none the less, she taught me as if she felt certain of it, her sweet understanding firmly paving the road, so that it would be firmer under my feet at the bleak hour of calamity. And I believe that was why she had me taught English.'

I expressed surprise at this for my mother herself knew not how to read or write. My sister explained that mother had said to her:—

'I belong to the age when wisdom came to men's hearts naturally, but thou, my child, art born in a time when only printed words are considered true. Learn English, my daughter; it is the ruler's language and since thou canst not rule men without some cunning, the English tomes may help thee to hold thy place in this world.'

'It did serve me in good stead after my husband's death,' went on my sister. 'But, thank God, I have forgotten all of that language now.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Oh, it has so little wisdom and so much beauty. The last story I read in English was about a dead man's ghost who tells his son how he, his father, was murdered, then the young prince, an innocent dreamer, kills an old fool, whose daughter's heart he breaks and

kills her brother at her funeral. Later, the prince is killed by the brother whom he kills as well. It has luscious words in it, for an innocent young man's sorrow tastes sweet to the reader; but how can it be a tale of wisdom which our mother would have had me learn? Can ghosts be so revengeful? Is it right to tell one's mother that she is unchaste, and all because of the idle talkativeness of a good-for-nothing spirit, who should go to Heaven instead of walking about at night to poison his son's life with cruel thirst for vengeance? That tale destroyed all my ambition to know English. Thou dost know the language well; was I not right to give it up?'

'Yes, that wanton tale of beauty should discourage anybody.' Thus I disposed of Prince Hamlet.

My sister resumed: 'I took to learning from mother all the stories about our ancestor Chaitanya. She began them all in the same way. 'Listen, oh listen to the prophet of love! He was born to preach love to Hindu and Mohammedan alike in order to show that there is only one God, though we give him many names, and he was our ancestor.'

'How old wert thou, sister, when mother taught thee this story?' I asked.

'I was fourteen. After that she taught me line upon line of the story of Savitri and how she saved her husband from death. Next I memorized the trial of Sita. When I grew to be a woman, I was made to fast twenty-four hours in seclusion with her, and in that seclusion she taught me Gita Govinda, the Song of Songs, and imparted the secret and wisdom of love to my heart.' Suddenly she stopped to ask me, 'How do Western mothers teach their daughters the art and wisdom of love?'

'Am I a woman or a Westerner

that thou shouldst ask me that?' I questioned.

'Men always insist on remaining ignorant,' she retorted and went on with her story. 'I learned cooking, serving dinner, how to dress for cooking, then how to dress for dinner after cooking. The garment of the kitchen may be worn only after an arduous bath and the cleansing of the body. Once the cooking is done, the garment of the kitchen must be put away and the garment of the feast donned. I was not allowed to rest in the afternoon in the dress of the feast — Oh, there were a thousand little things that the woman-mind picks up as a miser gathers his pennies: there was the evening toilet, the meditation — all these things was I taught as well as the work of pleasing a husband. But now I seek only to please God,' she concluded.

'How much Sanskrit dost thou know, sister?' I asked.

'A few hymns. The one I love most is: "Those who with steadfast love worship Me, seeking Me in all things, and all things in Me, shall attain the supreme Light." I weary of all this; I hunger for the stealthy one — Death.'

Something in her voice made my brother who had been silent all this while ask gently, 'Dost thou weary

of us, my sister? Dost thou not love us?'

'Oh, ho! What idle talk,' she expostulated. 'If I did not love you both — the images of herself — would I yet cling to this dancing dust?'

She turned to me: 'Did I not fast for thy home-coming so that all the impurity of life might be cleansed and the paths of thorn turned into a river of blessing? Were she here she would have fasted to purify her thoughts in order to mirror for other souls their own purity. "Self-cleansing cleanses the world," she said once — and, thinking of her, I fasted and prayed to make myself and the world worthy of thy home-coming.'

We were obliged to reassure our sister who was as conscientious in her affections as her duties. After a little more talk she rose to go saying, —

'Now I must seek slumber; in old age two days' fasting feels like a week of it. My prayers have been heard; thou art home again and at peace with thy soul.'

We lingered, happy in talk of our mother; and then my brother began to tell me gradually the story I had waited so long to hear — the story of his own life. But not only that night, but many others, passed beneath the stars before all of it was recounted.

THE IBEX AND THE ELEPHANT

BY DOUGLAS BURDEN

I

AFTER wintering in the tropics, it was a relief beyond anything that I can hope to describe to get up into the vale of Kashmir. From the heat-laden plains around Delhi to Rawal Pindi, — the jumping-off place for Kashmir, — is less than twenty-four hours by train. A day and a half more by motor and one has reached the famous valley. Such a contrast to the dusty plains, such scenery, such fresh color, and such air are too much for mere words. In no time one is walking around with one's head literally in the clouds, and one's spirit soaring over the great mountains to the Tibetan steppes.

Shikaries and coolies were obtained and at last I was slipping away on the quiet waters of the Yelum in the shadows of the Himalaya range. At Bandipore we outfitted. The last dusts of civilization were printed in the snow of the virgin forest that surrounded the Dak Bungalow of Tragbal, and there, after a night's rest and a little climb before dawn, I was standing on the summit of a 12,000-foot pass. Quite a contrast it was to the heat of Delhi. Forced marches carried us through the Burzil pass, fearful with its threat of snow slides, majestic in the silent grandeur of the moonlight. The only safe method at this time of year was to travel by night so as to cross the pass before the sun could awaken the tremendous power that lay hidden in the harmless-looking sheets of snow. Eventually we descended to the village of

Los on the right bank of the Astor River and, after spending the night in the beautiful orchard of the *Lombador*, or headman of the village, we pushed on a half day's march further to my nullah.

Within an hour after camp had been pitched I found myself in something of a predicament. We were just going to 'take a little look' on the markhor ground and therefore, without bothering to put on grass shoes, we started off following the chota-shikari, attired in the usual chaplis — hob-nailed sandals. Presently we came to some cliffs but, since no markhor were to be seen, Jumma Khan scrambled down. Even though the cliffs were precipitous it looked easy when the Dard went down. I therefore started to follow, but soon discovered that there was something radically wrong. The chaplis were useless so I took them off. Rahima, I noticed, did likewise. Then I continued the descent, getting into a worse and worse fix the further I went, until at last I found myself completely stopped. This was not any fun at all. I looked down and the view was distinctly good — so good, in fact, that I had to force myself to look away and study the cliffs at hand.

I failed to see any feasible cracks into which I could take a step either forward or back. This business of hanging onto a rock face I cannot call exactly boring, but long before Jumma Khan came up to my rescue I was quite

convinced of the fact that I did not care for it a bit. When at last he arrived I was able, by dint of using his shoulders as a foot-step, to manœuvre the descent, but it took a long time. Rahima also, I am glad to say, required help. On looking back up to the cliffs I said to him, 'Do we have to go on this sort of ground every day?' 'No,' he answered, 'every day little, little bad; every day not very bad.' From the way he said it, I was not reassured, for I have never entertained any delusion that I was a mountaineer. On this sort of going I was as bad as a child learning how to walk.

A few minutes later we were creeping up very cautiously to look over some more cliffs. Just as I peeped over, I heard a strange sound, and saw two female markhor going down the mountain. Markhor going down a mountain are a sight worth seeing. It seemed to me that they went down over the rocks just as fast as antelope run on a level plain. I had no idea that any animal could go over such frightfully steep rough ground at such a pace without coming to grief, and, had I not seen it with my own eyes, I should not have believed it possible.

Markhor, although of the goat family, do not seek safety in height. On the contrary they will almost always run down hill, unless wounded. Rahima told me that quite frequently, even when shot at from below, they will come right down past the hunter, thereby giving him a chance for a second shot. Markhor are constantly on the watch, looking both up hill and down, and the smallest falling stone attracts their immediate attention. Furthermore they have good eyesight and good noses. A markhor is by far the most difficult animal to bag that I have ever hunted.

It is easy to see why an old solitary male, with his grand spiral horns,

his long beard, and shaggy underlock, is the much prized trophy that he is. Among Kashmir big game the markhor ranks first, and quite rightly so. In the case mentioned above I do not believe that the two females got our wind. It was a good day, and in good weather, as a general rule, the wind blows up the mountain by day and down by night. In bad weather the wind may blow anywhere and everywhere and that line of Kipling, 'Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and change,' applies only too well.

There are many stories in which some grand old animal, usually with a head of heads, is hunted for days or weeks or months or, sometimes, even for years; and the interest in the story and the value of the animal increase in direct ratio with the time required to bring him to bag. For example, an English sportsman a good many years ago located a record markhor in the Kaj-nag. On a two months' leave he failed to get him though he hunted nothing else. The following year, on a three months' leave, he was no more successful. The third year, determined to get that markhor, he came back on a six months' leave. On the last day, when it was due only to the persuasive powers of his shikari that he went out at all, he shot the markhor. It had a sixty-inch head. That, where one has the opportunity, is the real sport in hunting; spying out some grand old wary king and going after him. Be it deep in the jungle or up among the crags, it makes no difference; the prize is worth the chase.

Following my markhor hunt we went after ibex; for two weeks we had been after one strange-looking, solitary old ibex with a wild head, and my shikari had ceased to eat. (This apparently is a shikari superstition in Kashmir as well as in China.) 'Too many days going behind this ibex' he

said. 'Never before I see ibex like this.' By which he meant that ibex are as a general rule easy to get. It is well known that in the Rocky Mountains it is simply a question of climbing to get your old 'Billy.' The same to a lesser degree is true of ibex. They have the Billy's instinct of going up in case of danger so strongly developed that if you can get above them and shoot down, even though they be out of range, they are apt to come up to you. The difficulty that we had with the old ibex was due both to his unusual craftiness and to the frightful ground that he inhabited. Abadabur Nullah is a markhor nullah, and markhor ground is almost certain to be bad ground; but, whereas markhor stay comparatively low down, the ibex goes right up among the peaks. Thus it is pretty safe to say that when you propose to hunt ibex in a markhor nullah you have your work cut out for you.

Rather than go through the painful account of the two weeks' chase I will simply tell of the last three days, for they are typical of the others. A certain evening is very memorable chiefly on account of Rahima's great faith in a benevolent God. The usual fruitless attempts had been made throughout the day. Jumma Khan had been sent away early with orders to move camp, so we had no local guide to take us down one of the few possible routes by which we could get to camp, and Rahima was on this occasion, I thought, a very poor substitute. Already the virgin slopes and the forbidden pinnacles of ever beautiful Nanga Parbat were bathed in a flush of color by the evening sun. There she was, serene and perfect, raising her head above all worldly things. I could have sat and looked at her for hours, but even now the deep chasm below was growing darker. Rahima plunged ahead over

the rocks and before I knew it we were in trouble, so that I soon forgot all about the beauties of Nanga.

I shall always remember that descent of two thousand feet over what seemed to be an endless series of cliffs. Several times the thought flashed across my mind that it was all up with little me, but always the tiffin coolie who was clambering dexterously around in bare feet would come to my aid. Sometimes I did not think it possible even for the tiffin coolie to effect a descent. These particular ledges were all shelving at a rather steep dip. Also, the rock was friable and therefore likely to give way at any moment, and that was the worst of it. I have already stated that I did not care at all about hanging around the edge of cliffs and I repeat it now. At best it is not too pleasant a sensation to be flattened out against a wall of rock and to realize that one little slip means that you must say good-bye. Nevertheless, although I was frightened, I found that my mind was perfectly calm, and when studying the ground for the next step it worked carefully and deliberately. Also I could look down without the slightest feeling of dizziness. But my legs behaved very badly. Several times as I hung stretched out along the rock face, carefully balancing on bent knees while preparing for the next move, my knees would begin to shake most horribly as if they had the ague. I saw that Rahima and the tiffin coolie noticed my ailment, and it was most embarrassing: for although I realize now that I must have been very frightened, yet at the time I was sure that I was not scared. Whenever I had a good grip with my hands I was all right. Rahima on the other hand had to get a sure footing before he felt safe, so that in some places where I had great difficulty Rahima found no trouble, and others which were comparatively easy for me caused Rahima

considerable embarrassment. It was all easy for the tiffin coolie.

The descent lasted several hours so that it was some time after dark when we came down around under a ledge of rock into camp. Then I sat down by the fire and told Rahima just what I thought of him for bringing me down over those cliffs. 'Damn foolishness' I called it. Then I explained to him that I came all the way to Astor to hunt and to have a good time and not to break my neck. To which he replied by way of a mild compliment — meant to appease — 'God always taking care of good sahibs. Sahib not falling.' I answered in no unmistakable terms that God had had nothing to do with my not falling from the cliffs and that on no account was he to take me again over such ground. Then Rahima tactfully changed the subject to the ibex which it appeared had been seen just before dark. The ibex, they said, was now lying down about two thousand feet above camp where he could keep a good eye on the enemy.

Before daylight next morning we crept up after the ibex, but it was all wasted energy for he had slipped away, and, when we got there, only his fresh tracks were to be seen. These we followed about a mile into the snow and then saw him about a thousand feet above us circling back. He saw us too and turned. This time he selected a position from which he commanded a wonderful view of all the ground, and then lay down. Any attempt at a stalk was useless, so we sat behind some rocks and watched him. Late in the afternoon he got up to feed and we made another attempt. He looked up and caught us in the act of crossing a snowslide; so we just sank slowly down in the snow, hoping that he would begin to feed again. But he had no such intention and stood with his eyes glued on us. So we waited and waited there

in the snow until I thought I should go distracted.

After about an hour of this absurd performance the ibex did not interest me in the least. The only things I could think of were — how cold I was, and a couple of lines from Kipling:

'Do you know the long day's patience, belly
down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?'

And yet for a long time I held myself in, for there was Jumma Khan lying motionless in front of me, with bare feet in the snow and the goose flesh standing out all over him; and I marveled at the toughness of the man. At last I told my shikari what I had been wanting to tell him for a long time and I can leave it to anyone's imagination as to what was said. Long since have I been convinced that at least as far as patience is concerned man cannot compete with a wild animal. When we did finally get up I lost all dignity and reserve and began jumping around and poking Jumma Khan. The latter was fairly beside himself from the painful wait and at each poke exploded as if all the pent-up forces of a volcano were inside. In this way we restored ourselves to normal human beings and then made our way slowly back to camp.

The following day we got up before daylight again. It was always the same — this getting up before daylight — and I loathed it. Russl  n, the tiffin coolie, had found out that the only way to wake up the sahib was to bring him a cup of tea and to sit there till he drank it. Russl  n would hold my clothes ready for me to put on, so then I would simply have to get up and dress by candle light. It was awful getting out of a nice warm furry sleeping-bag into the cold air and darkness and in a minute I would have to rush to the fire. Coolies would immediately

spread blankets for me to sit on and so I would snuggle up to the fire, yawning and shivering, and getting smoke into my eyes until I cursed the day that I ever came on an ibex hunt. Meantime one coolie would be massaging my legs, another would be tying on my grass shoes while yet a third would bring me a breakfast that I was almost too sleepy to eat, and after all that the day's hunt proved to be merely a repetition of the last.

We made a very long detour and would have gotten very close to the ibex but he heard the crunch of the snow and from below us he circled unseen and then suddenly peeped down at us over a ledge about four hundred yards away. I looked at him through the telescope for about the one-hundredth time, and wondered, as I gazed at the curious horns, if I would ever have the pleasure of seeing them in camp. Then he went right up to the very summit of the mountain. I sank back into the snow, very disgusted with it all for it looked well-nigh hopeless. From below the roar of unseen waters racing down the chasm suddenly came up strong on the wind. For a moment the sound filled the air. Then it grew fainter and fainter and was swallowed up again in endless space just as the voice of a child is swept away and lost in a storm. The mountain-side was in silence.

Rahima did not want to look at me. He kept his eyes turned away and fingered his stick. I took out my field glasses. The ibex was struggling through deep snow up near the summits. I watched him till he lay down on a slab of bare rock. 'Rahima,' I said, 'what doing now?' 'See dem, see dem,' was his characteristic reply. 'Pleases now sitting,' he went on. 'Evening kail down coming for fooding.' And the ibex did come down that evening, and, though we were ready

for him, he fooled us again. We had waited for him too long and as a result we had to descend a very steep mountain in the dark — a somewhat hazardous proceeding.

The next day at last luck was with us. We found the old ibex asleep in the terrible chasm that divides the right wall of Abadabur Nullah into two halves. That place is a veritable gorge of death into which rocks are forever hurling themselves down the shelving gneiss that acts as a floor of the chasm. The ibex was lying down, some three hundred yards away, almost vertically beneath me. To shoot I literally had to lean over the edge, my shikari holding onto my legs as I fired, and, to say the least, I surprised myself by killing him. Several other ibex ran across the floor of the chasm when I fired. One male was almost hit by a falling rock and I saw him jump skillfully behind a projecting ledge as the rock went crashing by. Then for some time I watched them climb the wall on the far side. Now and then they got into very tight places that necessitated a careful study of the ground, followed by three or four flying leaps that nearly made my hair stand on end to see, and I burst out with a 'Gee! Did you see that Rahima?' Two small ibex were following their mother at the end of the line, until they came to a spot which they simply could not manœuvre. When they were getting left far behind, they showed some initiative and, turning back down into the chasm again, they came up by another route, going all the time just as fast as they could go until they caught up with the others.

When the excitement was over and I looked back at the fallen ibex, I hardly knew what to think. It would be impossible to describe the many, varied, and conflicting emotions that I have experienced in shooting game.

Sometimes it is great glee, sometimes regret, sometimes a combination of pity and sorrow and a strong distaste for the whole business. On this occasion I think there was a certain satisfied feeling of 'Well, at last.' At the same time a natural feeling of regret, for it seems that the longer the chase continues, the more of a friend the object of the chase becomes. You get to know him pretty well — his little tricks and habits, his favorite haunts and feeding grounds — and it is impossible therefore that one should experience only a feeling of glee when the big head has fallen and his battle is at an end.

II

In Peking I heard of Defosse, whose reputation as a man, guide, and hunter has traveled far. I set about then and there to try to secure his services and was so fortunate that by the first week of January, 1923, I was setting out with the great hunter for the jungles of Indo-China. Defosse is an old man of the jungle. For eighteen years he has made his living as a hunter, and he has a knowledge of the jungle that few men of to-day possess. A typical white man of the tropics, he has fought the fever all his life. He is thin and drawn-looking, and his eyes are heavy. Only his tremendous feet and hands tell of the man he might have been. But when his rifle is at his shoulder, steady as a rock, he is beautiful to see. As a young man he was 'first shot' of the French regiment in which he came to Indo-China, and his skill with the rifle has been increasing ever since. In the early days of his hunting he had many an accident. He has been on the horns of wild buffaloes, he has been caught by an elephant, he has been gored by a wild boar, and he has had to run for his life from a wounded tiger; yet these and other experiences have simply

made him a more clever and a more skillful hunter. On two occasions I had the rare pleasure of seeing Defosse in action and it is something I can never forget.

It was to Defosse that the Moys came with their troubles, for he spoke Annamite, Moy, English, and French with remarkable fluency. For the two months in the jungle we were always more or less surrounded by Moys who served us as coolie porters and trackers, and they were a constant source of interest. They are the original Malays of Indo-China and as far back as their traditions go they have lived in the interior. To the Moys the jungle is the whole world. In olden days a tribal war caused the erection of a mud wall as a boundary for the Moys and a defense against the Annamites who were invading the sea coast. The wall still exists and so successfully has it landlocked the Moys that even to-day, although some tribes live within 50 kilometres of the coast, they have absolutely no knowledge of the sea.

The Moys have one great god of the jungle, and subordinate gods for each different species of animal. In the event that they make a killing with their crossbows and poisoned arrows, a propitiation to the God of that species is necessary. In the case of an elephant, the propitiation lasts eight days and the ceremony takes on the form of a 'Kaniau,' or drunken debauch. It is held about the carcass of the dead animal. A Moy will never give any information as to the whereabouts of dangerous game, for surely the animal would know and revenge himself on that Moy. Thus at one of our camps, although the Moys found a fresh tiger's kill a short distance away, they never told us a thing about it till three days later when the kill was devoured and the tiger gone. To the Moys a tiger is 'Ông Cop' — Mr. Tiger — and is spo-

ken of quietly and with great respect; but Mr. Elephant — 'Ōng Bô' — is rarely even mentioned.

The white man is something the Moys as yet cannot explain quite satisfactorily. He is a born master, can do anything he likes, and, for the reason that he does not have to trouble himself with propitiations, he is almost a sort of semi-god himself. And yet nothing that the white man does do the Moys consider wonderful. Any people who can build a contrivance that wood and water will cause to run at great speed, hauling any number of wagons, can do anything; and with that their wonder ceases. A rifle, a telescope, and such things do not even cause curiosity. 'Why!' they say simply, with a shrug of their shoulders, 'white man's work,' and that is the end of it. The Moys believe that a compass points to the game, and that when you want to return it points directly back to camp. No wonder the white man can find game and no wonder he can go straight back home through the jungle. There is nothing remarkable about it. It is 'white man's work.'

We had moved camp into good elephant country where there was plenty of 'sign' and for several days we had been hard at work burning down the long grass. During the night we had heard elephants trumpeting, and De-fosse had expressed a feeling that on the morrow an elephant would be shot.

Elephants are very numerous in Indo-China, but, owing to the thick jungle they inhabit, it is extremely difficult to get them, unless you are so fortunate as to catch them in the open early or late. They come out to the watering holes during the night but usually beat a hasty retreat to the cool of the forest at the first sign of day. This is especially true in the dry season. So I must ask my reader to step with me for a moment into the jungle and to

picture himself regretfully crawling out of bed into the pitch darkness of a cold misty morning. A dreary breakfast and we are glad to get under way. Dawn has just broken and the mist lies black and heavy over the forest. A few tall trees out in the open lift their heads above its surface. They are the trees of a dream, weird and unsupported, and their great black trunks disappear into the blacker mist below. The trail leads a way through the accursed elephant grass. It is wet and the cold clammy dew soaks us to the skin. We see fresh tiger tracks. The fellow has passed camp during the night.

As Kipling says, 'the dawn comes up like thunder,' and in a few minutes a sickly green disk arises over the rim of the great forest. The mist begins to move this way and that and the sun turns to livid orange and to pale yellow. The jungle cocks are crowing and the long-tailed peacocks are hurling their raucous notes over the open spaces as we step into the jungle. It is dark there, and cool, and dripping, and we cannot see our rifle-sights. Of a sudden there is a great shaking of branches overhead, and a flock of little gray monkeys runs away like squirrels through the tree tops; and so we push on through the jungle, the vines and giant creepers and thorny bushes catching at our clothing.

Very soon we come on the fresh tracks of a large elephant herd and the sensation and thrill that creep over us as we step gingerly about, examining these great tracks, is wonderful. For a long time the elephants had just been milling around this way and that. Then they separated into two herds, one going back deep into the jungle, the other circling out over the open spaces, through the elephant grass. These we follow and on the way we see the dancing-place of the elephants which Kipling describes in the *Jungle*

Book story of 'Little Tumai.' Grass and earth alike have been stamped to the hardness of cement. On and on we follow till the sun swings high, white and blistering. As we pass a narrow island of jungle that is surrounded by open grass I say to Defosse, 'Let's step into the shade and rest a while.'

It is an idea that, I must confess, is ever present when the sun is up and it merely requires a good opportunity as an excuse to effect it. Well, we do, and I have hardly lifted my canteen to my lips when we hear loud crashing close by. 'The elephants,' whispers Defosse, in a tone which fairly sets me tingling inside. The two Moy natives show great alacrity in getting up a tree and then turn and grin down at us from their perch like a pair of monkeys. We make our way toward the sound.

In Defosse's language — I know that we are 'attacking the elephants.' Working into the interior of the patch of jungle we find that it opens up a bit for a distance of about forty yards. The elephants are not thirty yards from one end of this little glade. We can see the trees shaking, hear the breaking branches, and the dull flap of elephant ears, but to see the elephants is impossible. We make a circle back through the jungle behind to assure ourselves that we are not surrounded, and then return to the edge of the thick section of the jungle in which the elephants are browsing. Then Defosse explains that, since this strip of jungle is surrounded by open grass, my first shot will bring them racing back through the jungle in our direction as they will not dare to risk crossing the open. 'Therefore,' he says, 'as soon as you shoot, we will run back to that big tree and that will give us thirty yards of clear jungle to kill in. Don't stop shooting until there are no more elephants facing us and remember: not below the line of the eyes!'

It is getting exciting and I wait resting against a tree trying in vain to make out a head to shoot at. To be sure, I can occasionally see a trunk or a bit of a flapping ear, but it would be folly to risk a shot, especially as it seems to be merely a matter of time until a good opportunity presents itself. Then the wind changes. Just a puff of air is wafted through the jungle toward the elephants. Defosse swears. Suddenly there is tremendous crashing and all the trees in the jungle seem to be shaking. The crashing ceases and we hear the swishing of tall grass. 'Shoot in the air and run to the big tree.' I obey and Defosse and I run for the tree. At sound of the shots the elephants wheel and hurl themselves back into the jungle.

The terrific crashing grows louder. Defosse and I stand by the tree tense and ready. The elephants stop. 'They are looking for trouble,' whispers Defosse. One moves on. He is not coming straight for us. He circles around and passes directly beneath the tree the Moys are sitting in. We can see the Moys, but so thick is the mass of creepers below that we cannot see the elephant and we do not dare go into the thick jungle and try to 'head' them. I can see the Moys looking straight down. If we shoot the elephant where he stands the Moys will have to step on his back getting down off the tree. For a moment I have visions of the elephant reaching up with his trunk and grabbing them. It would be so easy for him. Then he passes around us in a circle leaving an open trail behind him where before there was an impenetrable mass of creepers.

Now the other elephants come on. There is loud crashing in front and behind as the elephants smash their way through the forest. But they have located us perfectly by that first puff

of wind and they all circle by and move on and we do not get in one shot. The strip of jungle at this point is not more than seventy yards wide, and we are in the middle of it, and yet five elephants pass us in that narrow strip and we are unable to get in a single shot.

There is no use to follow the elephants on foot, so we start for camp. The sun is hotter than ever and the miles are long. I cannot help thinking how quickly things change. We were having such fun a short time ago and now it is back to the same old story of sweating along through the accursed sword grass under the doubly accursed broiling sun. Defosse stops to light his pipe and I hate him for stopping. How any man can stop to light a pipe under that sun I cannot understand. Then he shows me where he and a Belgian had been forced to kill five elephants; but I am not a bit interested in the elephants that somebody else has shot. Our elephants have slipped right through our fingers and the idea rankles.

Nevertheless I have had my first real elephant hunt and have enjoyed it tremendously. I have seen gigantic bodies that for all the world might have been mastodons smashing their way through a primeval forest and as

I look back on the scene I know that it is an impression that will not soon be forgotten. But we are getting near camp now and I hurry on ahead.

'What's the hurry?' asks Defosse. 'Beer,' I answer, and hurry faster and at the same time I laugh at myself. Such is the human being, I thought. But a few minutes before my whole system was concentrated on elephants and now — how ignominious — it seems to be equally concentrated on beer.

To-night as I write, the jungle moon is sailing a cloudy sea, and the Southern Cross stands over there on the rim of the great forest. The soft air flowing in among the black tree-trunks brings in the noises of the jungle — the bell of the sambur stag, the yelp of the hog deer, the sharp bark of the muntjac, the songs of night birds and crickets and lizards, and now in the distance the roar of angry elephants, Kipling's 'pin prick of sound in the darkness.' And Defosse — 'l'empereur des forêts,' as the French call him, an old man of the jungle, with ninety-eight elephants and forty-five tiger notches on his gun — waves a careless hand out into the night.

'And I have all that just for the asking,' he says. 'And I do not have to pay.'

PHYSICS AND CIVILIZATION

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

WITHIN the last ten years the United States has become the first industrial nation of the world. No one, though he be the seventh son of a seventh son and born with a caul, can hope to forecast with any degree of definiteness the form which the industrial structure of the country will ultimately assume. Even the general trend of industrial development is the resultant of a bewildering complexity of forces, each of a magnitude largely conjectural. Certain conditions, influences, and tendencies are, nevertheless, recognizable as directive factors in the situation, and from them some conclusions may be drawn legitimately, although without guaranty or recourse, concerning the direction in which our industrial development is likely to proceed.

Since 1870 the curve of population has been rising at a rate which — with some allowance for restricted immigration — indicates a population of 152,000,000 for the country in 1950. We must then prepare to clothe and feed and house some 42,000,000 more people than we do at present. They will, like ourselves, demand much more than food, clothing, and a place to sleep. They will require fuel, though we find it hard enough to get at present; and they will use it in somewhat different and more effective ways. Power must be provided for new industries, new factories, new machines, and for greatly augmented systems of transportation. Many of these new people will travel

by the New York subways, and a sagacious management should already be opening boxes of sardines that it may determine how best to insert more sardines. Everywhere room must be found for the automobiles of these new millions, where now there is scant room for our own. Pressure which — like that on water — is exerted in all directions will come heavily upon our natural resources, our agencies for production, and our systems of distribution.

II

In 1919 there were over a million marriages in the United States, whereas in that year only 70,000 homes were built. We are short at least a million dwellings, and some estimates treble that figure. In most parts of the country practically no houses are being built for workingmen. They still cost more and rent for more than many workingmen can pay. Meanwhile, the population grows, and two or three families live where one lived before. The result is not so commendable as where blades of grass are concerned.

Not more than 40 per cent of our population now own their homes. Many apartments have shrunk to one room and bath. We are living on the diminutive scale. Kitchenettes provide our breakfast, luncheonettes supply ice-cream soda and a ham sandwich, and now, in Boston, one may assemble the family in a diningette for the serious

meal of the day. The census may soon designate as a familyette the maiden lady with two goldfish.

Only the very well-to-do can now afford servants, and they can do so only on increasingly burdensome terms. At Christmas, who now has the courage to present the cook with ten yards of gingham for a dress? It is not worn with silk stockings and a fur-trimmed coat. College-bred girls now approach matrimony with the expectation of doing their own housework, and five-story houses with basement kitchens are as unsaleable as Shipping Board boats. We must obviously rebuild our houses with due regard to the readjustments which the prosperity of the masses has forced upon us.

We may expect, therefore, a great increase and expansion of all those industries that tend to lessen household labor. Already have most domestic industries disappeared in competition with the factory. Who makes soft soap to-day, or spins and weaves and dyes butternut-brown? Where is the little dressmaker who came, with *Godey's Lady's Book*, to live with the family for a fortnight while she made the season's gowns? She is working for better wages behind the counter of the department store, selling ready-made dresses cut from piles of fabrics with an electric cutter from patterns that embody the latest hints of fashion. Already our trade in women's apparel amounts to more than a billion dollars a year.

Bread-making, to the advantage of the product, is becoming more and more the business of great companies operating many bakeries, equipped with every facility for orderly and economical production under scientifically controlled conditions. No youthful Franklin would to-day suggest to his father that time might be saved by saying grace over the barrel of pork. We buy our bacon sliced, in half-pound

jars. Intimate culinary products, such as baked beans, fish balls, and hash, come to many a table hot from the can.

Under the conditions likely to prevail in American domestic life, we must anticipate a steadily increasing output of package-goods of every sort. The American housewife no longer buys in bulk. Her disinclination to do so ensures more business to the makers of tin plate, container-boards, and paper, and to the lithographer and the printer.

The same conditions may be expected to augment the already remarkable development of the chain restaurant, which justifies the lure of the pancake in the window by the cleanly brightness of its interior and the excellent quality of its food. They may bring emancipation, but they do not seem to make for domesticity.

The Chinese laundryman was a pioneer. He recognized a demand which has immeasurably outgrown his modest and mysterious facilities. Such proximity to godliness as he conferred upon the few it is now the function of many thousands of machine-filled laundries to provide for all. The washing of linen has become as democratic as the referendum and vastly more scientific.

In my youth I knew a gentleman of large means and frugal tendencies, who kept upon his mantel a jar of benzine, in which reposed those of his black ties which seemed to require restoration of their sober lustre. Now the dyers and cleansers, like the laundrymen, have their national association. To them now go our garments, that for a brief period we may show ourselves unspotted to the world.

All those things that relieve household labor of its drudgery have their assured place in the future. Nature abhors a vacuum only because she has no carpets and rugs to clean. More and more homes will be equipped with electric appliances: toasters, irons, and

washing machines; and the electric refrigerator is almost here. There will be a similar extension in the domestic use of gas. It is easier to turn a gas-cock than to carry coal upstairs, and the discerning ash-man will apprentice his son to the pipe-fitter.

One obvious result of the crowding, to which our urban population will be subjected in constantly increasing measure, will be the gradual elimination from our homes of much that has characterized them in the past. A library is already a luxury beyond the reach of many who grew up surrounded by books. There is little place in our present scheme of living for grand pianos, or large furniture of any sort. We are tending in our homes toward the compact and diminutive. We have neither walls nor floor-space for the superfluous.

III

Demand, to be effective, must be backed by purchasing power, and never in the history of the world has the purchasing power of the masses been so great in any large population as in the United States during and since the war. It is not likely to recede permanently from this high level. In the seventy years from 1849 to 1919 the value of our manufactures increased more than sixtyfold. In the same period the number of wage-earning operatives increased not quite tenfold. The gain in producing capacity per operative is striking and significant. During recent years the number of persons engaged in agriculture has remained practically stationary. We have passed from an agricultural to an industrial economy, though the basis of our prosperity is still deeply rooted in the soil. During the transition period wages in industry have doubled, while hours of labor have notably decreased. We have thus in

prospect a large increase in population with greater producing power, more leisure, enhanced ability to purchase. We must, therefore, assume a greatly intensified demand both for the necessities of life and for many things that we still regard as luxuries.

We have seen old-time necessities — as candles and open fires — come to be classed as luxuries. In 1886 there was but one bathtub in a certain Southern city of 6000 inhabitants. At a much later period furs and silk stockings were the insignia of the rich. They are now the attributes of democracy. Where our plutocrats progressed ten miles an hour behind a pair of horses, our workmen now go thirty in a Ford. The melon, too expensive for the woman of means, is purchased by the wife of the plasterer, who inquires how to cook it. Association, fashion, and the ability to spend may be relied on to push the standard of living to still higher planes. When, in a Southern lumber town, the Negroes would work only three days a week, a better display of goods in the company stores held them steadily to their jobs. In a town in central New York, girl operatives receiving war wages found four days' work a week sufficient for their requirements until the company brought in some operatives from New York City, whose Georgette waists and all-silk hose soon inspired the local girls to work full time. In response to such demands the tendency will be to produce for the masses products resembling as closely as may be those made for the wealthy few. A wrist watch from the jewelry counter of a Woolworth store asks a handicap of only three feet and does not require winding.

One striking feature of our times which is of peculiar significance for the future is the rate at which labor is becoming capitalist. Universal education has always tended to lift labor

into higher ranks. The process is now accelerated by restricted immigration. We may not and do not hope to see our Americanized labor descend from its high position, and we have checked the influx of ignorant and low-priced labor, which alone can bring it down. We must then expect even higher wages in the future, and these will be reflected in a higher cost of living measured in terms of money. The time-cost of living has been going down consistently over a long period.

In a single recent year the people of the United States have saved more than twelve and a half billion dollars. Since it takes two persons to make a quarrel, we may entertain the hope that the long struggle between capital and labor is in a way to find permanent adjustment, for capital and labor are rapidly becoming one. Possession breeds conservatism, and to have inspires to hold. The surplus of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Workers is already over \$6,000,000. The entire expenses of the organization are met by interest on deposits and investments, and its surplus is growing rapidly. In October of last year the United Mine Workers had on deposit in Indianapolis over \$1,100,000, and the dues of the union bring in \$250,000 a month. In nine months, recently past, the Amalgamated Bank of New York of the American Clothing Workers showed a tenfold increase in deposits. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is now said to exercise control over \$100,000,000 through the nine banks in which the Brotherhood is interested. A few months ago a new labor bank was opened in New York City, and on the first day it took in over \$5,000,000 in deposits, while multitudes could not reach the window.

There is a pronounced trend toward corporation ownership of manufactur-

ing enterprises. During the last twenty years the average size of manufacturing establishments, as measured by the number of workers, has greatly increased, although even now less than one per cent of such establishments employ more than five hundred workers. Nevertheless, in 1919 over eighty-six per cent of our industrial wage-earners were in corporation-owned plants. This assumes a broad significance in view of the spreading tendency of corporations to offer their stock, frequently on preferential terms, to their employees and customers. Nearly one half of the 100,000 owners of Armour and Company are employees, and a recent offering of its stock displayed a surprising financial status among day laborers, truck-drivers, and office workers. Two hundred and fifty electric-light companies are now selling stock to consumers and employees, and nearly three and a half million shares were so sold in 1922. The employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company now own 120,000 shares of its stock and are expected to buy 60,000 more in 1924, which will bring their holdings to thirty per cent of the total issued.

The normal trend of wages in the United States is upward, and this upward movement was, of course, greatly accelerated by the war, but wages are now up to stay. The normal tendency has in the past been obscured and the curve held below its normal course by the great influx of immigrants, which we have permitted and which employers have very generally encouraged. The restriction of immigration must operate to permit the curve to follow its normal tendency more closely than heretofore, with continued improvement in the purchasing power of the masses. With a broader market should come a stabilization of industry through the increasing participation by labor in ownership of the producing agencies.

IV

The restriction of immigration should further prove a powerful stimulus to the development of labor-saving machines and devices. There is, moreover, evidence of an awakening recognition on the part of labor that the full advantage of high wages can be realized only when these are accompanied by low costs of production and distribution. The two are in no way incompatible, as Mr. Ford and many others have demonstrated. Where benefits are so obvious we may reasonably expect a less restrictive policy on the part of union labor regarding per-capita production. Increases in purchasing power, now often nominal, will then become real and be reflected in the activity of general business.

The pressure always upon the manufacturer to enlarge production and diminish costs will become increasingly heavy. One striking difference between the old industry and the new is that the large investment now required sets up heavy overhead charges which drive one to production at the highest possible rate. Nothing—except stopping—is so expensive as slowing down. Standardization of machines, processes, and product, and the installation of larger and larger units must then follow as a natural sequence.

One of the most important of the factors affecting the industrial situation of the future, and one whose significance is seldom noted, is the remarkable increase in the per-capita freight-ton mileage of our railroads. In 1890 they hauled about 1250 tons of freight a mile for each inhabitant; in 1923 they hauled 4160 tons. Part of this increase is due to the more lavish consumption of goods by our people, part to the growth of population in districts more remote from centres of production, and part to the

depletion of reserves of raw material, which compels the manufacturer to go farther afield for his supply. With the per-capita tonnage steadily rising and a population as steadily increasing, the time is not far distant when no readily conceivable expansion of our transportation system will suffice to handle the traffic. We cannot then continue indefinitely to haul Hood River apples from Oregon to Maine, or transport crude and low-priced materials thousands of miles by rail only to return them to their point of origin in forms not greatly enhanced in value. We are in consequence about to witness a gradual decentralization of industry. To-day nearly half the industrial activities of the country are concentrated in a narrow zone extending along the Atlantic seaboard from Boston to Washington. That proportion is destined to change.

In a relatively few years Michigan has passed from an agricultural to an industrial status. Prior to 1880 there was practically no cotton industry south of Mason and Dixon's line. To-day about one half the active spindles are in the South. Since 1910 the Northern mills have hardly increased their production, whereas the output of Southern mills has become greater by more than fifty per cent. Longer working-hours, a mild climate, lower living-costs, and proximity to the raw material give to the South an advantage which is likely to prove commanding so far at least as staple and coarser textiles are concerned, and the mills of the North will perforce turn to the finer goods and to specialties.

Our production of cotton reached its peak in a crop of more than 16,000,000 bales in 1914. It had fallen to half that amount in 1921 and has now risen to about 10,000,000 bales, of which we ourselves consume about sixty per cent.

The boll weevil, higher labor-costs, and the advantages of diversified agriculture seem likely to hold our own production to moderate figures and to make in the long run for much higher prices for this essential fibre. In that event it is by no means beyond the range of possibility that an artificial substitute for cotton may appear. Artificial silk, first shown at the Paris Exposition of 1889, is now produced in greater quantity than real silk, and its manufacture is still expanding rapidly. We are not likely to see an artificial wool, because of the structural peculiarities of the fibre and the absence of an appropriate raw material.

The next decade or two will see a great development of paper-making in the South, where pulpwood — now, elsewhere, increasingly scarce and costly — is still abundant and relatively cheap. Rosin and turpentine, now derived from standing trees, will be extracted from the stumps of yellow pine remaining on millions of acres of cut-over lands. Nowhere, in short, is there likely to be a greater extension of industrial activity than in the South, and nowhere in the world is there greater opportunity for the development of chemical industry than in Louisiana, where salt, sulphur, oil, and gas occur in close proximity.

V

The rate of our economic progress is primarily a function of the abundance and cost of energy. The preparation and use of fuels and the generation and distribution of energy are basic industrial activities, which, in one way or another, vitally concern us all. The remarkable developments now in progress in these fields assume, therefore, a constructive significance and a far-reaching importance. The smoke nuisance, which is rapidly extending

the twilight zone over America, has become well-nigh intolerable in England. There, as here, it defaces buildings, damages furnishings, increases humidity, and is highly deleterious to health. In Pittsburgh it is held responsible for a very acute and fatal form of pneumonia. The growing realization that our cities must be provided with smokeless fuel and the excessive cost of anthracite have encouraged the expenditure of much effort and great sums of money on processes for the low-temperature distillation of coal. These are designed to secure greater chemical values from the coal and to provide an artificial anthracite. During the past year the Coalite Company in England appears to have measurably solved the problem and to be operating upon a commercial basis.

The use of powdered coal, which is nearly as flexible and convenient as gas, is becoming common in great power-plants. In one notable installation the coal, in shallow cast-iron trays, is first floated across a bath of molten lead to obtain, by low-temperature distillation, motor spirit, oils, tar, ammonia, and gas, while the porous cake remaining is pulverized for use as powdered fuel.

Oil has become as essential as gunpowder to the navies of the world, and almost as dangerous to our politicians. On land the tank-wagon is already as familiar as the coal-truck, and the convenience and temporary cheapness of fuel oil have caused it to replace coal in many thousands of plants and dwellings. This tendency will continue for a time until scarcity and science put new values on petroleum. Both factors are beginning to be operative. The production of oil is decreasing daily, and the synthesis of alcohols and whole series of organic compounds is about to become a part of petroleum technology. When petroleum is costly,

we shall have a great shale-oil industry in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

Natural gas, which a few years ago constituted three quarters of all the gas sold in the country, is now, after decades of appalling waste, a rapidly waning resource. Its disappearance locally will result in the migration of many gas-fired industries. Its general decline is, moreover, coincident with the opening of a period of remarkable development in the gas industry. In five recent years the city of Baltimore consumed more gas than during the preceding century. The industrial use of gas has just begun. The average gas company now sells 25 per cent of its output for industrial-purposes, about 10 per cent for house heating, and the remainder for such domestic purposes as cooking, water-heating, and a little lighting. It is estimated that gas companies in the future will do at least five times as much business, and that 75 per cent of their sales will be for industrial use and house-heating and 25 per cent for consumption in gas-appliances in the home.

To meet this greatly increased demand radical changes in practice will be required, and many such are now under consideration. They include low-temperature carbonization of coal, its complete gasification, the installation of great gas-works at the mines with high-pressure distribution-systems for the gas, new methods of coking, and campaigns for the legalization of gas of lower heating-power than that now required by law.

Authoritative estimates, based on recent developments, justify the expectation that oxygen, the supporter of combustion, will soon be available at a cost comparable with that of coal and permitting its extensive use in the production of water gas and in many metallurgical operations. A gas-producer operating with an oxygen-steam

blast would, for example, continuously convert the coke and steam into carbon monoxide and hydrogen. Very little carbonic acid would be formed, and practically the entire heat-value of the coal would be deliverable as gas. Every cubic foot of pure oxygen introduced into a metallurgical furnace would avoid the introduction of four cubic feet of inert nitrogen, now introduced with air.

Practice in large steam-plants, and especially in those of central stations, is steadily moving toward higher pressures. Steam pressures of 500 pounds to the square inch will soon be common, and already pressures of 1200 and 1500 pounds are cautiously being tried. They present new problems in the behavior of steel at temperatures near its critical point and the effect upon it of flue gases and those dissolved in water. Turbines are being built to operate at these extremely high pressures and to exhaust into headers supplying other turbines with steam at 250 to 350 pounds. The new turbine supercharger for airplanes is rated to feed to the engine, at a height of 35,000 feet, air at sea-level atmospheric pressure. It has operated at the incredible speed of 41,000 revolutions a minute, or 683 turns a second for the compressor wheel — probably the highest speed ever attained in a commercial mechanism.

The combination of the steam turbine with electric drive for marine propulsion is already installed to the extent of 550,000 horsepower in forty-five vessels, from battleships to fruiters.

The gas engine in large units is a cumbersome and complicated mechanism. It is now so nearly equaled in efficiency by the latest steam turbine installations that it does not seem likely to grow in favor. The gas turbine, with its promise of still higher efficiencies, has been just below the horizon for several years. Very recently that daring conception, the mercury turbine,

has passed from theory to actuality and, among the milestones of progress, may be set as far in advance of the steam turbine as the latter is beyond the reciprocating engine. It permits the generation of 50 per cent more power from a pound of coal than has been possible heretofore.

The growth of the electrical industries is proceeding at an extraordinary rate, and the developments now under way must profoundly influence industrial and social conditions in the immediate future. It is estimated that the energy generated in central stations will triple in the next ten years, and that in the course of that decade the people of the country will spend twenty billion dollars for electric service in homes, farms, factories, and mines. In the Pacific Coast states, installed primary power increased 540 per cent from 1899 to 1919, and over a million horsepower is now under development in California. The Southern California Edison Company is sending 220,000-volt current over its Big Creek line, and it has become possible to deliver power four hundred miles or more with good efficiency. While the superpower zone on the Atlantic seaboard is still the dream of engineers, plans have been developed for a single electric superpower system to cover the entire country and southern Canada.

Voltages as high as two million above ground are now being dealt with experimentally. In the laboratory, electricians in overalls are usurping the more terrible functions of Jove, and insulation engineers are busy with new means of harnessing the lightning. An X-ray tube with fifteen times the X-ray energy of the average tube in use is now available to those who are endeavoring to probe the mystery of the ultimate structure of matter. In the alloy industries the electric furnace is firmly established, while electric

steel has proved its superiority for many special uses. Greatly improved electric lamps are stimulating the demand for better illumination in homes, offices, and factories. The actor no longer monopolizes the spotlight. Its protective glare now focuses upon the semaphoric traffic-cop. The flood lighting of railroad yards is becoming common, and there is a distinct trend toward high-intensity lighting in many cities, there being in some instances a fifteenfold increase in light-intensity in business districts.

Whether the moving picture will develop or retrograde is not for one who has never seen Hollywood to say. The moving-picture van, which, to larboard, starboard, and astern, compels attention to the virtues of toasted chewing-gum or the lasting flavor of cigarettes, has arrived and is as welcome as a peripatetic billboard. We are soon to become familiar with the pallophotophone. Its symphonic name will from most of the community conceal the poetic fact that it is a moving picture whose characters talk. No longer is it necessary for our statesmen to tour the country. Their fences may be mended in the studio, and their constituents may simultaneously, in thousands of communities, view the candidate in a six-foot close-up as his argument is projected in a voice of twenty horsepower. It will handicap the would-be senator who looks like a third-class postmaster.

It would be interesting, but quite inconclusive, to allow one's self to speculate upon the reactions which our civilization is ultimately to make to the marvels that are resulting from the discovery of the Herzian waves. The sales of radio equipment reached a total of \$150,000,000 last year and are expected to double in 1924. The earth has become a whispering gallery, and the ocean has lost its solitude. The

farm is no longer isolated, and the newspapers, the theatres, and the pulpit have a new competitor.

VI

Man is no longer bound to the earth. He has achieved a three-dimensional existence. Since 1920 our transcontinental mail service has covered nearly two million miles a year. It has handled in all nearly a million ton-miles of mail. In England, during the past two and a half years, there was only one accident involving serious injury to a passenger, for 5,000,000 miles flown. In a single month 2600 passengers have been carried by the London-Paris route. It is now possible to fly from Vienna to Paris in ten hours and from Strasbourg to Constantinople in thirty hours.

But the airplane is available not only for the transport of passengers and mail. Its operating-costs are already low enough to permit its use for carrying costly, perishable, or urgently needed goods, and there is probability of an early development of an aerial-express service in this country. Except as a part of the military establishment, the airplane has, in Europe, been regarded chiefly as an instrument of foreign policy and used to tie together far-flung portions of empire and distant but friendly states. French lines trend toward Morocco, and the French aspire to establish regular service between Dakar, in Africa, and Brazil. The British are working toward Egypt, India, Australia. Meanwhile, the general public keeps its feet on the ground and confines its aerial activities to the reading of sky-writing. The confidence of that public in the safety and regularity of aerial transport must be secured before any great commercial development may be expected. The situation is not unlike that which

confronted the builders of transcontinental railroads in the United States and Canada. The same faith and vision are required to develop and operate airplane lines on the large scale.

For long-distance travel overseas the airship will doubtless prove more available than the airplane. It is easily capable of carrying a good commercial load three or four thousand miles, at a speed of a mile a minute. Its safety is, of course, immeasurably increased by inflation with nonexplosive helium, of which, Dr. Moore claims, there is enough available in the United States to fill and maintain two hundred airships of the size of the Shenandoah. He foresees ships of twice that size, carrying a fuel supply adequate for the trip to Europe and return. The British are turning to airships for the projected London-Australia service, and on overseas journeys generally it seems probable that a passenger rate of twenty dollars a day plus seven-cent mileage can be maintained.

The automobile, which has so profoundly influenced social and economic conditions in this country within twenty years, is approaching standardization, and distinct intimations now appear that the period of great expansion is drawing to a close. With more than 13,000,000 cars and trucks now on our roads, there is, nevertheless, an annual demand for about 3,500,000 more. The replacement demand will soon equal present production. Our investment in motor transportation is approaching that in our railroads, and it is in property subject to peculiarly heavy depreciation. The economists and financiers have looked with apprehension upon these vast expenditures, and the fact that seventy per cent of all cars sold are being bought on the installment plan is not indicative of the highest wisdom in our domestic economy. Nevertheless, we

grow richer as a nation, and as we have acquired cars the national income has doubled and savings-bank deposits have greatly increased.

Rail shipments for less than forty miles are said to be carried at a loss, and within this zone transportation by truck is far more expeditious. An increasing volume of short-haul business will, therefore, be diverted to trucks. Freight terminals are likely to be removed beyond congested city limits, and delivery of package freight made expeditiously by motor trucks. In Cincinnati motorized-freight terminals have in one year released 66,000 cars for main-line service, saved 300,000 switching cuts, and advanced freight movement fifty-two hours.

VII

Our industries are entering upon a long period of super-competition, the duration of which will in large measure be determined by conditions in Europe or our own relations to them. As foreign markets are restricted, competition at home will be intensified. As the pressure increases, our manufacturers will be forced to rely more and more generally upon the scientific method for the control of materials and processes and to support intensive research as the basis for industrial development. We may hope to see the stupendous wastes which accompany our present operations minimized, and resources, now neglected, utilized to great advantage. Such abundant metals as beryllium, hafnium, calcium, and magnesium will be utilized. Our wastes in cereal straw will be turned to account. The lumberman will be brought to realize that he is leaving behind or burning up greater values than he markets. Pure iron, bright as silver and little subject to corrosion, will be available for a thousand uses.

Still there remains the problem of distribution, which is perhaps the greatest problem with which our industry is confronted. It seems to be approaching a solution in the activities and success of great corporations that function as distributing agencies. Sales of single mail-order houses approximate \$200,000,000 a year. One grocery company with 8500 stores had a turnover, in 1922, of \$247,000,000. Last year \$193,000,000 worth of goods, in five- and ten-cent units, were sold by a single organization, and a survey of its stock is a revelation of the accomplishment of our manufacturers in low-priced production. Chain drug-stores are distributing agencies for books, stationery, aluminum ware, confectionery, and dolls — and will fill prescriptions, if you can find the proper counter. For radio equipment you may go to chain cigar-stores. In short, it is beginning to be recognized that retail distribution is a function of organization rather than of product.

During the last fifty years science and invention have led us further and further from the world that was; deeper and deeper into a new environment. The process of change has been so rapid that readjustment has been difficult. Yet readjust ourselves we must, and prepare for new adjustments. Our dealings with Nature in the past have been by crude and clumsy methods. The chemistry of the laboratory is put to blush by that of the plant cell. We face the problems of the future with a new knowledge of the ultimate structure of matter, derived from radium, atomic spectra, and the X-rays. What has gone before is mere earnest of the future. We may confidently depend on science to provide the foundation for a better social structure, if we can prevail upon ourselves to build thereon in a different frame of mind.

EXILED

BY UNA ELLIS-FERMOR

*(‘Woe to the man who takes two wives!
Woe to the landsman who loves the seas!
But woe to that man a hundred-fold,
Gives his heart to two countries!’)*

I lie awake twixt three and five,
When the dawn is gloomy gray,
And the maple trees are shivering
With waiting for the day.

And I dare not think of Sussex,
Or how the dark hills go
Like a girdle around Lewes,
Where the chalk-scars gleam like snow.

Nor how the hills of Berkshire
Ride west into the sun;
Nor how the lanes at Appledore
Down to the marshes run.

Nor how the lights of Waterloo
Spring up in the blue sky,
While dark and broad and solemn,
The Thames goes sweeping by.

And now I 'm back in England
 I need never wake and lie
 Remembering the chalk hills
 Under a wet-gray sky!

But this morning's dawn came whispering
 A faint, sad charm
 Of a blue, maple shadow
 Upon a white, wood farm . . .

*('Woe to the man who has taken two wives!
 Woe to the landsman who loves the seas!
 But there 's neither peace nor sleep for the man
 Who has given his heart to two countries!')*

THE LITTLE DARK MAN

BY ERNEST POOLE

'I AM going to tell you a story,' said my Russian friend one night, 'which will give you a glimpse of the little dark man whose figure will soon be more plainly seen in many countries of the world. And then he will look quite enormously large — even in America.'

My curiosity was stirred. We were sitting in his small house, that night, up in the north of Russia. It was the autumn of 1917. When I asked what he meant by the little dark man, he smiled at me and answered: —

'If I should try to tell you, I would be talking all the night, for this chap

has appeared in so many forms, since men began asking "What is the life?" In the Middle Ages he grew quite large, and they called him Saint or Sorcerer. Then came modern science and smiled at him; and as men smiled he grew small to their eyes, so small that soon those scientists forgot him — like God, whom they also denied. But now I think he will grow again. So large will he grow at the end of this war that soon you will hear the millions of greatly puzzled people inquire, "Who is this psychic gentleman? He is doing the strange things. How does he do

them?" they will ask. And the orthodox atheist, sharply annoyed, will have to find some way to reply. . . . But all this time while he was so dim to those learned people in the towns, to the simple peasants of our land he has always been quite real. And my story to-night is of such peasants, and of one who lived among them, and of a thing that I saw with my eyes. So now I shall tell — and at first you will hear a story beginning not strangely at all, but just very human, very Russian.'

He smiled again, and so began. And the tale that he told I shall try to repeat in his own words, as he told it to me.

I

'Surely we shall be too late! Make haste, go on!' my mother cried, although it was more than five hours yet before the train to Petrograd could possibly reach the station to which we were driving. For my good mother always loved to be 'a little before' a train. In all our trips, though I did my best to be as slow as possible, never could I manage so that we reached the station less than some two hours before the arrival of the train. And knowing this, our peasant driver only smiled when she implored him to be going like the wind.

'Barina,' he said, 'we shall have three hours still to wait, if the train is not late. But God only knows how late it will be. The last time it was fully six hours behind; so perhaps you will sit at the station all through the day and through the night.'

'Go on — oh, please!' my poor mother cried. So with an indignant grunt, the peasant beat his horses to the splendid gallop; and so we were going until at last we stopped with a jerk in the mud and snow before the gate to the station yard. 'Thank God, now we are in time!' declared my

mother with content, while I went into the station to inquire about the train. Never in all my life have I heard of any train so far behind! Somewhere in Holy Russia it was, and this was all that I could learn. Many hours at least we should be here. I was in the despair, which was still increased when soon I found that the station buffet was hopelessly closed. The whole place was filled with emptiness!

I strolled upon the platform then, and at last discovered at one end a single living creature there — a blond and tall, quite nicely built young peasant woman, cleanly dressed, who sat immovable, calm like a cow. It seemed to me I had seen her before; but where, at first I could not guess. Then suddenly I recollected. Yes, this was the nice young woman I met not long ago on my way to Okuneff's, a neighbor of mine whose small estate was about fifty versts from our home. I had talked with her then, so I had learned that she was from the village of Bor; and now I was glad that I had discovered someone with whom my good mother could talk, since I knew that she did not like to be mute for any considerable length of time. So I brought the girl to her and said that here was a nice young woman from Bor. One glance of the keen pleased interest, and my mother knew at once that this young woman would soon have a child. So with full speed the gossip began; and in perhaps two hours, with never any silence at all, we knew all about this woman's life — not only her name, but the names of all her relatives and all her friends, and all their lives from year to year, as though we ourselves were born in Bor. And only when she had recounted all this, did Maria quietly tell to us how early this morning she had come there, and already was on the train when off she ran to the buffet to fetch some hot

water for her tea. The train went off while she was there — and her luggage was now in Petrograd! At once my mother, in full dismay, was convinced it would be stolen there; but the girl Maria quite calmly replied:—

‘No, Barina, such a thing cannot be. Do you see? I am poor and with child, and my husband is sick from a wound in the war. Will he live or not, God only knows. So how could there be any people so bad, who would steal from such a girl as me, who goes to see her husband in Petrograd where he may die?’

But my good mother’s concern increased. Earnestly turning to me, she implored, ‘Junechka, please — explain to her that there *are* such people in Petrograd — that the luggage men are scoundrels there. Perhaps she will believe you, since you are a man.’

But just because I was a man, off I walked from this hopeless talk. I walked and walked, the time went on, and at last arrived the train in the night.

By now my anxious mother resolved to take the girl with us, second class, since she had learned that Maria knew nobody in Petrograd except her husband, Peter, who was in a lazaret. On the train she gave us a letter from him — a most typical one — many peasants write so:—

‘To our deeply esteemed wife, Maria Sidorovna, we send our greetings of the husband. I am ill in Petrograd in the lazaret N. 423, so please come quickly to me there. Give our greetings to —’ and then followed the names of all the relatives, friends, and persons of village acquaintance, placed in the hierarchical order.

The letter at last was finished:—

‘And pray to accept our blessings of the husband for your good success — which blessing is good until the coffin.’

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II

In the station at Petrograd, where we arrived at the end of the night, I found at last the conductor of the early morning train, and soon, to my enormous surprise, the luggage of the girl was found. When he brought to Maria her huge bag, she took it without astonishment, quite calmly as a matter of course. ‘Surely,’ he said with the curious smile, ‘you must be a girl from the North, where the people live without locks on their doors!’ I paid the man five roubles for the trouble he took not to steal the bag, and then my mother asked Maria to come along with us that day and be safe from all the scoundrels. Without confusion the girl replied, ‘Thanks.’ And she quietly climbed into the sledge.

It was now early in the dawn, but as we passed so many great houses, palaces, and God knows what, Maria looked calmly at them all and showed not even the small surprise, though never once yet in her life had she visited any town, and the only stone building she had seen was the little church in Bor, which was some seven centuries old. ‘This is the town. Then it must be so,’ was the thought in her eyes, and nothing else. Like the splendid healthy ox she was! When we came to our lodging, Maria at once felt herself here quite at home, as though she had been years long with us. While eating some bread and sipping the tea, she now continued to us her tale. Her husband, she told, had been a soldier already for two years in the war. They had taken him off when he was eighteen. All the time near Riga he had been, digging many trenches there, ‘so that men could be saved from the bullets,’ she said. Eight months ago, he was with her in Bor for a few days; then away he went — and not until now had she received any news of him.

Then, while I went to the telephone to ask the address of the lazaret, Maria was carefully making herself fit for her great visit that day — 'to my deeply esteemed husband,' she said. She displayed before my mother the contents of her enormous bag. It was quite a museum of village fine art — the laces made with needles so fine and with such perfect taste that they could easily compare with that coming from Venice my mother declared. Then came the fine and silk-like linen, spun in the home, some snowy white and some with faded green and pink woven into it, in such a way, and with a feeling of color so fine, that it was quite a wonder to see! My mother's good eyes came out of her head! With dry reproach she looked at me, and said, —

'You have been many times to Bor! Were you always sleeping there, that you never saw such needlework, to buy some and to bring to me? This is exactly the way of a man!'

My position grew most unpleasant now. My God! And in order to save myself, I made the heroic proposition to make a special journey to Bor at once and fetch all the stuff I could buy.

While I was telling this splendid resolve, Maria at last was ready to start — quite in her best attire now, with her fair thick hair all shined with oil and tightly coiffed. 'My own husband I am going to see, so I must be at my best,' she said. Our *dvornik* fetched for her a sledge, and off on the dirty snow of the street she drove away to the lazaret.

III

In about three hours back she came — quite terribly silent, with not a trace of the calm animation she had shown when she was preparing herself for the visit. She sat a long time so deeply sad that it was a woe to look at her. Her husband was so ill, she said, the doctors

even did not allow him to speak any word with his own wife. On the train from the front, I soon understood, the poor devil had caught a pneumonia, and now there was faint hope he could survive. Two-thirds of his lungs did not breathe, she told us. Still not a tear, nor any complaint. Silently she took off her fine clothes. She asked of my mother, 'Where is the church?' And off she went to pray to the God.

Now I telephoned to the lazaret, to find if nothing could be done; but they told me her husband was ill quite long, and was weak before the pneumonia came. Now he lived only by breathing the pure oxygen from the tank. No hope at all. Perhaps two days would be the longest time for him. . . . Well, poor lad — another one dead. But death was so common in Russia now, that soon I dropped him off my mind, and went to attend to the business for which I had come to Petrograd. I accomplished it that afternoon; then, having nothing urgent to do, in order to please my mother I decided to go back to Bor and buy some linen and laces there, and also perhaps have a nice long chat with my friend Okuneff, who lived near by.

So I took the train from the city that night; and the next day, after quite a long drive over the clean white snow of a road through the silent forest of huge pines, I came to the little village which was the girl Maria's home. Soon I discovered the hut where she lived, and I found her younger sister there. She was a lass of perhaps sixteen, a nice-looking girl with brown-golden eyes, thick chestnut hair, and finely built — but silent, silent like a fish. I explained to her the bad news about Peter, and also why I had come to Bor; and of course I mentioned that I was going to see my old friend Okuneff near by. This was to make my credit higher — since no peasant likes to sell or have

trade with a person unknown to him.

The girl had listened silently both to the news of Peter and also to my business talk; but now when I said I would go to Okuneff, without any word she went from the hut and soon returned with a neighbor woman, to whom she explained what had to be done while she was away from the home that day. 'Well, my swallow, well, my birdie, I will do so,' the neighbor agreed.

When the compact was made, and not before, did the young girl calmly ask of me if she might go in my sledge to Okuneff's.

'There is plenty of room, you see, and I will take but small space,' she said. 'And if Peter is so ill, I must go at once to a very old man who is living now in the house of your friend, the Barin Okuneff. So please to make for me this grace.'

Of course I agreed, and we started away. We traveled about twenty versts, and this girl at my side was silent still as any fish could possibly be. I learned her name, Pelageia — but not another word from her could I draw out along the road. In the concentrated way she sat, as if she thought of something.

What it was I did not know — and as I looked at her I guessed that not even she herself knew her thoughts. So at last we came to Okuneff's estate. Exceedingly glad to see me there, at once in his stentorian voice he cried: —

'Juvenal Vassilievich arrived! Now make for us a big fish-pie! Be quick as possible! Don't forget to serve the nice *zakooski*, too!'

And then followed the further orders which he shouted from his room down to the kitchen far below.

IV

That was a splendid feast we had. With the appetites of heroes we con-

sumed appalling heaps of food. After dinner we slept a bit, — about two hours, — and when again I came into the front room of the house, I saw the girl Pelageia there, sitting with a little old man who was dressed in the black garb of a monk. He was wiry, thin, and quite white-haired; but he had the strong determined face, and a tremendous force was felt both in his voice and in his eyes — though his manner was quite humble and his speech was very low. The girl must have been telling him about Maria's husband; for when I entered the little old man rose and greeted me, and began to ask intently in detail what I had heard from the doctors about Peter's hopeless case. When I had explained, he asked as well all about the lazaret — just where it was in Petrograd, how large, how many rooms it had, and just where was Peter's bed. He inquired as though he himself were intending to go and see the sick man there. When all this information he had, he thanked me and rose and went to his room.

Then I asked my friend Okuneff who was this little holy man? He answered me that now for some time the old fellow had lived within his house, and that he was glad to have him there — so quiet and good he always was, so little trouble did he make. He stayed most of the time alone in his room, and his meals were the water and the rye bread — only rarely a dish of sauerkraut with sunflower oil, which he took as a feast. The strange healing-power he sometimes had; many peasants had been cured by him. So much for his case. With Okuneff I soon forgot about him now, and all evening long we talked of the war — of prices, how they rose and rose; and of new laws by the government, each one more stupid than the last — or not so stupid, rather done by the German influence at court, to bring all our trade and industries down.

So, after this good cheerful talk, which most Russians like so well, finally we went to bed.

The next day when leaving Okuneff's house, I saw the old man of the night before. He said, in the low and quiet voice, 'I attended to the trouble of Peter, and I received news that now all will go well.'

I smiled to myself. For how could such a simple old man travel six hundred versts in a night to the lazaret where Peter lay? I went into my sledge with Pelageia, and we started back to Bor. Though she had heard what the old man said, she took it quite as a matter of course. She was rather communicative now, and explained to me that it would be hard to buy the linen and laces in Bor; for the women did not like to sell except in the cases exceedingly rare. Too much toil their stuff had cost. But still she would try to persuade them to sell to me something, if only a little. Very calmly on she talked. Long ago some merchants had bought the lace in Bor, she said, but could not sell it in the big towns, because the ladies there preferred to buy the laces foreign-made. 'For to them it was the shocking taste to wear anything made in Russia!' she said. So now her friends and neighbors in Bor were quite indignant that their fine work should be refused for the bad lace made with machines in Germany! Pelageia spoke of those ladies in towns, most heartily despising them all! 'No self-respecting Barina,' she said, 'would wear such trash from Germany!'

But about the little old man she did not say a single word. And when I asked if she thought he would help, the girl replied, 'It is not a good thing to speak of the *Starzy* (Holy Man).'

In Bor, through her aid, I bought what I could. Of all the money which I had I spared only enough for the ticket — third class — and so I went

back to Petrograd. But when I arrived with my linen and laces I found the girl Maria still there; and to my enormously great chagrin, my mother would barely look at this stuff! Instead, she began to tell me now of a most strange adventure which they have had while I was gone. A little old man, in the garb of a monk or of a pilgrim, came to them. Though all the doors were closed, she told, without trouble or sound he entered silently into the room where they were sitting; and after greeting Maria, he said, 'I have been to your Peter and talked with him, and have found that now he will soon be quite well.'

Then quickly and strangely he went away. . . . While my mother told this tale, I saw the girl Maria looking intently at my face, as if she were asking, 'And what do *you* know?' But I told them nothing yet of the man that I had seen at Okuneff's house. In the great interest and surprise I began to question both of them, and soon they were disagreeing as to many small details — just how he looked, just what he said. But the general story was the same. The next morning, they told me, they went to see Peter.

'And really, Junechka, the boy was much better!' my excited mother declared, 'He breathed quite well without oxygen now — but still was too weak to say anything more than that he had seen an old man there — and that now all would be well with him!'

V

With all my curiosity stirred I went the next day to the lazaret — and there I found Peter so much improved that he could talk quite easily and listen to what I had to tell. I did not speak of the little old man; I only told how I had gone to his village and seen his wife's young sister there. With the

calm interest of the peasant, Peter listened to my talk. At last I asked him how it was that he was feeling better now — and then he said very quietly: —

‘One came to me two nights ago.’

‘Who came to you? What do you mean?’ I asked. ‘No visitors can come here in the night. Perhaps you were sleeping and had a dream.’

‘No, I was awake,’ he replied. ‘But I was lying in the state where you cannot say, “Here is life — there is death” — because you can feel yourself just between. And this was very hard for me. I did not know what I should do. Should I ask for the death and pray for my soul, or should I be begging the God for my life and thinking of my family? I grew quite tired with such thoughts, and all the fighting in my chest. But I cannot say that I was asleep, for I saw all about me quite clearly and well, and I heard how the Sister beside my bed was saying, “Look, now, how he plays with his hands, always drawing the blanket up to his chin. That is the sure sign of death.” So I lay and I listened. So quiet I grew that now it was quite the same to me, whether I lived or whether I died. She dropped her needle. I opened my eyes and watched how she stooped and tried to find it on the floor. “Will she find it,” I asked, “before I die?” She found it soon, and drew her chair a little closer to my bed — and now she was sewing quietly here. “Now,” I thought, “in this long war, she is so used to see men die. What is she sewing?” I watched her still.’

‘Then something pulled upon my thoughts, and I turned my face toward the door. And I saw, at first dimly, then quite clear, how there had entered a little old man in the dark robe of Holy Church, his face quite bright, a happy one, yet quiet too with the deep strength of joy and peace within his

soul streaming from him like the light. So he came and looked at me with a good smile. “Good day, Peter,” he said. “You will soon be much better. I have heard that you are ill, so I have gone and inquired for you, and learned you will recover soon. You must pray to the God for recovery.” I replied to him, “For what should I pray — when I cannot tell which is life, which is death? I am lying between.” Then he said to me, “You must pray to the God at once for the life! You are still a young man and you have a young wife, and soon there will be a child for you, too! A fine strong boy he is going to be! What reason have you to think of the death? You are going to pray to live, my boy!” Then he told to me how I should pray, and I repeated it, word by word. While I was talking I heard the good Sister, who sat sewing still at my side, say very softly, “Now the poor man is saying a burial prayer for himself.” I looked around to smile at her then — and when I looked back, the old man was gone.

‘Then I fell asleep and slept all of the night. The next day the Sister looked at me and said, “You were the funny man last night! Quickly you turned and began to speak with somebody who was not here! And then you began to pray to the God!” I said to the Sister, “But did you not see the old man who came and spoke to me?” She laughed and took hold of my hand and said, “Well, well, if there was, or there was not — do not let it trouble you! I am glad that you are better now!” Then she went and brought the doctor here, and when he came he was much surprised. Barely could he believe his own eyes that I was not a dead man to-day. And he said to me, “Peter — you are the bull! The strong and lusty bull you must be!” So said the learned doctor. But look at me, Barin, if I am the bull.’

Peter drew off his blanket and opened

his shirt. And he was like a skeleton very closely clad in skin!

'The Sister told to the doctor then,' he continued quietly, 'how I spoke with someone who was not here — though of course he was here, as I have said. She told to the doctor, too, how I prayed. Then he asked, "How was his fever last night?" It was under the normal, the Sister replied; and she told how close I was to the death. Now the doctor understood all, and he said, "Just so it was. The poor fellow was mad. For in such a crisis, when the soul does not know whether to stay or depart, often the man will grow quite mad, and see what is not in the room." So I listened, and I thought, "Now of course it must be so — for he is the very learned man. How many dead men have slipped through his hands! The great experience he has had! He must be right! So I am mad!" But soon again I fell asleep, and when I awoke I grew better still. And now I do not think I am mad — and I feel that soon I will return to my home.'

He grew tired then and could talk no more. Quietly closing his eyes he said,

'Tell me, please, Barin, about my home — all that you saw while you were there. Was the horse in the stable? Or has my wife been forced to sell him in this damned war?'

'Yes, the horse was there,' I replied. 'But now I will tell you something else.' And I told how the girl Pelageia went with me to Okuneff's house, and

how she was begging the old man there to pray that Peter should not die, and how the old man on the next day told that he had looked into the matter and that now all would be well. At this, Peter grew most solemnly silent; and when I had finished, he remarked,

'So — so it was. Pelageia went to the *Starzy* there. She is the good kind clever girl — she knew to whom to go for help; and now I know who it was that came. I will recover surely now.'

Then he plucked at my arm; and when I bent down, he whispered: —

'Only, Barin — please — do not speak of this to the doctors here! For they are the quite learned men! They can make a man die with one little pill! And if they knew what we are talking, for me it would soon be dangerously bad! For they think I am mad! They do not know! They live in such cities — so large, so large, and filled with so many learned books — that they cannot grasp our very plain and simple little village ways! So let us just slip away from them!'

Ten days later, with his wife, Peter went calmly back to his home — as though nothing strange had happened at all. We heard no more from them for a month — and then the girl Pelageia, almost as silent as before, came to our lodgings with quite a huge bag of linen and laces which she and Maria had made for my mother, as a gift. And she told us that Maria had just given birth to a son.

UTOPIA INTERPRETED

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

[THE coming in of the Family Order of society, and the actual practice, among such large groups of the Race, of the Discipline of Happiness both in the bringing up of children and in the treatment of social disturbers, seem to have stolen upon us like a thief in the night. Events have so crowded each other, since the apathetic decade following the L. C. W.¹, up to the dramatic revival of Nomadry in 1963, that it has become ever more and more difficult for historians to trace cause and effect. Especially is this noticeable in the recent *History of Earth*, published last year by the Interracial press at Cairo.²

This magazine, six months ago, opened a contest for the best Interpretation of these changes. Hundreds of persons presented their opinions. We now publish four of the most interesting of these Interpretations; and every reader of the magazine is entitled to one vote upon the most convincing of them. — *From a note by the Editors, under date of JULY 1995*]

First Interpretation

THE ICE AGE BUBBLE

I DON'T think it's because some of my ancestors were Single Taxers that I've always had a sort of filial feeling about Earth — little green pellet that she is among the stars! Of course everybody nowadays thinks of Earth as alive. But I believe I realized before other people did, and more sharply, too, that Earth has an animal existence of her own, has emotions of her own, — unconscious, of course, — and her own instincts and habits. I've always had a dramatic feeling about Earth, an impulse to think of her as a buxom young thing engaged in a sort of Marathon morris-dance, with all of us, her raft of tiny children, clinging to her shoulders, and all surrounded by a long twirling veil of atmosphere.

If I felt thus romantically even in my young days, what must I feel now, when with one cool touch of her hand she has straightened out the sticky, sobbing mess our human relations were in, and had been in so long? For of course I think the one thing that quieted and reasonablized us was the Ice Age Bubble of the thirties.

Nobody remembers better than I do the beginnings of the Bubble. So far back as 1925 I'd been thrilled by an obscure little item, tucked away somewhere in the interior of one of those huge cumbersome newspapers we used to have then: dinosaurs of which we think with wonder now, as we tuck away the morning's newsleaf into our watch-pockets.

¹ Last Christian War.

² Compiled by forty scholars of the Black, White, and Yellow races.

The headlines of those unwieldy sheets were all taken up at that time with ruction-news of one sort or another: tantrums the French or Irish or Fascisti were getting into about something or somebody. Away inside of all this I noticed an inch of information something like: —

GLACIERS COMING HERE PERHAPS

SCIENTIFIC records, says Professor Lestrop, of the Royal Geographical Society, who landed here yesterday from the Gatamaran, show that most of the glaciers of the world are slowly extending. They are stretching down their icy claws farther and farther into the valleys. Exactly what conclusions the man in the street might draw from this information, Professor Lestrop did n't say, beyond remarking that, so far, this is a rather cold winter.

I drew some conclusions though, boy as I was. I shivered on the sleeping-porch that night, wondering what was going to happen — and rather hoping it would. I'd read the venerable Van Loon and the classic Wells: they were n't venerable or classic then. Consequently I knew about Ice Ages in a rather realizing way. Plenty of other people knew about Ice Ages too, but I could n't manage to infect any of my friends with my own shivers and thrills.

Everybody took notice, however, of the monstrous inferno of earthquakes in the summer of 1928 in the Aleutian Islands. Those Gargantuan volcanoes, eight or ten at a time spouting both from land and sea, went on intermittently from June until January. I remember that that was the beginning of the regular airplane excursions to Alaska. People went up there to see the volcanoes as they'd once gone to see the devastated war-areas in France. I see them sometimes still in dreams, after all these years and all the water that's run under the bridges since! — those bubbling kettles of the gods,

those appearing and disappearing islands, those square miles of hot spitting ground, those immeasurable ocean geysers!

The volcanic-dust theory about Ice Ages was a new one at that time. Seismists and meteorologists were discussing it. There was even then a school of geologists who believed the Ice Ages had come on quite suddenly. Of course they inclined to the volcanic-dust theory. Naturally the theory got a good deal of prestige from the Aleutian volcanoes. Still, to the majority of people it did n't seem possible that enough powdered rock could ever sift into the atmosphere to dim the sunshine — actually dim it to a point which would be perceptible.

In the autumn of 1929 Ar Barrue published his conclusions. Of course Ar Barrue was n't then a great discoverer, but an obscure young Negro from the Sudan who was making astronomical researches at the brand new Gandhi University in Bengal. His modest little article in the *Hibbert Journal* only said that the sunshine seemed to be changing color. It seemed to be losing some part of its red-goldness — I reduce, of course, his scientific language to an ordinary style. Nobody that I knew at that time paid any attention to this statement. But of course scientific people paid attention, and two or three months afterward, there was a Committee of Correspondence discussing it — meteorologists, astronomers, geologists, and others. The general public heard nothing about them; and yet it was their first meeting, at Munich, in the winter of 1929-30, that set on foot the plans for the never-to-be-forgotten Rio meeting.

Ah, that winter of 1929-30! Nothing in the way of cold will ever seem so cold, to us who remember it, as that first mild little taste of coolness that we

got in the winter following the Aleutian earthquakes. To this day I can't help feeling that it must have been the coldest winter the Earth has ever known. I was then a thin young fellow with a habit of stooping, and I remember wishing I could coil my long neck down inside my collar like a flamingo. But all through November we rather laughed at it. November was about like what we'd used to consider a normal February. We all said that after such a start we might look for an open winter: the cold was using itself all up at the beginning. Then, when December was so much colder than November had been, we began to feel bewildered and perhaps a little scared. We had to give up driving cars — or even horses — as much as possible; we could keep warm best by walking. We walked without talking, very fast. When the wind was blowing we could n't keep our windows open at night, health or no health.

Time-clocks in factories had to come down from their high horses that winter and pay a little attention to human limitations. Working-hours imperatively had to be shorter. And that's just one of a hundred things we owe to Earth's taking a hand directly in our affairs. Why — every other shortening of the workday had always cost a pretty penny of effort and ructions to bring about. But now the strange thought began to seep into people's minds that afterward became so great an anxiety: 'Suppose the people who are weighed down with some social handicap or other should n't complain of it soon enough? It might be too late, by the time they complained.' For the first time, — how quaint that seems! — the general public began to disapprove of the suicidal patience of the poor.

This came out especially in the question of fuel. We have to remember

that most people still burned coal or oil, in the twenties and thirties; an easy thing it is to forget. The very idea of tanking up the waste heat of summer and the waste cold of winter, to use in the extremes of the opposite season, had n't then been seriously conceived, any more than the notion of utilizing the whole tidal power and harnessing the pulling force of the moon to human needs. And the Workerscult, in large numbers, lived on niggardly scuttlefuls of coal, from scuttleful to scuttleful, in thousands of crowded homes, every winter in the years before the Ice Age Bubble. But in the terrible — so it seemed then — winter of 1929-30, the fear of widespread death from cold became so general that practically all householders joined the Fraternal Warmth Association and agreed each to report his coal-supply from week to week, so that before the middle of January the custom was well established that no private family should permit itself to have more than a week's supply on hand, until every family had a week's supply. Of course there was hoarding and smuggling; but public opinion was decided about hoarding and smuggling, and neither was ever very prevalent. Fridays were 'coal days,' and busy days they were: all other business had to give way to coaling, from nine o'clock to four.

The cold alone was enough for us to bear: it put a strain on our endurance, just to get through the days and nights and hang together so that no poor footless creature among us should freeze. But that really was n't the worst of it. It was n't just the local cold. What bothered all of us the most was the realization that it was n't local. We knew from the beginning that it was an Earth-wide phenomenon. The South Argentine and Tasmanian weather bureaus, for instance, agreed with the Canadian and Siberian ones;

what had been a cold winter in the Northern Hemisphere had been a cold summer in the Southern one.

And then, as the summer of 1930 came on, the reports from the Southern hemisphere were that a frightfully cold winter was raging there. Great areas of Argentine pasture land were winter-killed by thick, implacable sheets of ice. Round Cape Horn the storms of that July were extraordinarily severe. Furious snowstorms driving up from the Pole wrecked a ghastly number of stout sailing vessels, and the Seamen's Union was making a herculean effort to get the route outlawed by international agreement.

By the middle of that summer of 1930, anyway, even the best-informed people were in a state not far removed from panic. For the cold kept on, implacably; and in some ways the cool summer was harder to bear than the ice-cold winter. The state of the average person's mind was such that the news — in August 1930 — that the glaciers had doubled their rate of advance, created something which I think might really be called a general panic. You'll hear people sometimes dispute the term. But among the people I knew, it certainly would n't have been too strong a word. We did n't need the 'New Titanic' cartoon, reprinted so widely from the *New York World*, to scare us; nor the movies featuring Bill Hart as Primitive Man, waking up one morning in his lake dwelling to find his ladder frozen into the marsh, and Douglas Fairbanks riding a sabre-toothed tiger to safety just ahead of a blizzard that suddenly snowed the jungle under!

Oh to know more about the other Ice Ages! Was the Earth chilling by slow and even degrees, or manifolding its rate? Or was it chilling by leaps and bounds, mysterious and incalculable? Oh, for a record of the Fourth Ice Age!

If the wandering tribes could but have notched it on a cliff, or hieroglyphed it on a buried hatchet! If they could but have blazed a record on the rocks of how fast they were driven southward — how often they trekked!

It was one of the most singular things in the world to see land values suddenly fall a mile. Such a world-wide slump in real estate had never been imagined. It needed a Jules Verne or a Balzac. If you remember the story of the *Magic Skin*, it was something like that. Everybody had it in mind that the timber-, farm-, and mining-lands of the temperate zones might some day, not too remote, turn into ice-fields. Somebody would probably be left owning tracts of lost land, buried under ice a mile thick. What many and many a weary book had been written to bring about — the reclamation of land for present use at present value merely — took place in a moment when the cool foreshadow of the Ice Age fell over the speculator's purse. And all the time there was a contradictory feeling of confidence among those who lived as tenants on the land. For the first time that I remember they felt at home upon it, and felt confident that it would n't be snatched away from under their feet by climbing prices.

I always date the duration of the panic stage of the great Bubble from that news in August, that the glaciers were advancing twice as fast, to the opening of the Rio meeting in May.

The Rio meeting is too distinguished in history, of course, for me to have to recapitulate much about it. And yet the excitement of this past decade about the exploration of the ether, and the discussions of abstract Animals' Rights, have begun, I fear, to make the Rio meeting shrink somewhat into that mere name and reverberation of greatness that all great events turn

into by the softening and muffling and darkening of time.

Everybody used to know how the meteorologists and astronomers and geographers of the world decided at their Munich meeting to call another meeting at Rio, in the spring, to discuss the whole 'climate situation.' This assembly was to consist of one hundred and seventy scientists in various lines, representing all the great universities and observatories of the world. And everybody knows — or used to know — that no sooner did the news of the forthcoming Rio meeting reach a certain group of Jewish tailors in Warsaw, than they decided to stint themselves yet a little further than they always stinted themselves to maintain their union, in order to send a delegate to the Rio meeting, to hear what the scientists should say and come back and report to them.

No sooner, again, did the news of this action appear in the *Advance*, the organ of the great union of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the United States, than the Amalgamated decided to send a delegate to represent them, who should sit with his Polish fellow workmen; and then the Russian coöperatives and the British coöperatives came in, and then the International Machinists and Miners; and after that it went on with a rush, until long before May 14, 1931, there was assembled a second committee, known as the Listening Delegates, about forty in number, representing, in addition to these, and others I can't recall: —

The Forest Schools of India
 The Chinese Students' Association
 The Federated Women's Clubs of
 Australia
 The Fellowship of Reconciliation
 The Vatican
 The Street Traders of Constantinople
 The Federal Council of Churches.

As the representatives of these conglomerated organizations sat and listened to the speculations the assembled scientists were advancing, criticizing, and discussing, several of them kept diaries. And it seems to me enough to establish my Interpretation that Earth itself took a hand directly in our affairs at that time if we only glance into any one of those diaries. For all of them are filled, are flooded, with the same overwhelming sense of the vastness of time and the power of cosmic forces. Mrs. Magoon of Sydney, I recollect, said that she felt all the time a kind of creative darkness brooding over her as she heard the geologists estimating the lapse of ages. The representative of the Nitrate Workers said that craft unionism versus industrial unionism had been his chief concern for twenty years, and suddenly now it began to seem to him impossibly picayune. The Vatican representative — a convert from protestantism — had been writing for years a monumental work on the persecutions by Queen Elizabeth. Now he was startled to find that he could n't even remember the name of his book.

The representative of the Dukhobors astonished everybody by her poise and calm before the overwhelming realization that so changed the scale of thinking of the rest. Perhaps this was only because, like all habitual mystics, she lived in the presence of cosmic thoughts. An ignorant old woman, worn by a life of labor in the fields, there she sat and heard without a tremor the unimaginable durations of sidereal time roughly guessed at, the incredible bulk of the ages before man, dimly outlined against the darkness of man's wonder and curiosity about them. I believe it was said that she spoke but once throughout the proceedings. What she then said has always seemed to me the essence

of my own conviction,—poetically condensed,—

‘The stars in their courses have ended war.’

The meeting sat for about six weeks. At the end of that time it issued its never-to-be-forgotten Recommendation: the greatest document, I think, since the Sermon on the Mount. In language it is n’t so noteworthy, perhaps, though passages of it rise to eloquence; but in scope, and in range, and in its wonderful simplification of the profundities with which it deals, it is—I think—without any other rival. It began, as we all know, by pointing out the fact that in the coldest parts of Earth no fuel is used.

Races who live beyond the timber line [it said] never trouble about the fuel supply. They have none. There is no fuel of any sort for them, and so they keep warm without it. It is true that they burn a little oil for cooking and to dry their wet clothes; but they keep warm as their and our remotest fathers did, by animal heat. Like the cows in a northern farmer’s stable, like primitive man in the dark chill of his cave, they keep each other warm.

In any possible climatic changes of great extremity which may lie ahead of us,—for all is problematic, and we have been able to reach no conclusions in our recent sessions,—we too must be prepared above all things to keep each other alive; to keep each other warm. For this reason, *animal heat, above all things, must be preserved upon the earth.*

To this, every business, every profession, every art, all other possible interests, callings, research, rights, privileges, profits, laws, treaties, and constitutions must give way. Neither national nor international, neither ecclesiastical nor racial interests can stand before this paramount human obligation.

Life must be cherished; and all things possible must be done that can enrich and invigorate and vitalize the common life. All that is good for us all must stay; all that is good for some and bad for others must go.

It then called upon scientific men everywhere to investigate—so far as they were equipped to do so—the possibilities of trekking on a large scale, and the possibilities, in sanitation and industry, of the equatorial lands.

‘And above all,’ the Recommendation ended, ‘let Africa be studied. For Africa, in the last emergency of possible cold, must be the refuge of man and beast.’

There was something in this expression that especially caught the imagination of Americans. We got a sudden vivid picture of the White race fleeing from its pleasant temperate zone. It was a strange thought! And to think that they might flee to Africa! the Black Man’s Land, the Ice Age homestead, the one only huge-enough shelter from the on-coming cold! It was the strangest thing in the world to think of Europe and America forsaken, icebound, silent, glittering, and dead!

The Recommendation was broadcasted in thirty-seven languages. It was printed in thirty, and posted in every church, lodge, school, station, and public library; printed of course in all newspapers. It appeared early in August.

There was some bewilderment in Government offices when the Recommendation was first read there. Of course, such a proposition had never before challenged any Government. One elderly statesman who left his Memoirs confesses that he felt that it was in some way beneath his dignity, and that of his colleagues, to be asked to take measures to invigorate and enliven the life of the ordinary man. ‘We seemed,’ he writes, ‘to be relegated to the mere functions of a Board of Health or a Welfare Bureau.’ Many others, who were only too anxious to act on the Recommendation as soon as it should be humanly possible, were

appalled by the dimensions of the task. But above all loomed this immense difficulty: that there was nothing and nobody to work against. Effort in those days was almost wholly another word for fight; something was to be won ahead of others or in spite of them; or defended, when it had been won, from their attacks. Those were still — we have to keep reminding ourselves — the ages of the Ruction Life.

However, there was one thing so obvious that no living man could miss it. Of all the furniture on Earth there was one kind most dangerous to life. Armament of every sort had become overnight unspeakably antiquated. The word sounded as faint and far-away as stagecoaches. Government officials could at least begin with that; and besides it was their most familiar material. They certainly showed no hesitation here. With a joyful alacrity, in fact, as of persons long awaiting permission to do so, they took immediate steps to destroy it. Within nine days — it has been computed — after the issuance of the Recommendation, the stores of explosives and poisonous chemicals accumulated by every civilized government since the L.C.W. had been treated with Antint¹ and buried in lime and salt. There at last lay safely buried the means of poison-

ing every living fish; of sterilizing every field; shattering every city and town upon the globe; withering every forest; destroying every seed; eating out the heart of every root. There under lime lay the blight for enemy cows and the paralyzer for enemy chickens; the rot for enemy vegetables; the parasites for enemy cotton and corn; the ready-to-broadcast infections of diphtheria, croup, and infant paralysis for enemy children; the United States leprosy bombs; the English smallpox shells; and — the triumph of the French army chemists — the revival of the putrid plague.

(EDITOR'S NOTE. — The Interpretation had to be cut here. The rest of it was less valuable. It dealt chiefly with the gradual consolidation of all political parties on Earth into the international Workerscult and Ownerscult parties, which, as we all know, maintained their opposition for a long time. With all this we are familiar from our school histories; nor did our author present any of it in any new light. Nothing he could say of either Cult could show it otherwise, presumably, than as we all realize both these extinct parties were — the product, body and soul, of the Strenuous, or Ruction, Ages.)

¹So named from a combination of the prefix *anti*, and the popularized chemical name of the violent early explosive TNT.

Second Interpretation

THE SHARERS

OF course the present concert of human relations can't be interpreted by itself, as a thing unconnected with previous history. History is all one piece; and whatever has been the prime cause of this great change and brightening of the life of man must bear some likeness to the causes of other great waves of

human achievement. Any interpretation I might make would have to be related to some general scheme that fits Earth history as a whole.

Now my own interpretation of history as a whole is that from time to time a tide of brotherly love has swelled, mounted, and carried human

life far up the beach of its great possibilities. Such a tide was early Buddhism, when, in its unadulterated strength, it turned the armies of Asoka, all flushed with conquest as they were, back to the planting of trees and the building of schools and the digging of wells. Such a tide was released by the first Franciscans, when they taught the Christian world not to be afraid to be happy, and released the exulting glories of the Renaissance. And such a tide, I think, brought in the Family Order and the Discipline of Delight; for I think Kate Cotton, her great convert and martyr, Alosha Ban, and the thousands of women who followed them, were the chief architects of the pleasant days we live in.

I even think, if it had n't been for the Sharers, we should never have had the affectionate wit to think of the revival of Nomadry, but would still have been calling the natural Nomads among us by the stupid old name of 'tramps,' and dragging them into tobacco-smelling courtrooms with droning clocks, and there sentencing them to ten days in a greasy county jail. But for the Institute of Sharing, I believe we should still be witnessing the Ownerscult arrayed above the Workerscult in the hopeless endeavor to pacify their realization of inequality. And though the vast chemical armaments of the nations have been Antinted, and buried in coffins of lime, I believe that as soon as the Ice Age Bubble had been pricked by the news that volcanic dust could be gently and gradually precipitated by airplanes scattering adhesive steam, we might quite possibly have sneaked back, one set of temporary rulers after another, and begun to manufacture corroding and infecting germs once more, whereby to impose our wills upon each other.

I knew Kate Cotton personally. I

more than once met — though I cannot say I really knew — Alosha Ban Telemark. I was myself only an Associate Sharer — a Sharer of the Outer Degree. But to have met with those impassioned women, to have felt the emanations of spiritual power that flooded round them, was to conceive once for all an overwhelming sense of the transforming energy of those flood tides of loving-kindness that are released upon the world by every actual reckless practice of the Inasmuch ideal.

Kate Cotton was a young matron in the city of Macon, Georgia, the mother of four little children, fond of music and of acting in French plays. The only remarkable thing she had ever done was to go to Serbia during the L.C.W. for relief work there. She was a thorough Southerner, a Georgian on both sides, and the daughter of a Confederate veteran.

There was a little society of young women in Macon in those days called the Helping Hand. They used to meet once a week or so to work for something that was needed in the town — usually something that was rather obviously needed. Sometimes they made clothes for families which the river floods had driven out of their dwellings on the Ocmulgee flats, and sometimes they arranged to send fruit and cakes to the prisoners in the jail. In other words, they were just such a society of amiable young creatures as existed in a thousand other places, and did just such little compassionate things to ease the screaming horrors of the Strenuous Age. In the early fall of 1928 they elected Kate Cotton president.

The legend is that she looked out of her window in the moonlight one night, and saw a few intoxicated white men driving by in six or seven automobiles, having a Black boy, with a rope round his neck, in the front car, and a coffin

in the last one. This is a dramatized version of what really happened. The facts were that she read in the *Macon Telegraph*, at breakfast one morning, an account of a Black boy's being lynched. It was n't the first time she had heard of lynchings. As I said, she was a Georgian. She had felt shamed and sorrowful about them a great many times before. But this time she left her breakfast untasted and went to the telephone and called a meeting of the Helping Hand.

When she had us all in her parlor that afternoon, she told us that she would have to resign as president, because she would have to give all her time to another society she was going to start. She would start it, she said, even if no one else joined; but she knew that others would join. She thought it ought to be called the 'Sharers,' or some such name, because the idea she had in starting it was just to share trouble voluntarily with those who had it. The kinds of trouble she meant — she said — were the kinds that human beings let loose on each other; not the kinds we all together try to prevent, such as drought and fire and flood. She did n't mention race hatred, or the Black race, by name.

Alosha Ban was there. She was a member of the Helping Hand and, of course, the most picturesque person in it, wearing, as she did, a modified Oriental dress, and remaining, as she did to the day of her death, a devout Mohammedan. She had married a Macon business man, Henry G. Telemark. It was said that he had met her on a trip to the Philippines. She was generally known as Mrs. Telemark, though she was something of a feminist and usually signed her maiden name. She had thick black hair, and very black eyes, that you might call gazing, or dwelling, eyes: eyes that never darted about from one thing to another, but

seemed to dwell on everything, even as she passed it by. I remember that she looked at Kate with intense concentration that afternoon. She was the only one of us, I thought, that Kate seemed individually conscious of.

It was she, I think, who asked Kate to tell us exactly what she meant by 'sharing.'

Kate said that she believed in the bottom of her heart that such troubles as she had spoken of ought to be shared in full, and to the bitter end. But so far as she herself was concerned, she had n't the courage to do that. She thought there might be people who might join the Sharers, who would be pluckier than she was. Such people, she thought, might be called Sharers to the Death, or Last Degree Sharers.

Alosha Ban then, in a composed, even voice, asked: —

'Do you mean that if a Black man, then, is lynched, a woman — of another race — should commit suicide?'

Kate, almost in a whisper, said 'Yes.'

Voices instantly rose all round the room; scarcely one of us but was saying in varying ways, the same thing: 'How could anyone possibly bring such horror and misery on her family?'

Kate did n't speak. She was very pale.

Alosha Ban composedly said: 'It would be just about like a soldier going away to fight. He brings horror and misery on his family.'

So much I remember as if it had happened yesterday. I don't know why I've never written it down before. Since the death two years ago of Kate Cotton, no one else is left, I think, who was present at that meeting.

But the rest of it I don't remember quite so well. I know that Kate must have sketched the Sharers of the Middle Degree, afterward called the Life

Sharers, who would go to live — not for a little while, to see what it was like, but permanently — in the forlornest houses in their respective communities, in the dirtiest streets, with the worst drains. And I remember that whereas we had all been willing to consider, after an instant's protest, the remote possibility that somebody, somewhere, might sometime die as a rebel against the custom of lynching, several of us now rose out of our chairs from the mere shock of such a thought as this of living in Negro streets; and most of us speaking at once as before, but louder, in a confusion of dissent, said that it would be harder than death itself to go and live in those places.

Kate laughed at that, and said oh no, it could n't be worse than dying, because any Community could take its Sharers out at any moment, simply by cleaning up those streets and making them wholesome and pleasant.

'We should be martyrs,' she said, 'only until our community decided that it did n't want any martyrs.'

'But you all can see from that,' I remember her saying, 'what a coward I am. For I have n't got even the courage to do that. All I've got the courage to do is to go and live in poor people's streets for three months or so of every year. And I declare I don't believe I've got the courage to take those three months in the summer.'

Even three cool months looked much too hard to the rest of us, and we all said so, except Alosha Ban. Two or three other women and I began trying to think of a still more moderate degree in which we could be sharers. For somehow none of us seemed to want to lay Kate's challenge on the table, and go home and leave it there. Two or three said they would try to do what Kate did. And several of us worked out, that day, before we left the meet-

ing, what came to be the Third or Associate Degree. Everyone knows, I suppose, what the Associate Sharers were: women who agreed to enter into the lives of the poor by symbol only. And we honestly felt that we were really sharing just by doing that.

We agreed that we would go into definite mourning for a short time every year for the hardships that survived in our community. For every increase in hardship that fell upon any class in our community, we would extend our time of mourning; and for every pleasantness added to the least pleasant lives among us, we would shorten the time.

I have told thus in detail about the meeting that epoch-making afternoon, partly because my recollections are so much more concrete than the usual accounts, but more because I think the multitudes of women who responded to us in the outside world divided just about as we did that afternoon into the various degrees of Sharers. For every Death Degree, or Life Degree, Sharer, there were perhaps two of the Season Sharers and half a dozen of the Associates. But of course these distinctions were anything but formal or fixed. Season Sharers blended into Life Sharers, and Life and Death Sharers often merged together, and there was about the history of the Institute from its foundation the informal spontaneous growth of things in nature, rather than of those that are manufactured.

So far as I can remember, nothing about all this appeared in the papers until, in the course of six weeks or so, Kate Cotton moved out of her pleasant Vineville Avenue house into one of the little streets where the working race lived. She left her children in charge of their grandmother, just as she had done when she went to Serbia. How homely and simple a movement the Sharers' was — arranged to suit house-

keeping women, and managed from hand to mouth by common-sense. Kate was only two blocks away from her family, after all. She moved into a small tenement her husband owned, with a peach tree on each side of the door. It had two rooms. I went to see her there, and she was doing her washing in a kettle in the sandy backyard, just as Black women had done it for her for thirty years.

But now, within twenty-four hours, what she had done was in the Atlanta papers. From them it was copied into papers all over the State. For a few weeks she was overwhelmed with reporters and with visitors. But even in those earliest limelight days there was always somebody among the visitors who had come really wanting to join her 'order.' And though a few curiosity-seekers came to see us Associates too, many more came who were interested: surprisingly many. There were not a few who really wanted to find some expression for their own sisterly sense of unrest about the poor, who thought our way might prove theirs.

I believe it's almost impossible to overestimate the amount of talk that was going on by this time about Kate's little movement. Of course at first the principal interest was among the Southern women. It seemed to be a White woman's undertaking at first, but very soon Negro teachers and authors living in the North began asking to be enrolled, and came back to the South, giving up their positions and careers and losing themselves in Sharing. Almost without exception, these Black Sharers took the Life Degree.

Sharers appeared in Europe almost as soon as they did in New York, where at first the Sharing principle was understood to be a variation of the Settlement idea. It was the New York Sharers who amalgamated with that

young people's exodus, which had begun years before, out from the Ownerscult into the more adventurous kinds of work. As early as the teens of the twentieth century there had begun to be such an exodus, at first in vacations chiefly, when the sons and daughters of the Owners went into the factories or mines, or as stewards and stewardesses on lake and ocean vessels, from June until October. This was probably the reason why the Sharers attained to such a comparatively enormous growth in the colleges.

Before the end of the winter the American newspapers published accounts of Sharers forming in China. I am not sure whether those first Chinese Sharers were the same reckless and ingenious women who locked themselves into their cellars in order to share the lot of malefactors in the Chinese prisons or whether the Prison Sharers' movement came later. This variety of Sharer soon spread, for as early as the spring of 1930 I heard of Prison Sharers in Ireland. Ireland, indeed, was where the Prison Sharers carried their campaign to the greatest heights of devotion, imprisoning themselves in area-enclosures on the streets, and hungerstriking with the hungerstrikers.

But this was after Alosha Ban's death. No historian of the Sharers could ever estimate the course the movement would have taken without that most grisly and effective use to which Alosha Ban decided to put her body. Many critics of the movement think it would have been vastly more effective if it had been less 'theatrical.' In the opinion of these judges, the self-martyrdom of Alosha Ban was the match that touched off the movement into what they call a 'bonfire.' It is impossible for me to form any judgment. I was myself, and still am, too much under the dreadful glamour of

her death to think of the Sharers without it. I feel that without Alosha Ban the Sharers would have been more reasonable. But would more reason have made them more effective? The Ice Age Bubble was swelling before our eyes at the very time when she put herself to death in that most fearful fashion. Who can say what the thrill of wonder and of horror at her death might have done, or not have done, without the mingled sense of wonder and of dread that was current at that time, about the future of this planet and of the whole race of man?

The Telemarks had moved to Texas shortly after the Sharers had been organized. I think they went first to Fort Worth, and then to Waco. I knew of their being in Waco as early as January 1929. There Mr. Telemark fell in with two or three old friends of his, whom he had not seen since bachelor days. He now began to see a great deal of these old friends. The newspaper accounts of Alosha Ban's death said that he had been out very late on the previous night, and that one at least of those old friends of his was believed to have taken part in the horrible lynching of Henry Major. Henry Major was burned alive that night, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. He was an elderly Negro of poor reputation, who was accused of having spoken familiarly to a young white woman, and was believed to have intended to assault her. He struck the young woman's father when accused by him.

The certain facts about Alosha Ban are that she disappeared from her home on the afternoon following the lynching, and that her burnt and blackened body was found lashed with wires to a broken fence-rail close beside the body of the burned Negro. It was found by a party of sightseers who had gone out on the second morning after, to view

the spot. It is thought that she had soaked her clothes with kerosene. In the afternoon of the second day following her disappearance, Kate Cotton received a letter from her, which had been postmarked on the day of her disappearance. It said in a few words that she had from the first resolved to be a Death Sharer, but had concealed her intentions for fear of interference with her plans.

She added, 'Will not some other white woman, especially some young and happy woman, share as I do the death of the next man lynched in her community? I leave my fellow women this in trust.'

The letter closed with saying, —

'Death perhaps is not so terrible to an Oriental. Mohammedans are vividly aware of Paradise.'

Kate instantly gave out the letter for publication. Immediately she found herself the centre of a storm of condemnation from parents and clergymen and others for giving out the letter. They also bitterly condemned the newspapers for printing it. Others again condemned these clergymen and parents for calling any further attention to the letter and the suicide; and for some time there raged a considerable dispute as to how best to consign the letter to oblivion. Alosha Ban was everywhere condemned as a fanatic, a monster of asceticism, indeed a maniac.

Among the young women of all lands whose imaginations were fired to fever heat by her death and challenge was a young Frenchwoman, a student of medicine at the Sorbonne. This young woman as a child had known Jean Jaurès and she had seen him on the very day of his assassination. It had affected her strongly, and she had been considered peculiar ever since.

This Marie-Jeanne Fischer now called together some of her friends and colleagues and they banded them-

selves into an order exclusively of the Death Degree, to share the extremities of war. Their vow was that for every person ever killed by the French army in war, whether by direct slaughter or by blockade, one of them would die in imitation of the death of that other, 'so long,' their manifesto declared, 'as our little numbers last.'

This, and not the Argentine legend, was the beginning of that wild order of Enemy Death Sharers, which within six months had its hundreds of members in Germany, Italy, and France, its thousands in Japan and India (twelve thousand, it used to be thought, in Burmah alone), and its smaller, but still determined, groups in the Anglo-Saxon countries. There were, I have been told, about two thousand in Mexico and South America combined. What lent the most terrible power to the order was its practice of keeping its list of members secret and merely announcing the total number in the country, and the pledge they had taken. Though they are often accused of having published vastly swollen estimates of their numbers, and of joining without intending to do more than scare the Government, subsequent investigations of their records seem to bear out the original statements pretty well. No doubt, if they had been put to the dreadful test, many would have faltered and left the order. But what anxious father could be sure that his daughter was not among the steadfast few who would not falter?

I almost wish the Recommendation of the Rio meeting might have been delayed a year or two, so that the world might have seen what the

Sharers could accomplish. For consider what they had already done. Housing improvements in England and America were already immense, even before the Rio meeting. No one denies that the prisons of the Orient in general were greatly improved — and few deny that the protest of the Chinese women had been the means of it. Personally I believe the Sharers would have ended war without any Recommendation at all.

Imagine a young married man going off to war, suspecting that his wife intended to imitate by her own death the death of the first man she could discover that he had killed. Imagine a general in the army having one of his own daughters forcibly fed while he was carrying out a punitive blockade against some rebellious subject tribe in Africa!

Ah well! it is easier, in these days, to imagine that than to imagine the Frenchman going to war without any protest from his wife and fellow countrywomen, or the British or German general embarked on his punitive expedition with the applause of his gentle daughters. And what matter, now, who ended war, or how, or who made the dismal streets gay and embellished the less comely lives among us, and established the unwritten constitution of the Family Order, 'To everyone according to his need.'

And yet I think, in the bottom of my heart, that it does matter, for the sake of the unborn, whether we composed ourselves into this family life together because of the breath of an iceberg blowing over us, or because of a great illumination of illogical and immeasurable sisterly love.

PROSPECTING IN NEW GUINEA

BY ROBERT M. MACDONALD

I

NEW GUINEA, or Papua, as the largest island in the world is variously called, promises to be the Klondike of the future. New finds of gold are being made daily in its vast, mysterious interior, and at present men from all parts of the world are converging on Port Moresby and Samarai, its chief ports, whence they will proceed up the rivers to the scenes of the latest discoveries. Yet gold has been found in New Guinea for the past thirty years, and prospectors dared its fierce cannibalistic tribes and pierced the mighty mountain ranges in its heart before the news of the great wealth of the Alaskan fields startled the world. But prospectors, then as now, did not care to develop mines; the early pioneers merely washed out the precious metal from the river beds and passed on, ever hoping to find deposits from which they might snatch a fortune in a day. And sometimes they nearly accomplished this feat; for on the famous Yodda Valley fields each man made over fifty ounces per day, and only the unreasoning hostility of the natives and deadly fevers made it impossible for them to continue working until their dreams were realized.

The Queensland Government, which administered the British part of the island, did not by any means encourage the adventurous gold-seeker. There were reasons for this attitude, some not easily understood but some prompted by the highest motives. Chief of the

latter was the desire to govern the country for its own people's good and, if possible, to allow the natives to develop it themselves, aided by such civilizing influences as education, trade, and missionary enterprise. But this influence did not extend beyond the coast and it was left to the prospector who—despite warnings and very often strenuous opposition—forced his way inland, to teach the savage tribes to respect the white man. In time those inland tribes did learn to respect the white man and showed that fact on every possible occasion by eating him so as to inherit his virtues!

New Guinea is a land of enormous possibilities. It is well watered by rivers, is blessed with rich soil, and contains, indigenous to the country, most natural tropical growths that are of value. The science of man has almost conquered the fevers which hang round the coastal belt and over the inland marshes, and the natives are becoming more tractable. Mining-camps are expanding into townships, roads and telegraph lines are being made, and possibly there may soon be railways. Samarai, on an island at the extreme southeast of the mainland, has already eclipsed Port Moresby as the chief port of the Possession, and it is fast becoming, in nature, a second Port Said or Thursday Island. From its busy wharves coasting steamers run regularly to the mouths of the Mambare, Kumusi, and Gira rivers on

the east coast. On the upper reaches and headwaters of those rivers are the great gold deposits now attracting the world's attention. The origin of the gold there baffles all explanation, as yet, but those who go to that region do not usually trouble themselves about that matter. Newcomers can always earn all their requirements easily around any existing camp, while those more daring and experienced can still find all the sensations they want in the more remote gorges and unknown creeks. The township of Tamata is the largest gold-fields town, but the old Yodda Valley camp still rivals it closely in extent of population, and probably the camps on the scenes of the new rushes, among the Albert Edward Ranges and further north in the old German territory, will soon outclass both. The prospector in those regions still trusts to his rifle for protection, quinine for health, and his luck for fortune; and if the first two do not fail, the third will not desert him.

II

Not very long ago a party of us set out from Tamata to prospect the foothills of the Owen Stanley Ranges. Most of us had had experience on all the chief fields of the world and we thought we could at least look after ourselves, although the news had just reached Tamata of the massacre of Macrae's party by the natives. We totaled seven and employed a dozen carrier 'boys' belonging to a timid coastal tribe which had been half civilized by the missionaries. Our first week's journey was through country already known, but when we crossed the Ope River and the pestilential marshes left by its periodical overflows we broke fresh ground. We were now on the divide between the Ope and the Kumusi and were heading to hit the

last-named river's headwaters farther up among the foothills. Birds of paradise of gorgeous plumage and noisy parrots of all description flitted about everywhere. Wild pigs were abundant and fish were plentiful in all the streams. Native bees and leeches made life very unpleasant during the day, and at night mosquitoes and jigger fleas paid us unwelcome attention. The bee and the jigger were the worst, however; the former does not sting, but in its craving for salt it sucks deep into the perspiring skin and raises painful blisters thereon. The latter playfully burrows under the toe nails, when it gets a chance, and deposits eggs which hatch as if by magic. Very drastic measures have to be taken when the jigger flea finds a home. But despite everything, and by making detours to avoid native villages, we forced our way ahead, and one day found ourselves on the bank of a swiftly flowing stream which, doubtless, joined the Kumusi somewhere.

We sat that night in the smoke of our camp-fire so as to escape the ravages of the night pests, and to discuss matters. We had crossed a native pad during the afternoon and knew that a village could not be far away, but we had also struck 'good' gold in the bed of the waterway beside us, and we hoped to prove its value before we passed on.

'I fancy we are in the heart of the Papangi country now,' said Big Sam, as he kicked a centipede into the fire. 'It was reported they were seeing red when we left Tamata.'

'I suppose it is useless trying to make friends with them?' the Professor suggested.

Boston Bob laughed. 'A Papangi likes the white man,' he said, 'but he likes him best roasted.'

'It was up about here that Macrae's

party was wiped out,' Sydney Charlie put in cheerfully.

'That is one reason why I am here,' I said. 'Mac was my dearest friend.'

'Mac was everyone's friend,' the Doctor added, slowly, 'The Papangis have got to give me ten of their best — for him.'

None of us had ever known the Doctor to be of a revengeful nature and his words surprised us.

We were certainly an odd combination. The Professor was a New Zealander, highly cultured and of scientific training. He was as gentle-looking and as tough as Boston Bob and Big Sam were tough-looking but gentle. Boston Bob and Big Sam had been with me in Alaska and elsewhere. Sydney Charlie was a famous New Guinean pioneer, and Silent Ted was a man of mystery who very rarely spoke but who was always a sheet anchor in any emergency. While we were thinking, each deep in his own thoughts, our chief carrier came forward from the boys' fire and signified he wished to speak.

'Fire away,' someone told him, and he began.

'Me, John Livingstone Stanley Chalmers, mighty big chief down among Koitapu people in Port Moresby. Me Christian an' got good educate. Me no eat white fellow nor any fellow —'

'Yes, John Livingstone Stanley Chalmers, we know all that,' Sydney Charlie interrupted. 'Cut out your family history and tell us what is troubling you.'

'Well, me smell Papangi fellow now. Me know him's smell. Me been up here before, chief carrier with other gold-hunting fellows. They all gets heads stuck on poles by Papangi an' only me get away. Big village near here an' your heads will be on poles round the *tabu dubu* (sacred house) before mornin', if you no' get away.'

'I don't seem to fancy my handsome

head gracing the top end of a bamboo pole,' Boston Bob commented. 'But I know you don't mean to be funny, John L. S. Chalmers, although your words are.'

'We had better set about building a stockade,' suggested Big Sam. 'They could surround us among the trees and spear us without showing themselves.'

'No!' Silent Ted ejaculated. 'Papangis are water fighters; they'll come in their war-canoes. We'll go to them —'

'Nonsense, Ted; we are not looking for trouble,' the Professor broke in — much to our regret, for Ted had never before been known to speak so much at a time.

After some discussion, however, we saw that Ted's advice was good. We could leave our camp, with logs inside our mosquito nets, and fires burning to show its position. The natives, as was their custom, would spear the camp from the water while we were nearer their village than they dreamed, and, with luck, we might be able to get hold of one of their tabu priests, if any stayed behind the raiding party. He would be a hostage whose presence with us would mean a lot, for well we knew the strange tabu law of the natives: He who touches anything tabu becomes tabu himself, and this is often extremely awkward. Of course we did not doubt that the people of the village were well aware of our proximity. Very soon we decided upon our plan of action, and, leaving our fire heaped high with logs, we made toward the village, keeping in the thick of the dense vegetation and about a hundred feet away from the river. Our carriers — excepting the chief — were paralyzed with fear and ready to run at the first sign of danger.

III

We were greatly surprised at the silence, for usually the sound of native

drums, tom-toms, and bamboo flute-like contrivances made the presence of a village known a long way off. We knew we were near, however, as pads were often interrupting our course, and we had to be very careful in avoiding sunken stake-traps. Suddenly we emerged from the forest and a glare of lights shone through a high bamboo stockade in front of us. We had arrived at the dreaded village. Our carriers were too frightened to wail but they refused to follow us farther, even their chief thinking it was up to the white men to do the rest themselves.

We peered through the stockade. Something was happening inside, but the silence was inexplicable. The village was much like any other native village but larger than any we had ever seen, its tabu house being a most imposing edifice, mounted on piles about ten feet off the ground, thatched artistically, and surmounted by a row of carved monstrosities fixed on the gable. Other houses also were large and formed a square, from which radiated lines of smaller dwellings surrounded by cultivated patches of yams, tobacco, and other growths we did not know. Some tree-houses could be seen in the distance, but the shadows cast by a row of fires in the square prevented us from seeing the distant side of the village.

The square was crowded with fierce-looking warriors silently performing some evolutions round a cluster of poles adorned with mummified human heads, which occupied its centre. A number of grotesquely masked beings evidently were in charge of the proceedings, and they seemed to be very efficient in giving silent directions. Their masks covered half of their bodies and were all of different designs, mostly tapering up to a point and giving them the appearance of pantomime giants. Fibre kilts were the lower gar-

ments of leaders and men, and they wore long streamers, fastened in their bushy hair, and necklets of teeth. They were all armed with barbed spears, spiked clubs, and dart blowpipes. They certainly looked capable of making short work of any prospector.

'I'll sell you my mosquito net, cheap,' said Boston Bob to me as we watched; but before I could reply Silent Ted touched me on the shoulder and whispered: 'Watch that fellow — fourth in the centre row!'

'That is the chief tabu priest,' I answered, but I obeyed Ted's injunction.

The warriors were now marching into the darkness on the other side of the village and most of the priests went with them. Soon all had gone and only women — recognized as such because of the flowers in their well-dressed hair — and the four central wizards were left. All were silent, and presently the women departed.

'Now's our chance,' Big Sam, who was always impetuously inclined, called out, climbing the stockade; but the Professor and the Doctor both signed to delay operations and he slid down again.

'Surely my imagination is tricking me,' muttered the Doctor. 'Do any of you fellows notice anything familiar?'

I started violently. The giant figure I had been watching was nervously scratching the back of his right leg. 'That is Mac!' I almost shouted. 'I'd know him anywhere by that trick of his —'

The Doctor's face was bathed in perspiration. 'It is!' he cried. 'And look! There is proof!'

The masked man standing third had seemingly got into an argument with his neighbor and, as we were looking, the fourth man's fists shot out left and right and the third went down like a log, his mask smashed to fragments by the terrific blows.

'Come on, boys!' yelled the Professor

and we were over the stockade in less than a minute. If the three remaining priests saw us they made no sign, and the object of our interest strode after the warriors. As we approached, the first man suddenly turned on the second, tripped him up and sat upon him. Then he faced us. 'Glad to see you boys,' he drawled. 'Excuse me not rising.'

'Tommy Carstairs!' we cried simultaneously. 'We thought you had passed out —'

'Well, I have n't. I'm second tabu priest here and old Mac is first. Got a smoke about you? I don't care much for the home-grown tobacco.'

We all crowded round our old friend with exclamations of joy, and Silent Ted pulled the enormous covering from his body.

'Carry those beggars into the priests' house and tie them to the sacrificing posts, while I do my best to spread knowledge around,' laughed Carstairs. 'But say, Boston, you've lost that bet with old Murphy about the size of the biggest crocodile. He was n't lying, for there are some sacred ones in a pool here more than twenty feet —'

Tommy Carstairs informed us that Mac and he were survivors of Macrae's party and that they had been kept for a special feast. In the interval another tribe from down the river had attacked the village, and Mac had saved the chief from being carried off. The chief had no love for the white men but, realizing the value of their presence, had made Mac and Carstairs priests, out of gratitude. They had since been able to work magic in curing a lot of the leading warriors by the use of pills made of soap which they had recovered from their packs, and now were somewhat popular.

The natives had gone out that night to settle some old feud with a village upstream, and the silence which had

surprised us was part of their usual ceremonies before undertaking such a venture.

'We are free to clear out when we like — maybe! — but two white men could never get down to the Yodda alive,' Carstairs added; 'and anyhow we've struck a patch of gold not far away, worth a lot of fortunes, and you fellows will come in very handy to help to work it.'

'But where has Mac gone now?' I asked. 'And what about those two fellows tied over there?'

'Oh, Mac has gone after the warriors to throw curses — with his rifle — at any deserters; and those two priests were jealous of our power and were getting nasty. They'll run for their lives down to the next village when we kick them out. We've made them break something about their tabu law by touching them, and they'll be the centrepieces of a big grill if they are ever caught.'

After a lengthy discussion it was decided that we should return to our camp and wait there until Mac and Carstairs came for us, in state, and took us to the village as their friends; then fresh plans could be arranged. We set the two priests free and they at once ran to the river and tumbling into a canoe, pushed off downstream. We followed in a larger craft, and our carriers ran alongside through the forest. The blazing camp-fire soon shone through the trees, and we beached our cleverly designed dugout and found that we had been raided, after all. Our nets were transfixed with dozens of spears, all thrown from the land side, and John L. S. Chalmers proclaimed them to be the weapons of some other tribe, lower down.

'Evidently it is a bit exciting round about here at times,' the Professor commented, and we all agreed, and set about preparing breakfast.

IV

With the coming of the sun the spirits of our carriers revived and, to make amends for their conduct during the night, they helped to work the gold-sand patch we had struck. Their methods were amusing to us, at first: they stretched themselves on the sand and, thanks to marvelous eyesight, 'specked' the minute points of gold and picked them up with their tongues. At the end of an hour they had collected more than we had with our pans, and the Professor checked the amount to their credit so as to give them a good reason to stay with us. But their system had disadvantages. Lying prostrate on the sand, they could not 'get a move on' very quickly, and when an enormous saurian suddenly rushed out of the water and seized one, those disadvantages became apparent. Silent Ted and Sydney Charlie had seen the creature, however, and a moment before its great jaws had actually exerted full pressure through the native's fibre kilt they had each sent a bullet through its eyes into its brain. Paralyzed, but not yet dead, the monster relaxed its hold, and Boston Bob and I pulled the man free. Another fusillade of bullets finished the creature, and the Doctor attended to the carrier, who was more frightened than hurt. This incident put an end to the gold-extracting work of the carriers.

While we were still talking over the matter, a fleet of war canoes swept down the river toward us, the occupants shouting '*Begga-be-begga*' — 'friends, we are friends.' Mac and Carstairs were in the first canoe, unadorned, and with them was a powerfully built warrior with a ring in his nose and saucer-like appendages to his ears, whose hair-streamers and necklet of teeth proclaimed him as the great War Chief.

Our carriers disappeared at once.

'Hullo, you bold bad gold-hunters!' cried Mac, as the first boat grounded. 'Let me introduce you to my friend Pickhimsbones, the mighty War Chief. He does n't know a word of English, so listen carefully to what I am saying, for I am sure he has already settled on which of you he 'll have for dinner to-night. Don't trust him, but make a big show of being impressed by the ugly old sinner.' Mac rubbed the back of his right thigh as he spoke, and we nearly spoiled the impressiveness of the introduction by laughing.

We greeted Mac with a dignity that hid our real feelings and responded to the Chief's grunt of salutation in a manner suggestive of a meeting of potentates. Pickhimsbones then rattled out a long jargon of words and made signs that he welcomed us as friends of his white priests. His warriors cheered lustily when he had finished, and Mac explained that he had been boasting of the fight during the night and of the number of slaves he would have in the spirit world, — those slain in personal combat become the slaves of the victor in the after world, — and that we had been invited to make his village our home while we were in the country.

We made suitable response and, at the same time, contrived to tell Mac that our camp had been attacked, that we had plenty of ammunition, and had found gold.

'You can never work here,' Mac said, when we had told everything and Carstairs was telling the Chief some tale supposed to be an interpretation of what we were saying, and some of the warriors were investigating our packs with doubtful intent. 'You are between two of the most bloodthirsty tribes in New Guinea and I think the Chief is about to act treacherously now. Watch the warriors nearest you, carefully, and be ready to shoot if need be; I am going to spring a risky trick.' Mac turned to

the Chief and apparently saw the dead crocodile for the first time. A look of horror came into his eyes and he ran over to the motionless monster and bent over it. The Chief eyed him strangely and followed. It seemed to me that he was thinking Mac was becoming too popular and that the seven extra white men would be better with their heads on poles. But he got a shock. By some accident, apparently, Silent Ted, rightly interpreting Mac's signal, got in his way and tripped him. He fell on the dead body.

'Tabu! Tabu!' screamed Mac, pointing to a symbol burned into the crocodile's scales.

The words acted like magic and, after a moment's awed silence, the warriors took them up.

'Tabu! Tabu!' they yelled and rushed to the war canoes.

The Chief picked himself up and hesitated, as if he would like to risk the awful fate in store for those who had been in contact, unlawfully, with anything tabu; but his men were leaving him, so, with a sudden bound, he joined one of the boats. Mac still continued to shriek out the word and the Chief deliberately hurled a spear at him from the water. It missed, and while he was aiming a second, Sydney Charlie shattered his wrist with a bullet from his Winchester. With frenzied shouts the warriors paddled up stream and Mac, rubbing his right leg, remarked: 'That was a piece of luck, boys. This crocodile really is tabu. It must have got tired of the sacred pools in the village, or of the old men on which it was fed. It probably is the tomb of a lot of Papangis' ancestors.'

Boston Bob measured the creature in paces and observed, 'I think old Murphy has won that bottle of fruit salts, after all.'

'I think that, for a quiet peaceful life, prospecting in New Guinea is

ideal,' I ventured. 'But the law of tabu is a big factor in it.'

'And the butterflies and the orchids are very beautiful —' began the Professor.

'We have no time to waste, boys,' interrupted Mac, as Big Sam came back with our carriers. 'Lead on, Tommy. Cross the river and hit the pass leading through the divide.'

V

Mac's tireless energy and enthusiasm were infectious, and, hastily collecting our stores and gold, we negotiated the river and cut through the dense undergrowth of the forest until we struck a well-defined pad leading into the ranges. At nightfall we were among towering mountains, clad to their summits with dense flowering vegetation, but our compasses were useless, and we had to climb trees to view the stars before we could determine which way we were heading.

'I believe this pad leads through to a west-coast river,' said Mac. 'That peak on our right is Mount Albert Edward, and the Papangis are afraid of the spirits that dwell beyond it.'

'But we came here for gold,' Big Sam said. 'We're not afraid of spirits.'

'This afternoon you have been passing through the biggest gold-formation that I know of in the world,' Mac replied; 'but we cannot work quartz reefs without plant, so we'll just have to be content with panning out sordid wealth in the gully just ahead of us.'

We pushed on in the moonlight and presently, under Carstairs' leadership, swung off to our right through a close-grown mass of scrubby entanglements and found ourselves in a ravine completely shut off by the vegetation which grew across the entrance.

'Now, you sinners,' spoke Mac, fondling his nether limb, 'we have arrived.'

Eat well and sleep well to-night, for to-morrow the gold fever will be on. You'll find gold wherever the sand is piled up against the hard quartz barriers which cross the bottom of this watercourse.'

We were too tired to ask questions, and anyhow, no one had any worry when Mac was in charge; so, after dining on wild pig, cooked in the ashes of our camp-fire, we stretched ourselves out for sleep in the smoke, each man taking an hour's turn on guard. Next morning we proved Mac to be correct. Gold was everywhere, and we panned out about three hundred ounces before night.

'How did the Papangis manage to catch you here?' the Professor asked our two new members, as we again sat smoking round our fire.

'They did n't get us here,' Carstairs answered. 'We were going down to the river, homeward bound with our gold, when we ran into them. They've got our gold now —'

'But they'll track us here, this time,' said Mac, 'so always say your prayers at night.'

'How did you find this place?' I asked. 'You could n't tell such a place was here from the pad outside?'

'We did not know the pad was there until the day before we left,' Carstairs replied, while Mac, unconsciously, felt that his right leg was still where it should be. 'We came in here over the top of the divide, from the Mambare watershed on the other side. We did not think we were going back by the Kumusi route when we left for home.'

'I think we'll go back by the Mambare,' I said. 'I prefer sailing down a river among the gentle crocodiles to cutting through the forest to avoid the Papangi and other villages.'

'There is plenty of gold on the other side, too, among the Mount Scratchley foothills.' Mac spoke thoughtfully.

'You are a regular glutton on gold, Mac,' laughed the Doctor as he turned in for the night. 'One would think you enjoyed being a Papangi tabu priest.'

'I did, Doctor,' Mac replied seriously. 'I meant to kill old Pickhims-bones some day and start growing rubber in his kingdom; labor would be cheap, and the fat priests would last as food for a long time — and just think how well a name like "The Papangi Rubber Company, Limited" would look on business paper —' Mac may have rambled on, but all had fallen asleep.

Next day we repeated our first day's performance, and that night the Professor gave us a learned discourse on orchids and butterflies; but it was the Doctor who put us to sleep with his story of the life of the beriberi fever microbe.

The third day our enthusiasm eased off somewhat; getting gold was now monotonous work, fit only for our carriers if they had not been so lazy. We constructed some crude labor-saving devices and, trusting to them to keep up the returns with lessened labor, went out hunting, and incidentally gained much knowledge of our surroundings. We were continually striking fresh deposits of auriferous sands and stumbling across rich quartz-reefs on those short trips, but we knew it was useless attempting to develop any of our finds, with the knowledge that sooner or later the natives would track us down.

By the end of a week we had secured nearly two thousand ounces of gold and were thinking about going back to tell of our fortune and get reinforcements. We had piled up a mass of dry scrub around our camp and had laid several charges of gelignite in pop-holes underneath, that would be fired — with more noise than anything else — when we set fire to the barricade. The Pa-

pangis were on our nerves and two men now kept guard during the night.

VI

One day some of us climbed up the slopes of the mountain which formed one side of our gully and, on reaching the summit, beyond the zone of dense vegetation, got a magnificent view of the entire country, which stretched away beneath until lost in the haze. We could easily trace the course of all the rivers, and waterways feeding them, by the film of mist which hung over their channels in long serpentine lines, and we could even see the Papangi village, quite distinctly, about ten miles down on our right. The Professor sketched in the lines of the rivers and prominent features and on our descending journey collected some orchids which he said were unknown to the world. When we reached camp, Silent Ted and the Doctor had our evening meal ready and our boys had added more inflammable scrub to our surrounding wall. Silent Ted was a wonderful cook and his culminating efforts were in that never-to-be-forgotten dinner.

'I have half an idea that a restaurant in New York, where all meals were cooked in hot wood-ashes, would be as good as a gold mine,' Boston Bob remarked, as he helped himself to another portion of wild pig.

'If you would throw in a camp-fire, a New Guinean atmosphere, and hungry prospectors as guests, I should n't mind being your partner,' said the Doctor. 'But I fear —'

What the Doctor feared was never known, for as he uttered the last word a burst of yells startled us almost out of our senses and a flight of poisoned spears stuck in our protecting barrier. The crashing of the undergrowth and the sound of bodies falling over the

wild-vine-creeper rope guards we had fixed amid the outlying trees, told us we were attacked in force, and the shrieks of our own boys added to the awful din.

'I guess, Doctor, I'm not having any of your New Guinea atmosphere for my New York restaurant,' said Boston Bob, flinging a lighted brand on our brushwood guard, 'but I'll have this bit of pig now, sure!'

'Load up and run!' Big Sam cried to the carriers. 'Lead them, Charlie — we'll follow.'

Sam's words were the last heard in that camp; all other sounds were drowned in the roar of the flaming scrub, which crackled like thousands of whips, and next instant the gelignite charges went off like a battery of guns in action. A dense pall of smoke fell low and enveloped everything, and, seizing from the ashes what we could of our late meal, we picked up our rifles and departed toward the Mambare headwaters. What the savages thought, we never knew. Probably they made night hideous with their frenzied shouts, but we did not hear them, and I fancy they concluded that all the demons of the spirit world had been let loose on them. Looking back from the top of the divide, we could see that the forest had caught fire and were thankful that the slight breeze favored us.

'The Paps are having a hot time,' Sydney Charlie remarked as we turned away, 'but we've left a lot of stuff behind —'

'We'll not need it,' growled Mac. 'We've got our gold and our rifles — and our lives.'

We stumbled on in the moonlight in the direction of the nearest waterway we had seen that day, and under the Professor's leadership soon reached it. Following it down, we joined a larger stream and found an easier passage

along its crocodile-infested shallows. Before sunrise we struck a large river and our carriers smelled a village on the opposite side, although it was still too dark to see it.

'Our troubles are nearly over now,' said Mac cheerily; 'I know this village, and its people are quite decent. One of you come with me and the rest of you kindle all the fires you can, to attract the crocodiles.' Mac waded out into deep water as he spoke and I followed, and presently we were swimming diagonally across toward a large structure dimly discernible on piles in the water. Lashed alongside were several canoes of various sizes, with paddles inside, and, cutting out two large ones we drifted down and back across the water in them. A few minutes later we had distributed ourselves, carriers, and gold between the boats and were heading down with the current.

VII

Four days later, near sundown, we were astonished to hear a voice hail us in English from the bank. 'This way, boys,' the owner of the voice called. 'This way to the new Eldorado — Howling dingoes! It's Mac!'

'How far are we from Tamata, Murphy?' Boston Bob cried. 'You've won your bottle of fruit salts, but what are you doing there?'

'Tamata is at present nearly deserted,' Murphy answered. 'This is the latest new find, discovered since you left; there are forty men here already, and more coming. We've got a second Yodda Valley and — but where on earth have you come from?'

We were now alongside. 'From the land of gold, old man,' Mac replied, gripping Murphy's hand, 'from over the mountains of the moon and from the land beyond the shadows. But we're hungry. . . .'

Safe among forty brother-prospectors, in the latest gold-mining camp in New Guinea, we slept soundly that night and sent our gold on to Tamata by petrol launch, next day. With it went Boston Bob and the Doctor, the former down with fever and the latter to attend to him. We remained in the new camp, meaning to return to Papangi Land when they came back. But many things happened before we saw them again, and when we did meet it was in Queensland.

We returned the canoes with presents and apologies.

HOW BIG IS AN ACRE?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

THE writer has asked a thousand schoolchildren, who from time to time have visited various observatories with which he has been connected: 'How many square feet to the acre?' and not once has the correct answer been given. The children guess wildly or stand mortified. He believes he might ask a hundred school-teachers the same question, and if two answered correctly, these could be easily stumped by the further casual inquiry: 'And how many square inches, would you say?' Perhaps, gentle reader, you would like to try the problem? You know what an inch is and you know that 'acre' is a term quite frequently used.

Of the same groups of children, a second question was invariably asked: 'How many cents in four hundred thirty-five dollars and sixty cents?' There is a moment of hesitancy, then a flash of recognition, and a jubilant chorus booms forth: 'Forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty.' They always put the 'and' in. They feel that they valiantly met the enemy and got the better of him.

But why this ability to answer so promptly a problem in values, and the complete failure to solve the problem in measuring an area?

Perhaps the explanation is to be found in this. A dollar is a hundred cents; but a link is 7.92 inches, and 625 square links make a pole, and 16 poles make a square chain, and 10 square chains make an acre. So one must multiply 7.92 by 7.92, then multiply this by 625, then multiply by

16, then by 10; and finally divide the total by 144. This gives, if you've made no mistake, 43,560 square feet. If you want the number of square inches, omit dividing by 144, and the answer is: 6,272,640 square inches in an acre.

There are two things to be noticed. We do not use a scientific and sensible unit to begin with; and the method of extension is unscientific, in that there is no constant and easily comprehended ratio of values. It is quite easy to devise a suitable unit and there is already a legalized method of extending values, but we do not try to use the system, although *it is used successfully* by a large majority of the civilized communities of the world and there is no valid reason against universal adoption. Great Britain and the United States are not wholly to be classed with the rest of the world, because, while the United States — also the English-speaking communities which make up the British Imperial Union — use a logical and scientific method in connection with money, they still retain — except in scientific usage — a cumbersome and antiquated system of weights and measures.

And so it is that the schoolboy must spend precious hours trying to memorize the relation of the foot to the rod, and the yard to the mile; or the square rod to the perch; or the gill to the gallon; or the tierce to the hogshead; the pipe to the butt; the tun to heaven knows what. Luckily for him, there is a limit to scholastic requirement, and

the arithmetics generally add in fine type:—

These measures of capacity do not express any fixed measure but are usually gauged and have their capacities in gallons marked on them.

Like ready-made clothes, they need a tag to tell how much they are worth!

Then there are the bushel and the peck. There are sixteen pints in a peck; but these are dry pints. There are eight wet pints to the gallon; but who would dare to trace the relationship between a gallon and a peck?

An ounce is a small thing, but not always the same thing. We now have two kinds of ounces, one contains 480 grains, one has 437.5 grains and is still considered a respectable ounce. And the pound? Ah — it is a fickle fellow! If, dear reader, you should step into the Mint and ask for a pound of gold, — of course, you would go fully protected, — you would get just twelve ounces, or 5760 grains. Come home now with your gold and buy a pound of golden butter. The honest grocerymen will give you 16 ounces, or 7000 grains — or you can incarcerate him in jail, upon application to an inspector of weights and measures somewhere near the State House. Is not this another case of acquiring knowledge in Wall Street and paying for it?

But forget eatables like butter and sugar for a moment.

The winter is long and cold, and we cannot all go to the sunny South, or the golden Pacific Coast. We try to keep warm by buying and burning coal. We buy it by the ton. And how much is a ton? Why, that depends upon how much coal you buy — and how much money you have. The United States Government requires in its fuel-contracts 2240 pounds to the ton. Many large corporations tell the coal barons

to deliver likewise unto them the 'long' ton. With them, a hundredweight means one hundred pounds, plus twelve more. For a ton is made up of four quarters each 560 pounds — those who devised the English system of weights here missed a fine chance to make a ton five quarters — or 160 stones. Everyone in America knows a stone to be just exactly 14 pounds, no more, no less. But, gentle reader, when you buy a ton of coal, you may get some stones to be sure in each ton, but the coal baron will see that you get just 2000 pounds. He gets 2240. That's that. An ounce is not always an ounce; a pound is not always a pound; and a ton is not always a ton.

Now let us come back to the school-children and the size of an acre. There is no need of sticking to the link; but if we must, at least let us be able to answer how many links there are in any given piece of ground — call it an acre. A square link would be 404,6873 square centimetres. Ask foreign school-children: 'How many square links in an acre?' Philippine children, Mexican children, Russian children, German children, Swedish children, Spanish children, Austrian children, Belgian children, French children, in fact, all the children of the world except our own and those in Great Britain, would answer without delay: 40,468,730.

Is it not time that our school superintendents took a hand in the game? The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would undoubtedly be glad to second any effort to protect defenseless youngsters from the cruelty of memorizing ancient and no longer honorable tables of weights and measures. That the system fails utterly is attested by asking so simple a question as: 'How big is an acre?'

LYRICS

BY AMORY HARE

THE FLAME

LIFE is a gusty night, and I a flame;
But never think me fearful of the dark,
Out of the night was born my spirit's spark,
The star-winds blew it till the hill grew bright,
And the recording heavens watched a face
Moved suddenly to laughter by its light!

FOUND

I SAW the young moon, blue and cool,
Reflected in a shallow pool
Set in a public square;
So that I lifted up my eyes
To the dark wonder of the skies
To find her there.

I saw Love in its gentleness
Shine on a face I love to bless;
I saw it there;
So that I lifted up my eyes
To see if God were in the skies —
And found Him everywhere.

THE CROWN

THrice have I seemed to view Eternity.
 The night my first-born leapt against my side;
 Once when I cried
 To God and watched a star fall down the sky,
 Flung earthward for my lonely soul's reprieve;
 And once when, quietly,
 You laid your tired hands upon my head
 And smiling said
 'Believe.'

THE DEVIL'S INSTRUMENT

BY PAUL GREEN

I

For several days Tim Messer had been thinking about his soul. And on this hot August afternoon, as he gave his bottom corn its laying-by ploughing, his mind kept running on the mighty revival raging across the creek a mile away, at Little Bethel Church. Many a 'big meeting' had come and gone without disturbing him. But the new preacher from Johnson County had stirred up the neighborhood with his fervor, and Tim was beginning to feel the effects of it. At the end of a row he stopped and wiped his streaming face with his sleeve, while he blinked at the Lazy Laurence dancing across the fields. The dust choked and irritated him, and his crops needed rain.

"y God, apt as not the whole shooting match is praying fer me over there right now!" he muttered to himself, pulling his mule around.

As yet he had made no step to go near the meeting. But each night his Aunt Margaret had attacked him anew, holding up to him the conversion of this and that friend. And Tim had heard of their going, one by one, into the fold. Every day for the last week there had been special prayers for him and Sam, the two hardened sinners of the community. And most disturbing of all had been the news that the day before Sam's sweetheart had prevailed upon him to go to hear the man of God.

'If he gives in, I 'm ruint,' said Tim,

shooting a squirt of tobacco juice at a buzzing horse-guard, and watching the dry dirt slide over the aprons of his Carolina plough. He smiled wryly and slapped his mule with the sweat-hardened line. 'Well, so fur we 've shore give 'em a run fer they money — me and him.'

And they had. For nearly ten years Sam and Tim had been traveling the road to the devil, as the holiness people of Little Bethel termed their way of living. And the cause of Tim's wickedness was his father's old fiddle, an instrument accursed because of the many reels played upon it by both Tim and his father before him, and doubly a thing of evil in that old man Messer had died suddenly one night while playing it before the fire. Sam had been seduced by a banjo. To the Little Bethel people this was second only to the fiddle in its harmfulness.

These two had started playing together as boys. And most of their 'sparking' was done together. Not a dance from Summerville to Dunn could be held without Sam and Tim to do the playing. No man along the Cape Fear River could fiddle off 'The Arkansas Traveler' talking-piece or 'Leather Breeches' or 'Sally with her Shoes Run Down,' the way Tim Messer could. Nor could anyone whang the chords and hang up the minors like Sam Adams when he got down to business. And the way they both overflowed with variations at 'balance all' was a thing to remember. For years they had walked off with all the first prizes at the fiddlers' conventions in the Lillington courthouse.

They were inseparable cronies, known far and wide as 'Sam and Tim.' Tim was long and leathery and silent. Sam was short and jovial. Each found in the other what he lacked in himself. And they would have been content to farm their crops and play at dances

the rest of their lives. At least, Tim would have.

As he ploughed along, listening to the maypops and hogweeds tear against the keen steel sweeps, he ran over in his mind some of the merry times they had seen together. And he soon forgot the danger their partnership was being subjected to. Stowing his tobacco far back in his jaw, he broke out into one of the ballads he and Sam knew —

'My lil' goose swum down the river. —

Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.

If I 'd been a gander I 'd a-swum with her. —

Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.'

A low roll of thunder sounded in the west, and he looked up to see a long dark bank of cloud stretched across the horizon, rising here and there into a boiling sun-lit point. He sensed a shiver of delight running through the corn as he stopped his mule and drew in a great breath of cooling air.

'That there rain 'll come pime-blank right,' he said, 'jest as I 'm a-ending up the last row.' And then he was startled by a sudden thought. 'I be dad-burn! Aunt Marg'ret said that there preacher was going to pray fer rain to-day.' He hastily clucked to his mule, uneasy at what might be a further and greater proof of the revivalist's power.

When he had finished stabling Fannie, he went into the house. From a case in the corner of the room he took out his fiddle and sat by the window. The rain soon settled into a steady drone on the roof. Out of the thankfulness of his heart he began to play snatches of melodies, his 'made tunes,' as he called them. His music and reverie were interrupted by a stamping of feet on the porch, and Aunt Margaret, a thin little old woman, wet and bedraggled, came into the room. Spying him at the window, she called out fearfully, —

'Lord-a-mercy! don't set at that there window and the lightning bolts a-flying. Put up that devil's instrument, and sich a black cloud coming over the world!'

'You better git you on some dry clothes, and I 'll build you a far,' was all he answered. But after a moment he rose and put the fiddle away. When she came back from dressing, he saw by the firelight that her eyes were red and swollen from weeping at the meeting. And there was a sort of elated look in them too that disturbed him. 'Something must a-happened to Sam,' was his first thought. Finally he asked somewhat timidly, —

'Did — did you have a good meeting to-day, Aunt Marg'ret?'

'Why you ax that?' she quavered sharply, giving him a direct look.

'I was jest — jest axing,' he said, sitting down and gazing into the fire.

'Oh, it was a great outpouring of the spirit!' she cried. 'God was with us. Brother Baxter prayed fer rain, and see, it 's come. But what 's God 's power to you, Tim?' she went on, turning away her head. 'You ain't one o' his children and don't seem lak you never will be.'

Foreseeing a repetition of last night's scene, he got to his feet and said he 'd better go out and feed. But she motioned him to sit still.

'Tim, I 've tried these many days to git you to live the way yer ma 'd want you to. But they ain't no sign o' you giving in. I got a feeling if you ain't saved this meeting you won't never be this side the grave.'

'We talked all that over yistiddy and the day before, and you know how I feel,' he spoke up unhappily. 'And they ain't a bit o' use worrying over me,' he added a little warmly as he went to the door.

'How can I help worrying over yer immortal soul's salvation and you my

own blood and kin, I 'd lak to know!' she burst out.

The rain began coming down more heavily outside. He turned back into the room and stood at the window, watching the flood of yellow water running by the house in the lane.

'Tim, don't you ever feel yer conscience hurt you a speck?' she queried tremulously.

'I ain't denying I 'm a sinner, a bad sinner,' he presently rejoined, drumming on the window-pane. 'But somehow I don't want to change, and that 's ezzactly how I feel.'

'Yes, you don't want to change!' she broke in warmly. 'You 've played the devil's music till yer heart 's hardened near 'bout beyond redemption. Cain't you see where that fiddle 's leading you? It sent yer pap to a sinner's grave, him playing fast tunes fer loose-living men and women. And you 're tromping right in his steps.' She twisted her thin hard hands together. 'Brother Baxter told me to-day that worldly reels had led more men to destruction than you could think of, and you 'd orter take warning. O Tim, he 's told us 'bout how the Philistines feasted and danced and sung whilst death was a-drawing nigh. And the sons and daughters of Job was snatched away in they hour of music and cutting up.' Here she cried out excitedly, 'Oh, he 's going to call the wrath of Old Moster down on you if you don't change yer ways.'

He eyed her uneasily as she sat shaking in her chair and wiping the tears from her eyes. 'Aunt Marg'ret,' he called gently, trying to hide his perturbation, 'we 've had a monstrous heap o' talk. Le's git our supper.'

'No, I ain't. I promised all of 'em at the church I 'd plead with you ag'in when I got home. They was a dozen prayers offered up fer you. And, Timmy, you got to be — saved.'

'Well, I 'll go feed up.' And he moved toward the door.

'But you ain't heerd what the Lord's done fer us this day,' she hurried on. 'Sam has perferred!' She looked at him in a kind of appealing triumph.

He stood silent in the doorway, and then went out to feed the mule and cow. The rain had stopped, and the earth sent up a warm steamy smell. The sun was setting through a bank of cloud that prophesied more rain during the night. 'It shore is all a purty sight,' he said to himself as he stared out across his fields. But his soul was not at peace. The feeling of discontent and wretchedness was growing stronger in him. 'What 'n the name o' Old Scratch 'll I do now with Sam gone?' he muttered.

His attention was suddenly attracted by a bright illumination in the house. He turned and ran quickly across the porch and into the room. Aunt Margaret was standing near the fireplace watching his fiddle-case burning brightly. Jerking the old woman backward, he snatched the instrument from the flames. He opened the smoking case and found the fiddle wrapped in its flannel unharmed. Old Margaret dropped in a chair, rocking to and fro and sobbing,

'I wanted to save you, Tim. I was doing it all fer you,' she whimpered.

He laid the fiddle on the bed and threw the ruined case back into the fire. It blazed up and finally burned itself out. Then he turned to her.

'Aunt Marg'ret, it may be wrong to play music and go to dances, I don't know. But you got to promise me never to tech that fiddle ag'in. The day you do, I walk out 'n this house fer good, and that 's the gospel truth.'

'All right, have yer own way, Tim, have yer way,' she gulped. 'But it breaks my heart to see — to see —' She bowed her head in her apron, cry-

ing bitterly. He stirred miserably about the room, knowing nothing to say. Soon the light failed in the yard outside, and the fire died down. He laid more wood on the coals, and they sat in silence for an hour or more. At last she dried her eyes and added, —

'Brother Baxter's going to hold a meeting here in this house Saddy night if you don't go to church before then, Tim.' He tapped his muddy shoe nervously against the bare floor. 'Please go to church to-morrow, won't you?'

But he would not promise.

Next morning they ate their breakfast in silence. He told her she could drive Fannie to church, since it was too wet to plough. And he ignored the dumb request in her eyes by saying that he had to split stove-wood while he had a little spare time. But without knowing why, he ventured to remark that he 'mought go later.' Then he hitched the mule to the road-cart and went to chopping wood.

II

After she had gone, he sat down on a block and fell into a deep musing. For several hours he sat thinking things over. Near noon he was aroused by the sound of footsteps. Looking up, he saw Sam, dressed in his Sunday best.

'Well, I be durn!' he began delightedly; then his face fell and he added quietly, 'Hi, Sam.'

'Hi, Tim. How you come on?'

'Middling, I reckon, how you making out?'

'Well as common, I guess.'

'I thought it mought be better 'n common,' Tim answered somewhat coldly.

Sam flushed slightly and said nothing.

'Set down on this here log if you won't hurt yer clothes.'

'It won't hurt 'em,' he replied slowly.

He sat down and began making marks on the ground with a stick. For a moment Tim drummed nervously on his knee and then absently pulled his tobacco from his pocket, bit off a chew, and handed the plug to Sam, who reached out for it eagerly. But suddenly he let his hand drop to his side.

'I cain't — cain't chew now,' he stammered.

'Excuse me, Sam, I 'd clean forgot fer the minute that you 'd been converted.'

'Oh, that 's all right, Tim. I nearly forgot it myself.' He began digging again with his stick. 'Brother Baxter says God 'll take away my taste fer it. But I reckon I ain't been consecrated long enough yit,' he remarked somewhat shamefacedly.

'I don't want to seem curious,' said Tim, after they had sat in an embarrassing silence, 'but how does it feel to have a change in life?'

'I dunno ezzactly — sorter lost lak or something,' was the mournful acknowledgment.

'Well, I reckon my time 'll come next, Sam.'

'Do you?' He looked eagerly around. 'I — I hope so.'

'Why you hope so fer?'

'Mebbe I ort not to hope so, but you 'n' me 's pulled together so long in making music that it seems lak we mought make a team of it in this new business.'

'Yeh, we shore have run double-yoked many a day. It jest went through my mind 'fore you come how we wound up at Sock Horton's Saddy night a month ago.'

'Did n't we though!' Sam rejoined, breaking into a loud laugh. 'I can still see the weaving of old Lizzie Ryall's thin legs plain as day. And, Tim, how we did put the gravy on "Mississippi

Sawyer"! I 've hearn they 'lowed you 'n' me was in our prime that night.' Then his face grew sober, and he ended hurriedly, 'But le's not talk o' that.'

'Yeh, I reckon we 'd better keep off 'n that subject, seeing as how things is going.' There was a trace of feeling in Tim's voice that Sam was quick to notice.

'I don't blame you fer feeling out with me, Tim, I shore don't. And I did n't have no idee o' going back on you the way I have, nuther. But Maisie kept after me to go to meeting jest one day. She even put it so strong as to say I need n't look at her no more if I did n't. And what could I do?'

Tim spat off towards a piece of pine bark and said nothing.

'I swear to Go—, I declare I did n't mean to git no religion when I went. But onct in that church and that preacher's eyes sot on me, I did n't have no more chance than a fly in syrup. He preached at me, Tim, and the people prayed at me, and they cut up worse 'n that time in the Bible where a whole county was converted slick as a whistle. And what did I do but git crazy or something, and jump up and shout, "Glory to God I 'm saved." That 's jest how it was.'

'It shore seems lak he 's determined to convert everybody around here,' drawled Tim abstractedly.

'It does that all right.'

'But I wish you could have put it off till next month anyhow,' Tim continued.

'You do?'

'You must 've forgot we 're scheduled to play over on Little River three weeks from now.'

'I ain't forgot it, nuther,' was Sam's quick reply. 'And all last night I did n't sleep nary a wink, thinking 'bout what all this new way o' living 's going to mean. But it 's too late to worry now. I 'm a changed man and

I got to live up to it. And, Tim,' he went on, as he drew a figure with his stick that looked suspiciously like a banjo, 'they sent me over here to see if you won't come to church. I give you fair warning, though, you ain't got a show agin' that man with the black beard onct he gits to tackling you. But, Tim, you 'n' me must be wrong. We cain't stand out when all the whole neighborhood 's already filled with religion. You orter seed how happy the old man and muh was. And think how glad yer Aunt Marg'ret 'll be.'

'I been thinking 'bout it all the whole morning,' he said glumly.

'Well, I got to be hitting the grit back to the church.' He stood up. 'Cain't you git on yer duds and go with me now? We 'll take a back seat in the house.'

'No, I cain't go now, Sam.'

'Well, how 'bout to-morrow? Remember, if you don't go there, they 're coming here and have a meeting.'

'I dunno, I dunno,' was all that he could say.

'Listen! I 'll come by fer you in the morning. Will you go then?'

He waited, and Tim thought a while. At last with a decisive movement he spat out his tobacco.

'Yeh, I will. I 'll go and see what 's being done.'

With that he got up and went to chopping wood. After a few more words, Sam hurried across the fields toward the church.

III

The next day — the last one of the meeting — Tim was filled with a nervous uncertainty. The preaching hour drew near and he had made no preparation to get ready. But Aunt Margaret, who saw her prayers being answered at last, had been up since early morning light, pressed his suit,

ironed a collar, and done up his best shirt. He avoided her as much as possible, and after putting the mule to the cart, told her that he 'd come along later with Sam. But she would n't leave until Sam had shown up. And even then there was misgiving in her face as she drove away.

'We 'll have to hurry if we git there in time,' said Sam.

'I 'd druther be a little mite late, had n't you?' Tim queried.

And Sam was bound to confess that he would. Presently Tim went in and dressed, and slowly they went across the fields and into the path through the woods.

When they arrived at the church they found it packed full of people. Carts, wagons, ox-carts, and various means of conveyance were scattered under the oak trees. And now and then a mule brayed and rubbed his bridle vigorously against the rough bark of a tree. These familiar sights and sounds somewhat heartened Tim, and he breathed easier. They found the door so crowded that apparently no one else could push his way in. A hot fetid air poured out from the building in their faces. And Tim shuddered at the thought of entering. They had just begun to hope that they would have to stay outside to hear the sermon, when there was a stir at the door, and a huge bearded man in black clothes and a celluloid collar shoveled his way through and took Tim by the hand.

'This is Brother Tim Messer, is it?' the voice rumbled, and Tim felt the jar of it against his chest as he nodded.

In a moment he was in the church, sitting by Sam on the front seat without knowing how he got there. Directly before him was the altar, a large bench facing the audience, in front of which hay was scattered for the mourners and convicted ones to lie on. From

the way the hay was worn and broken, it was apparent that many a stiff bout with the devil had taken place during the last two weeks. All of these particulars floated above the deep misery of Tim's mind. For Sam was right. He had n't a chance against that preacher, and he already realized it.

The service began immediately with singing. Old Ben Truelove led off with 'A Great Day Coming.' At the beginning of the second stanza, two hundred people were making the walls of the little building swell and subside to the rhythm of the song. Tim had been to Little Bethel many a time in his younger days, but never had he heard such singing. Then at the third stanza the preacher asked everybody to rise, at the same time adding his voice to the tumult. If the music was great before, it was sublime now. Tim felt the chills run up and down his spine at Brother Baxter's awful bass roaring like the wind. He whispered excitedly to Sam, 'y God, ain't that fine!' And only a sharp nudge from his partner made him realize that he was being profane in the house of God. He was disappointed when the music subsided. For if there had been a fourth stanza, he felt that he would have joined in.

Brother Baxter then called for the experience and thanks meeting, adding that everyone had much to be thankful for now, yea more than ever before, since the last stronghold of Satan in the community was being broken down. And he cast a quick gleam out of his fiery eye at Tim. Brother Johnson was the first to get up and unroll his list of blessings from the Lord. He ended by saying that his cup was 'plumb running over' now that one of their long-lost brothers was saved and the other was on his way to be. For an hour these experience talks went on, and each person made his especial reference to Sam and Tim.

By this time Tim was thinking of bolting through the crowd and out at a window. He felt rivulets of sweat running ceaselessly beneath his shirt. And Sam's condition appeared no better. It seemed to Tim that the climax to his misery had come when Aunt Margaret broke down in the middle of her talk and began weeping wildly. The preacher sat in his chair on the rostrum, fanning himself and crying out now and then, 'Glory to God! Praise His Holy Name!'

Suddenly a piercing scream rent the air, raising the hair on Tim's head. Old Miss Katie Harris sprang out into the aisle, giggling and whining. She came nearer to Tim, who sat convulsed with terror. Then she fell upon him, claspng him around the neck, tearing his collar apart, and in her ecstasy beating him in the face with her palm-leaf fan. When she had nearly strangled him with her long bony fingers, she moved over to Sam. He clung to his seat and endured her pounding. Then, hopping and skipping in a marvelous manner for one of eighty years, she made her way back to her seat. Already a dozen women were sobbing loudly. And some fed their babies at bared breasts, unashamed in the depth of their emotion. Here and there small boys and girls, wedged in between grown-ups, gnawed their dry home-cooked cakes and stared at Tim with large wondering eyes. A feeling of rebellion rose in him. And if at this point the preacher had not arisen and opened his Bible for the sermon, he would very probably have escaped through the door.

'Brethren and sisters,' the speaker began. 'I 'm going to preach to you on the same subject of a few days ago — the weekedness of worldly music and dancing.' Tim looked helplessly at Sam, but his head was already bowed for the drenching of wrath to come.

Then he lowered his head, nor once did he look up while the flood of words poured from the lips of the big dark orator. Up and down the platform the preacher strode, chanting and quoting from the Scriptures. 'Yea,' he rushed on, his voice gathering violence, 'they was a time when the sons of God come together toting they instruments of praise. It 's in the Book; read and know the truth. And the first one said, "I bring the harp. Is it a goodly instrument?" "Verily it is good," saith the Lord. And another one fetched up the lute, and Old Moster looked at it and said it was good, very good. And still others fetched thepsaltery, thesackbut, the pipe, — yea, they played on a kind of pipe in them days, — the dulcimer and the trumpet and the shawm, and even the bells. It 's in the Book; read and know. And last of all, they brung taborettes. And they was all declared to be good and worthy of hymning praise to the Almighty. Later on come two fellows sneaking up, bringing — well, what was they bringing?' he roared. 'They was bringing a banjo and a fiddle. What did the Lord do? He said He knew 'em not, and, "Depart ye 'cursed." And right then and there them two was condemned to rot in Hell, yea, to roast in Hell fer making mock of the Creator.' Here he pounded on the table, and the windows rattled in their sockets.

When he had finally cursed the joy-maker and the Devil's anointed, in the person of Tim, to the bottomless pit unless he changed his way of living, he stepped down from the pulpit and gathered new strength.

He stood over Tim's shrinking form and began to unroll before him the vision of the sinner's horror and despair on that day of days. 'What 's to become of you, O sinner man! in that judgment day? Have you heerd it? Oh, have you dreamed it? Have you

seed it with yer eyes? — when smoke begins to roll in the west and a loud voice cries out from land to sea' — he lifted up his voice in a blood-curdling yell — "'Time is no more! Time is no more!" And the hills will shake with terror, and the trees 'll be tore up by a mighty wind, and the rocks 'll melt and run lak b'ilin water, and the sun and moon be turnt to blood. Dark will be over the face of the earth. Where will you be! Where will you be when that last trumpet sounds! Sinner man, yea, you, Tim Messer, where will you be! You will cry mercy,' he screamed, 'and there 'll be no mercy.'

Tim felt his flesh freezing as the terrible picture grew. At last the preacher ended his description of Tim's likely end by imitating the wails and screams that would rise to heaven when he lay in outer darkness. His yells and bellowings swept a score of listeners to their knees. Several little children already were writhing on the hay, and men were crying in different parts of the house. Here and there old women crouched at their seats agonizing over Tim's soul. As if in a dream, he heard them mentioning his name.

Then Brother Baxter turned to the table and drank deeply from the pitcher of water. He came back to Tim and pleaded with him in a gentle voice, as he sketched the estate of the blessed sleeping in Abraham's bosom. 'There they sing and make music all the days as one. Won't you come and be saved now, Tim?'

At the sweetness of his words, Tim felt the hot tears go coursing down his leathery cheeks.

'Think o' yer mother there with her arms stretched out to you this very minute,' he continued. 'And think o' yer father br'ilin in t' other place!' he suddenly thundered. And he went on comparing their different conditions. When he had exhausted

his adjectives he bent close to Tim and began speaking of the day when he would die and the neighbors would come to lay out his cold body. 'And, Brother Tim,' he concluded in heartbroken tones, 'on that day, mebbe on that dark and stormy night, while you lays there beating out yer last breath and the lamp burns low beside yer bed, the Devil 'll come creeping, creeping, up, up, on, on to the porch. He 'll open the door jest a crack, now a little wider, a little wider, and he 'll stick his head in, his grinning head in, and look at you laying there helpless in bed.'

Aunt Margaret screamed out above the moaning and praying of the audience. Brother Baxter kept his eyes on Tim. 'He 'll come in easy, oh, so easy, his tail making a grisly sliding sound on the floor. Then!' he roared, seizing the terrified Tim by the shoulders, 'he 'll jump onto the bed and carry off yer soul screaming to everlasting hell!' And he shook him like a rag.

Then Tim could stand no more. He fell upon his knees at his seat. Aunt Margaret screamed a second time and went off in a faint. Thereupon a din arose and went out over the quiet countryside of Little Bethel. Women and men shouted and danced before the Lord. And every little child in the house made his way to the pile of straw and fell upon it, many of them in a half trance from the extremity of terror and the consciousness of their lost and ruined condition. Sam was already down at his bench, praying and clutching his hair.

Brother Baxter called for a song, and a great rhythm of 'Almost Persuaded' shook the roof. Old Miss Katie sprang out into the aisle again and began speaking in tongues. Above the tumult her shrill voice could be heard pouring out a stream of senseless words, 'Hoofey-beigh Jesus! Hokum-

ma-loki! Whizzem-hi-shimminy! Ishi-likili!' Others took it up. Combs and hairpins soon strewed the floor, and men threw their coats and collars from them as they sprang up and down in the air. Tim stumbled forward and fell sobbing at the mourner's bench. The victorious parson called for friends to come and wrestle for his soul, and half the congregation swept up and around him. Brother Baxter himself got down beside Tim, and as the song went on with, —

'Almost persuaded now to believe,
Almost persuaded Christ to receive,' —

he shouted in his ringing head, 'Give it up! Give it up! Be saved now, now! To-morrow 's too late. Glory to God, give it up!'

In half an hour Tim was saved. The preacher stood near him, smiling seraphically and smoothing his thin hair tenderly as he would an infant's. And when Tim had grown quiet, he asked him to stand up and make public his profession of faith. He staggered to his feet and mumbled out something about being saved and living the life of God. Then he collapsed on his bench.

Brother Baxter announced that the meeting was over. And after a few business matters had been settled, he pronounced the benediction, ending the greatest revival that had ever visited Little Bethel.

IV

That night for the first time Tim said grace over their supper. He was able to growl out only a few words about being thankful — amen. But he 'd decided to begin right. And after the meal, he got the old Bible down and at last managed to read a chapter in John. Then Aunt Margaret led in family prayer, and they went to bed.

But Tim could not sleep. He felt queer and far away from things about him. The house seemed different, and that afternoon he had not gone down to look at his bottom corn. 'Mebbe I 'm already a-giving up the goods o' this world,' he thought. But he was not happy. Near morning he fell into a sleep, tortured with dreams of the Devil and a fiery pit yawning before him. As he was being cast headlong into the fire, he awoke with a low scream. He lay the rest of the night shivering and miserable.

More than once his mind dwelt on the instrument under the bed. At last, as day was breaking, he got up softly and dressed. Taking the fiddle under his arm, he stole from the house and went to the barn. There he wrapped it well in an old cotton sheet, put it in a box and nailed the lid down. Then he got a shovel and went into the woods back of the house. The birds were singing in the dogwoods, and dew hung over his cotton. Spider-webs gleamed like silver nets among the grass and bushes, and the whole east was a splash of red, sprinkled above with pink and silver racks which the Little Bethel people called 'rain seed.' But Tim no longer noticed the freshness and glory of the earth. Under a shady holly tree he dug a hole, put the fiddle in, and covered it up. And when he had made a little mound, he stood looking at it with a mournful expression. Then he stuck a stick at the head and foot and went away.

About sunset, when he was milking old Sook, Sam came up the lane and stopped. He leaned over the fence and asked Tim if he wanted to take a walk. Leaving the pail at the house, they set off down toward the bottom. There among his corn, Tim looked out at the flaming west and felt something of the old spirit move within him, and he murmured, 'Ain't it purty now, Sam,

with all this fine crop and the pink o' evening setting in?'

'Yeh, 't is, Tim. You got a good crop. But you 'n' me 's been warned not to feel pride over the here and now, you must remember. I did n't come special to look at yer crop nohow, Tim. I wanted to ax you what you going to do with yer fiddle.'

'What you going to do with yer banjo, Sam?'

'I done got rid of it. Dunno whe'r I done right or not. Eph Slocumb's boy over on Little River wanted a banjo, and I let him have mine yistiddy to keep fer me. He promised to say nothing 'bout it.'

'What would the preacher say to that, Sam? Mebbe you 're putting temptation in Ed's way,' Tim rejoined.

'Well, I jest could n't tear it up. It was sorter lak a part of me,' said Sam, as he gazed gloomily down a dusk-filled row.

'Yeh, I know. Well, I buried my fiddle out back o' the house under a holly. I reckon it 'll be there till judgment day.'

V

The weeks that followed were wretched ones for Tim. More than once he had gone to the holly and been tempted to dig up his fiddle. And several times he had chewed weeds and grass to ease his terrible hunger for tobacco. But so far he had successfully withstood the tempter. And now, as he went into the fodder-field on this particular Saturday morning, he realized that the day of the greatest temptation had come. For to-night was Molly O'Quinn's dance on Little River. And he could n't help thinking about it. All day long he pictured to himself the different people who would be there. And worst of all was the remembrance of Molly's bright eyes watching him in frank admiration

as he pulled his bow. Once or twice he had hoped — 'But she 's a world'y woman and they ain't nary a glim o' hope now that I 've got religion,' he growled to himself as his long fingers stripped the corn to the ground. 'But I got a good farm and all, and if — if everything had turnt out all right, mebbe, we 'd a — ' He snapped the tie around his handful of fodder, slammed it on a stalk, and went on stripping the next.

The afternoon wore on, and he was more and more tormented by the vision of the dance. 'I don't reckon she 's called it off,' he mused after a while. 'She 'll git old Eph Slocumb and his boy to play. And what can they do making music fer a gal lak her?' In his misery he went to the spring in the hollow for a drink.

Aunt Margaret had an early supper, for she had to go down the road to pray over a sick child. She asked him to go with her, but he said he was feeling too tired. And in the dusk he watched her drive off down the lane. He leaned on the yard-fence gate and looked at the bats flying around the barn. A late whippoorwill was singing in a thicket. He turned and gazed at the dark and empty house.

'I jest cain't stand this here life much longer and that 's a fact,' he mumbled wretchedly. And then heard a noise behind him. Turning around, he found Sam standing beside the fence. He felt like embracing him, but all he did was to wrench off a paling and let it fall to the ground. After a moment he called out, 'Hi, Sam.'

'Hi, Tim. How you come on?'

'Middling, middling. How you standing the weather?'

'Not much, I mought say, and ag'in I mought n't,' Sam answered, leaning back against the fence and looking straight before him.

Suddenly Tim lifted up his nostrils

and drew in a deep breath. A sweet tantalizing odor made him gasp. He bent toward Sam and then drew away. His hands fell limply to his side, and a wave of peace and joy swept over him. Sam had his jaw full of tobacco. Tim clung to the fence without saying a word, but in his mind ran a sort of singing, 'Sam has fell, Sam has fell from grace!'

'Tim,' Sam went on presently, 'have you been tempted much to go back to the old life since I seed you last?' He spoke still staring before him.

'What you mean, Sam?' Tim replied cautiously.

'Well, to make a long story short, I 've slid back.'

'You have!'

'Yeh, but I don't want to cause you to fall.' He looked Tim straight in the face. A whiff of tobacco-juice caught him full in the nose. Sam turned away, spat slyly off to the left, and went on. 'I was over in Lillington to-day, Tim, and who should I see there but Molly O'Quinn.' He waited, but Tim said nothing. 'And, Tim, she ain't got nobody to play fer her to-night.' He waited again, but still Tim made no answer. 'I did n't mean to go back to evil ways, Tim, but Providence must a-had a hand in it. While we was talking there in the street to-day, up come Ed Slocumb and said he had the banjo there with him, and I could take it. And he run and brung it 'fore I could say a word. But mebbe it would n't a-made so much difference if me 'n' Maisie had n't had a bad busting up last night. Yeh, I 'd a-helt out then, I believe; but right after Ed crammed the banjo in my hands, Molly dropt a package, and out rolled — what you reckon? — a long plug o' Brown Mule. I picked it up fer her, and she axed me to smell it and see if it was the reg'lar kind her pa chewed. And then

she told me to take a chew and try it and keep the plug, fer the old man had more'n he needed. Somehow the way she axed me and the way she looked at me with them dark eyes o' hern — you know how she looks, I reckon, if anybody does. Well, in two minutes, anyhow, I was in my buggy with the banjo under the seat and my mouth full o' Brown Mule, on my way here to git you. She sent me special fer you. And here' — reaching in his pocket and pulling out a ragged plug — 'is what I ain't chewed.'

Tim's long hand shot out and raised the tobacco to his mouth. Then he lowered it without taking a chew.

'Tim, I don't want to tempt you,' Sam hurried into saying; 'but you see I done give up my hope fer redemption. You reckon they ain't no chance of our going over and playing fer Molly? And you know, Tim, she's sorter sot on you. I tell you I cain't stand no more o' this way o' living.' But Tim was silent, holding the tobacco in his trembling hand. 'And, Tim,' Sam began again, 'you'n me's allus pulled together. I don't mind running the risk o' being lost if you don't.'

'I don't mind, nuther!' Tim burst out, and he quickly crammed the end of the plug into his starving jaws. There was a ripping sound, and a sheepish grin began to spread over his face. When he had settled the quid in its accustomed place, he spoke up. 'Sam, I'm lak you. This life ain't fer me. Another week of it and I'd been crazy as a loon.' He spat a great stream. 'God did n't seem to have no notion o' taking away my taste.'

'Mine, nuther,' Sam answered happily. 'And, Tim, you'n me need n't feel so bad after all. Muh and pap ain't half as keen 'bout their religion since that preacher got out'n the neighborhood. And I bet you a dollar yer Aunt Marg'ret won't be in a month or so.'

'Mebbe not,' Tim rejoined absently. 'But we need n't worry 'bout that now.'

'No, we need n't,' Sam agreed. 'But le's be moving. I got my mule and buggy tied there in the woods. Git on yer duds in a hurry. I seed Aunt Marg'ret go down the road, and we want to be gone 'fore she comes back.'

Tim ran into the house to dress. Soon he reappeared, and they hurried with a shovel to the woods. The full moon had risen, and again he felt the joy of the earth slide into his soul. As they stood under the holly tree, he looked at the patterns and splotches on the ground and turned to Sam, 'Ain't all this here a purty sight?' he said.

'Yeh,' Sam grunted, scratching the leaves from the grave.

Presently they had the fiddle out. And in the moonlight Tim held it tightly to him. All the while they were chewing and spitting around them in great profusion.

'Sound as a dollar!' said Tim, twanging the strings.

At the edge of the woods they untied the mule, clambered into the buggy, and were off.

'Well, we're set fer the Devil, I reckon,' Sam declared joyously, as they turned the lane into the big road, 'and we mought as well let folks know it.' Thereupon he rolled his tobacco in his jaw and lifted up his voice in their favorite ballad. After a cough of hesitation, Tim joined in with his high tenor. Over the moonlit fields went their song. It rose and wavered under the moon, hung a moment, and then echoed against the creek hills.

'I got a gal lives in the hollow.

Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.

She won't come and I won't follow.

Ti-yiddy-yum-yum-yiddy-yum-ya.'

And the people of Little Bethel heard them passing and said, 'Sam and Tim's at it ag'in. They've backslid.'

THE LITTLE THEATRE IN EGYPT

BY ALICE AND IRENE LEWISOHN

I

THE GREAT WHITE WAY OF CAIRO

WE sat in a box reserved for European visitors, sipped our Oriental coffee and smoked, while the orchestra was tuning and the audience assembling. Opposite us, the Moslem bourgeoisie deposited their yashmaked harems behind a long screen of Nottingham lace curtain and then seated themselves below with the unveiled ladies of their acquaintance. Below us was the pit where gathered the rank and file of the audience, completely native in *tarboosh*, *kufieh*, and *galabya*. Above us, packed to overflowing, was the gallery, for this was a gala night when Munyra, the idolized singer of ballads, of opera, of lieder, was to appear.

As soon as the curtain rose, we realized that the appeal to the audience was through neither setting nor costuming, but purely through the sentiment of the romance and the personality of the Prima Donna. Haroun-al-Raschid, in red plush and cotton bathing, with beard to match, harangued his grand vizier for many hours in a style reminiscent of the Sicilian marionettes. Our illusions of the romantic beauty associated with the Arabian Nights were shattered by the ladies of the company. Here was no sinuous allure of Theda Bara, but the hearty, motherly figure so popular among the matrons of Grand Street.

Munyra, impersonating a young lover, without any attempt at char-

acterization, costume, or make-up, held that audience by sheer force of personality and vocal technique. No gesture but the occasional swing of a rhythm, no pantomime but an occasional apostrophe to the audience, whose thundering acclamations might have startled even Chaliapin. The really sensational moment of the drama came when the two lovers, flying for safety to the cover of the woods, were overcome by the romantic beauty of the moonlit night and lay clasped in one another's arms — on the floor, in the middle of a perfectly bare stage; and yet the quiver that ran through the house was as intense as that produced by the most lurid moment of the *Jest*.

Another example of the complete rapport between performers and audience was an interval of about half an hour, in the middle of a scene, when the curious zither-like instrument had to be tuned to a new song to suit the mood of the Prima Donna. Everything stopped; the actors on the stage patiently waited, the audience sat in anticipatory silence, but at the first note broke into wild enthusiasm. Throughout all, Munyra held the stage with the dignity, repose, and gracious assurance of an Yvette Guilbert, striking the chord with the technique of perfected art. So different, so remote, so curiously exotic to our Western ears but so appealing to her Oriental audi-

ence were her vocal acrobatics that at each finale they burst into a transport of enthusiastic 'Ah's' and 'Allah's' — clapping, waving, until even a passive sheik was literally swept off his feet in a frenzy of appreciation and, with obvious pantomime, surrendered himself and all he possessed, even his manhood's pride, — his beard, — for just one more note.

We thought that the most enthusiastic moment had come and gone,

but when midnight was bringing this lengthy performance to a close another transport swept the audience. Apropos of nothing, Munyra broke into a Pan-Moslem song. Even the romance of Haroun-al-Raschid was lost in the more stirring emotion of Nationalist feeling; and we left realizing that the dream of self-determination is the vital drama of Egypt to-day and that, beside it, Haroun-al-Raschid and Munyra herself become mere illusions.

II

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF THE NILE

WE were still at table with our archaeological guests when a flying messenger in red turban and bottle-green uniform announced the opening of the Theatre of the Nile. We hurried to the garden, clutched our warmest coats and furs, and wondered at the courage of the oranges and bouvardia that grew so happily in this chill winter air. Through the gates, on to the river we hurried, and were greeted with unction by Abdul-el-Galeel in his most gorgeous and becoming *abáyeh* of Mecca weave, while piercing sounds from the theatre indicated that the orchestral overture had begun. We had our first vision of the Theatre of the Nile! Moored at the foot of a steep flight of stone steps was a magical barge, the outlines of the masts patterned with lanterns of multi-colored glass. In the bow, cross-legged, sat the orchestra. Two pipe-players looked like musicians in the old Florentine paintings; the drummer behind his great drum — which was festively decorated in red trappings — beat with his sticks the march-like rhythm of the Khedive's salutation. Feeling akin to the Caliphs of Bagdad, at the pompous exclusiveness of the entertainment before us, we descended the steps and —

praise be to Allah! — were transported into a moment of romance and fantasy which had at once reality and illusion. This was Theatre — we were both audience and part of the setting. We pushed off from the bank, the galley slaves up forward heaving away in rhythm with the drumbeats. We lay back on the cushions of the *flukhah* and glided into the starlight night under the curved shifting sail, our master craftsman standing in the stern astride the rudder, the piercing notes gradually beating into our mood with hypnotic insistence. The music grew wilder and more piercing, and a figure rose, scantily clad in a short faded shift. The usual felláheen vest completed the costume, except for the almost black make-up of the delicately modeled limbs. In spite of the utter poverty and bareness of these garments, the moment the movement began the felláheen vanished and became identified with the eternal world of bards and minstrels. The tiny brass cymbals in both hands punctuated the rhythm and play of the marvelously supple wrists. After the first introductory movements of foot- and body-muscles — which seemed like the inevitable tuning-up of a relaxed string

instrument — the real dancing began. Feet, body, shoulders, neck, head, each in turn and all together came into play until the great test of skill — the bottle with the lighted candle set on his shaven head — was added. Oblivious of the limitations of his stage, — which was not more than three feet in diameter and undulated to the caprice of the wind and sails, — our entertainer with concentrated intensity flowed from one rhythm to another with the ease and deftness of a master. In the same syncopated rhythm in varied tempos, rising, crouching, bending, swirling, nothing seemed to disturb the poise and equilibrium of the dancer or his charmed 'prop,' which became so much a part of his person that it seemed a jeweled crown.

After the first half-hour of the Marathon of blowing, beating, and muscle-play, which progressed with uninterrupted vigor and passed without a break from one rhythm and melody to another, we recovered from our breathless anxiety over the lung- and heart-capacity of the performers and relapsed into a hypnotic, fatalistic state.

And here let us note that, although the melodies are apparently built on a scale not exceeding three intervals, the rhythmic repertoire is so varied, and the vitality and wind-power of the players such, that performances at weddings usually go on unceasingly for twelve hours at a stretch, — day and night, — the length of time depending only on the bank account of the bridegroom.

Another hour of the same strident noise which will make Scriabine forever sound to us like the soothing delicacy of Mozart, and our barge was again moored at the garden steps.

Still under the unctuous protection of Abdul, who bowed with his characteristic static smile in aloof satisfaction at our childish enthusiasm, we stepped off the magic carpet.

The fantasia of the night was vanishing down the stream; the lantern lights already dim reflections; the performers, so real a moment ago, now fading into phantoms; the barge, so lately vibrating with reality, now but a memory.

III

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF SUDAN

ON leaving the Theatre of the Nile, we began our Assuan seminar under the Nubian professorship of Bogadi Mohammed Ali. Within thirty minutes of our arrival we were in our knickers, galloping on spirited beasts over the Nubian desert sands, past the granite quarries with the unfinished shaft for a new temple, then Philæ romantically rising from the Nile, its pylons half visible, gracefully lifting their petaled capitals like colossal lotus flowers.

Our *flukhah* — manned at the oar by the sheik of the Nubian village, aged seventy; at the rudder by the sheik-

to-be, aged seven — moored us near the great dam; but we hurried on, impatient to continue our peripatetic dialogue. We galloped over rugged shores of the cataract, romantically wild and gorge-like, past fields of wild castor-oil bean, until we came to our first Nubian village.

Were we really seeing with our eyes or were we at an exhibition of ultra-modern art? Against a ground of white plaster, or ochre, or blue, from the ancient pigment-mines, were displayed the most primitively quaint frescoes. It would be hard to choose the house

most suitable as a setting for a fantasy. While we were considering the merit of ochre-gingerbread men versus blue-spotted gazelles, a muezzin called us to the mosque — in this case an open court where all the men of the village squatted at prayer. A minaret rising to the sky, the figure of the sheik at the top of a winding staircase, silhouetted against the blue, added a more serious note to the modernist scene. The women of the village gathered around, offering their armlet cases for baksheesh, but we galloped on, our Professor luring us away with the hint of a howling-dervish service in the offing.

By the time we reached the next village — due to the Professor's extraordinary educational methods — we were prepared for an examination in the manners and customs of the Nubians and, having added this new race to our museum of nationalist problems, we felt qualified to mix socially with the elect of the tribe. We left our gallant little donkeys at the doorstep of the Bodagdi ménage and were welcomed by Madame Bodagdi into the Nubian household. In striking contrast to other Egyptian domiciles, this courtyard and interior were clean and orderly. The women unveiled, revealed their dusky charms enhanced by the tattoo and the gold nose-ring. The sleeping-quarters showed a built-in bed of the same earth that formed the floor, the rugs and mats rolled up in Japanese fashion. The family wardrobe, gayly displayed, furnished the 'sky borders' of the room. The walls were decorated with everything from Sudanese baskets to lurid colored-supplement 'ads.'

Cocoa and Nubian dates, a European table, Vienna chairs, were presided over with charm and savoir faire by Madame. We were almost shocked by this radical defiance of 'woman's place,' but were assured by the Professor that in this, as in other cus-

toms, the Nubians have their independent views. However, Allah does not recognize this laxity, for as we approached the mosque of this village only the masculine elect dared doff their shoes and enter. For two reasons we were admitted: first, because of our nationality, and secondly, because the Professor felt in need of midday prayers. His preparations were elaborate, his libations almost a complete bath, while we in our religious fervor stood in stockinged feet on uncovered dust and dirt, and would have preferred our libations after prayer. We were glad, however, to see this simple, devout service, for we, as women, had been proscribed in Cairo from treading the holy ground during the ritual service.

After a hurried lunch we exchanged our 'subway donkeys' for the 'elevated camels' and were admitted to a new experience — the Bisharin. Here we touched nearest to Nature. Huts of matted grass provide shelter for this amazing tribe of Bedouin camel-breeders, who wander all through the Arabian desert. They are absolutely unique in type, and we felt we had been whisked away to the South Seas. Almost naked black bodies and limbs, heads well set and formed, but dwarfed under mats of bushy hair, set a new standard for workshop wigs and an idea to be achieved by the flapper of 1944. An unbleached cotton cloth was wound in curious drapery round the loins and over one shoulder, on men and women alike; but the latter were more heavily clad with silver amulets and bracelets. The oldest and most shrunken gray-bearded Bisharin squatted on a small mat surrounded by a row of miniature cobblestones. This isolation proclaimed the 'holy ground,' a sacred place of prayer or mosque.

At our Professor's suggestion the performance began. Out of the mud hovels dashed the men of the tribe,

brandishing long swords and round leather-and-metal shields. They leaped at one another in so fearsome a way that it seemed more than a game, when they had to be separated by the sedate umpires. Meanwhile the pacifists on the box-seats of cameldom became so thrilled and excited that they dismounted and cheered the combatants on to greater frenzy. The repertoire of simple leaping-games and war dances is short but violent, and so primitively picturesque that it would satisfy the ultra-aesthete who cries, 'Back to nature.' The Bisharin orchestra seemed to our ears less crude — or at least less strident — than other Arab music. Vocal in part, it was accompanied by a lyre-shaped instrument with five strings, mellow in tone.

Back through the bazaars we cantered, the narrow streets forming roofed vistas and lined with the usual open shops gayly decorated with everything from Sudanese armor to American wheat.

Stars, donkeys, and a kufiehed guard fore and aft, long twisting alleys, shadowed hovels, the silent and stark Nubian desert, an oasis of mud huts, soundless and motionless in the night, and we passing as silently, expectant, tense, confident that our Nubian escort and our donkeys were leading us to the magic and mystery of the theatre of the race of Ham. Or were we already caught in its hoodoo spell?

Our caravan stopped before a mud wall. Dusky shadows began to move; a penetrating voice broke the silence. There was a fumbling of wooden latches and the glow of a charcoal brazier as a door opened and we were ushered through a mud courtyard into the Little Theatre of Sudan.

A low square chamber where one tiny wall-wick, combined with the glow of the brazier on the floor, immediately

cast a spell of theatre magic round us. In one corner, huddled on a wooden bench, lay what seemed to be a heap of old rags, but which later proved to be a child. On the floor a great hulking form crouched, warming a large *tambura* over the burning coals. This we have observed is the tuning ritual of the orchestras of Egypt. Cold and lack of food there may be, but always glow enough to warm rhythm and melody into life.

We were ushered to the only seats, our Nubian escort sharing what later appeared to be the community bed, and we once more experienced the thrill of personal rapport between audience and performers. This is the Little Theatre rarefied to its ultimate purpose. First, the audience is sharing directly with the performers in the creation of the production; secondly, there is no physical convention of proscenium or setting to separate the audience from the stage; thirdly, and most important, there is the rare and personal sensation that the moment belongs to you alone — that for you alone the gate of illusion is momentarily opened.

One by one the ladies of the ballet, who had retired for the night but had been roused by a flying messenger, appeared and were presented with all the ceremony of hand-kissing. The costume: a printed cotton of Mother Hubbard cut, a probable survival of an early missionary period; a gold nosering as a chic and individual touch; make-up of charcoal number 3, relieved by decorative patterns of tattoo-work; a coiffure beyond the skill of any wig-maker — a multitude of tight ringlets of wool in even rows, suspended from a smooth oiled surface, which we recognized at once as a survival of the ancient tomb-paintings. The fashions of their headgear, the pride of the Sudanese flapper, accounted for the fields of castor-oil plant through which

we passed earlier in the day. Bracelets, necklets, anklets of heavy silver set off the dusky features and massive limbs.

The performance began with the customary salutation; then the first motive of the movement — the swaying of the body for the complicated flexibility of head, neck, shoulders, arms, torso, and so on, every muscle coming into play in anatomical succession. Romance, as with us, forms the plot of these dramas of the East, and the happy ending is also demanded. The heroine, a dusky ingénue who would have captivated Gauguin, impersonated the bride, and one of the dark-veiled matrons impersonated the mother of the tribe. The pantomime suggested the conferring of the powers of motherhood and the passing on of the tribal line.

The première danseuse arrived. Every muscle heaved in amazing gyrations and the syncopations of the bare feet continued as the body bent back in a Salome-like attitude. The abandon of the movement was in strange contrast to the missionary cut of the trailing Mother Hubbard. Not only was this accompanied by the rhythmic beating of the *tabla* and by hand-clapping, but, at intervals, the most arresting climaxes were induced by a sudden call, piercing and vibrant as the call of a wild creature to its mate in the jungle. So close to the primitive world was the unhuman cry that it would take centuries for a less savage race to acquire the technique of this coloratura of the jungle. The movement, meanwhile, grew more and more primitively sensuous, the danseuse directing her charms from one to another of the gentlemen present, until, at its most seductive moment, each in turn jumped up and passionately beat the air with his stick or fist, to acknowledge her conquest and incite her to further triumphs.

The next number explained itself:

‘To make the dirt fly’ — and it flew! Producing a psychological cough, we fled to the door and watched what probably was a relic of a spirit dance: a semicircle of black forms, more dusky than the night, gleaming eyes and whitened teeth half shrouded in a gauze of dust, shuffling, stamping, leaping, crying, that revealed to us an orgiastic ritual of black magic.

The stars and the cool fragrant night and the stretches of the desert sands seemed homey and familiar after the scene so remote from us in tradition, in development, so close to a savage life beyond our ken.

Even the most insatiable first-nighter might have paused for breath and retired to the realities of bed and the relaxing influence of a hot-water bottle after this series of the season’s openings; but the Nubian constitution is no more enduring than that of Grand Street and we revived at the idea of another divertissement suggested by our resourceful Professor. On we cantered to a Nubian village where we were welcomed with customary grace. The setting for this performance was an exterior: an alley-way bounded by newly built mud-houses formed a background for two rows of dervishes, squatting cross-legged on the braided ground-cloth used for the ceremony, lit by a hive-shaped light that shed its beams on the faces of the performers. The ‘overheads’ twinkled with brilliant star-effects.

It was an interlude in the prenuptial festivities of a young Nubian fellâheen. Contrary to Western traditions, the hero of the occasion was not the bridegroom, but his mother’s second husband, a gentleman of great dignity and repose, robed in handsome galabya and kufieh. No women, of course, were present, but on inquiry we learned that the bride was making the most

of the last moments of her childhood in a final fling with her pals.

Familiar trays of what we thought the inevitable brewed Nile were served to us, but it proved to be an exotic drink of distilled annis, that was a strain on our crude Occidental palates.

The howling dervish ceremony began. Two sheiks, leading the service in high-keyed voices of brilliant quality, intoned the praise of the Prophet, and the two lines swaying in opposition, pendulum-like in rhythm but moving in ever-enlarging spirals, chanted the responses. From the most subtle movement of the heads the relaxed bodies swayed in ever-increasing tempo until, with simultaneous impulse, all rose to their feet. Without a pause or loss of a beat, the movement and in-

toned reiteration continued faster and yet faster, until both lines swayed themselves into an ecstasy of the infinite spiral rhythm of 'Allah — Akbar.'

This was merely one incident in the munificence of a pre-nuptial fête. We were next ushered through dark courtyards and corridors to still another scene of praise and prayer. The brazier was this time the central point, around which squatted another company chanting the words of the Koran. Sandalwood, incense, and burnt annis, mingling with the natural perfume of the Nubian, filled the windowless, airless chamber. The pale-faced audience was soon surfeited with atmosphere and religion, and cantering back to Assuan, welcomed the waning stars and the chilling approach of dawn.

IV

THE CARAVAN THEATRE

AFTER various changes we finally transferred at the corner of the Pyramids and cameled across the desert sands, while the moonlight played in fantastic shadows on the distant hills, and our luggage followed in rope 'prop' bags on Sambo's humped back.

When we reached the tent flap of the desert theatre, Machmud — producer, manager, impresario — greeted us with desert courtesy. Instead of the drab canvas effect we anticipated, what was our amazement to find ourselves 'magicked' into the setting of the paladins! Luckily, we remembered that we had brought our dress clothes, — abayas, kufiehs, and burnous, — or we should have felt as painfully conspicuous as if we had been in overalls at the opera. The other guests arrived on gray Arab steeds, accompanied by a claque of Bedouin jackal dogs.

The curtain rose. The 'back drop'

twinkling with star-effects, was seen through a low proscenium. The orchestra for this important opening was conducted by the Barrère of Mena village, a *sofara* player of great distinction in the Bedouin tribe. As in other Little Theatres, percussion was the accompaniment, and Gamma, a young prodigy of twelve years, performed on the tabla, with fingers and wrists moving in rhythmic skill comparable only to the intricacies of Pavlova's toes in her most technical ballet. Voices in strange minor intervals came in, in complicated rhythms. And then one figure after another rose spontaneously, and began to move in subtle rhythm — the feet first, then the movement of the body surged upward with the melody of the reed pipe, until the neck, and then the head itself, was moving in curious syncopations. The tempo increased as the mood grew

more and more excited, with the clapping of hands from the audience and performers who found themselves swept into the spell of the reiterated call of the desert. The stick of the camel-driver now came into play as the most important 'prop.' Such grace and subtlety of the wrist, such sinuous liteness of each muscle defies western imitation. Next the kufieh or headkerchief caught the night air with the delicacy of a chiffon scarf. A deliciously floating rhythm combined with a sudden pause told the story of the baking of the bread, and then came the final dramatic climax of capturing the kufieh in the teeth of the performer amid the wild acclaim of the syncopated orchestra — drums, flute, voices, hand-clapping, that was at once discordant, yet harmonious.

Our guests departed on their Arab steeds and we, already adopted by the Machmud tribe, had our first initiation into the mysteries of the Dervish. Ali, our irrepressible donkey-boy, was suddenly swayed by a religious impulse and began to move in a slow minor rhythm as he gradually hypnotized himself by the repetition of the Prophet's name. Faster and faster until, loosened by the spiral abandon, the kufieh unwound and floated in white waves about his head and body. He rose, still swirling, and was joined by the whole clan until there were two lines in orthodox dervish fashion. So hypnotized were they by their own impetus, — not, alas, by religious frenzy, — that finally their relaxed bodies collapsed utterly with exhaustion, and Ali in particular had so completely surrendered his senses to the abandon of rhythm that he had to be revived to a waking state.

So successful was this opening that the management rejoiced and the traveling audience's dreams became that night a fantastic mirage, in anticipation of the first day on the road.

The morning bath in a glassful of muddy Nile. . . . Breakfast coffee of the same complexion, with bread and treacle from the fresh sugar-cane, were tempting *hors d'œuvres* to caravan life. As we did not belong to the Arab Union, 'striking' gave us an opportunity to observe the cast of ten of the night before, who were now transformed into the crew. Each seemed to head his own department efficiently but never rose to the finished standard of Machmud with the all-seeing eye and helping hand! Sardi, the poet and slave of Sarifa, the dromedary; Hamid, the tribe's strong man, tossing the heavy water-tanks on to the groaning camel's back; Ali, the dervish, saddling 'Mary Anderson' and 'Gazelle,' who brayed their morning antiphon; Byume, caging the cackling fowls that formed part of our commissary. Even we, hardened to orchestral rehearsals, were slightly unnerved by the caravan method of harmonics. Only after each tent peg had been checked up and every prop was in its balanced position on the camel's back, did Machmud give word to start. It was interesting to find how like the technique of the static theatre our caravan methods were.

Thrilling to new experiences, the Caravan Road Company began its route across the yellow sands. The dignified pace and the solemn mien of Sambo and his followers could not dampen the gay spirits of the company. On they danced and on and on, the tabla and the sofara lightening the way of this barefooted ballet; there was standing room only for all but the audience and impresario in this traveling show. And how analogous the life, with its intricacies, its adventure, its camaraderie, its absorbing interest in the perfection of one vanishing moment, its demands on the vitality of the producer and his staff!

But, on the other hand, what a

difference in perspective. . . . In the desert theatre the horizon line widens until the human creature dwarfs into a mere atom, and even the caravan — where every tribal instinct was centred — for the moment disappears into immensity, and leaves but its tracks upon the shifting yellow sands.

Our first stand was made beyond the pyramid field, on the edge of the great Libyan Desert. We sat in the evening by our tent flap, gazing at the palm trees of the distant village of Dashur, which we knew would soon be lost to sight as we continued our trail into the wide horizon of the desert.

This dramatic pause in the day's adventures rightly presaged a change of mood. An armed guard, sent by the sheik of the village, arrived to look over the personnel of our troupe and see if we were harboring a desert pirate with a price on his head. For these Arab sheiks are stern upholders of tribal rights, and their tribunal is still the gun rather than the court of law. Reassured by Machmud, they stayed and took part in what became a lyric interlude instead of — what might have been — the last act of a melodrama.

We were suddenly reminded by the tuning-up of a chorus that the second performance of our repertory theatre was about to begin. This proved to be a strictly Arab folk-drama and even the *tabla* and *sofara* were banned as too sophisticated, being pro-Egyptian. The ballad form is still the popular Bedouin tradition. The performance had all the flavor of true romance and the 'personal note' desired by our ablest critics. The lyric was apparently aimed at one of our guests, who tossed his gun carelessly while he pantomimed an acknowledgment in response. The romantic cadences told that it was a love song, and through our interpreters we gathered that in Bedouin life romance is not confined to the past but flourishes

also in the present. The love song celebrated in extemporaneous couplets the charms and beauty of a lady in a near-by village, soon to be the bride of our guest who brandished his gun so carelessly, and who seemed to suggest a Bedouin Cyrano, so swift and apt were his responses. They sang of his lady's eyes; of the day when he had seen her pass on a camel; when he swore to win her love; of the beauty of the night; and of passionate love too great for any heart to hold. And then they sang of the rival who also claimed the lady. And — still in song — he said, if the rival won his lady, it was Allah's wish that this should be; and so his rival would not be slain.

As a foil to this romantic tale there was an interlude of a martial character in which the gun became the dramatic 'prop' of a war dance. Far into the night they sang and danced, these children of the desert, as the moon played over the tops of the distant palm trees.

Caravan life and fighting winds and sands are too absorbing in mid-desert to admit of the nightly repertoire; but rehearsals were always called, and the regular subscribers had the sense of real adventure in the addition of occasional neighborhood patrons — gazelles, hyenas, and jackals.

It was only when the stage was set on the fringe of the palm trees and canals of an oasis that another important opening claimed the attention of first-nighters. This was a gala performance of a visiting company. All star cast was promised and did not fail. The custom of the desert is to offer both food and lodging to its entertainers who come without wardrobe trunk or toothbrush to spend the night. After the customary hospitality had been dispensed, the dining-hall with Machmud's deft technique was soon

changed into stage and auditorium.

As the two subscribers entered, the orchestra burst into the Khedive's March of Salutation. The company rose and offered ceremonious welcome. The premières stepped forward and embraced the hands of the patrons, who promptly retired to the seats assigned them while a prologue was sung. Its interpretation may sound euphemistic to foreigners: 'This is the greatest moment of my life — no honor like it has ever been mine — I have never felt so inspired.'

During the song we looked about. Instead of four or five there was a large retinue. Conspicuous among those present were a picturesque figure in sacking rags, whip in hand; a sheik from the Sudan, a study in black-and-white; innumerable neighbors wrapped in heavy Bedouin burnouses, besides our own tribe.

The curtain rang up on a setting by Omar Ismail, the famous tent-maker of the Mouski. Bakst at his best never produced an atmosphere at once so simple and complete, so colorful yet so restrained. The brazier lighting-system in vogue here was supplemented on this occasion by the usual Jones touch: one half-burned candle skillfully placed to play upon the hem of the star's trailing calico Mother Hubbard.

The danseuse was a lady whose figure outweighed the fair Turkish Delight of Cairo's White Way by several hundred. Her costume had evidently been partially executed by the Egyptian agent of Jaeger and Company. And our conjecture as to the depreciation of Austrian currency was confirmed: a point that has been overlooked by the international financiers — all the gold currency of that country now hangs on the breasts, arms, and ankles of the yashmaked and unyashmaked ladies of Egypt.

Our dancer began to tune her mus-

cles, and we now understood the pride in each added pound, and why obesity is considered a distinguishing mark of beauty. Just as with us, the popularity of the toe dancer is measured by her skill in executing intricate pas-de-ballet, so here these coryphées display sensuous emotions through the movement of each muscular fibre. From head to toe, independently and with coördinated skill, every one of the tissues vibrates like an anatomical chart controlled by electricity. This muscular virtuosity was continued amid the approving Ah-a-a-h's and Allah's of the audience.

The danseuse resumed her seat, snatched a cigarette from the mouth of the tabla-player and joined the chorus, lustily singing one of the popular airs of the day. The performance grew more and more informal and flowed from song into dance, from ballad into song-and-dance. The tabla always set the rhythm, reënforced by the hand-clapping of the audience; the penetrating falsetto of the men carried the melody, the sofara added the melodic counterpoint, and the women supplied both rhythm and movement and often the melody as well. This gave the effect at times of a symphony orchestra rehearsing ultra-modern discords, and we gasped with amazement when all ended the coda simultaneously. Instead of being — as we had imagined — an independent solo by each performer, to them it was a familiar harmonic composition.

We must not forget one of the most important and original orchestral effects — which we strongly recommend to all our friends of the baton. Comrades all, do not bemoan your empty bottles; a most æsthetic use can be made of them, to add color to the harmonic and pictorial effect of production. Like some other Little Theatre colleagues, these artists of the desert

do not confine their art to one medium but are able to express themselves with equal ease in movement, melody, or acrobatics. This was next demonstrated. A dark powerful creature, who up to this point had been as remote a member of the orchestra as the tympana-player, sprang into the centre of the stage and captured most of the laurels of the evening by his amazing feats. Snatching off his galabya or outer garment, he stood transformed — a gorgeous figure in the ravishing Egyptian parallel of the B. V. D.

Dexterously capturing Sardi's kufieh from his unsuspecting head and twisting it round his own waist, the transformation from orchestral player to dancer was complete. Steel blades glistened in his hand and became the dramatic motif of a wild Syrian dance. Brandished in every direction, now here, now there, sometimes perilously near the audience, they vied with his eyes in their passionate fervor, while the body moved in vigorous rhythmic contortions. This thrilling exhibition reached its climax in an orgy of pantomimed self-mutilation, but was only prevented from reaching a still greater height by the inartistic sensibilities of the western audience who, satisfied with this symbolic rendering, refused to accept the more realistic conclusion, with flowing blood.

This was merely a prelude to the *divertissement*. . . . There was no suggestion of the usual effete Occidental or Oriental effeminacy about this dancer and his *pas seul*.

Dark hair in confused masses, eyes gleaming, he sprang into another mood. He snatched up two incongruous chairs, setting them one on top of another and both crowning a table. Still with no interruption of the rhythm of feet and body, he grasped the edge of the table in his teeth, and lifted it and

its burden upwards with the nonchalance of a Spanish dancer toying with a lighted cigarette. Tossing these properties aside, he next grasped our young Mohammed, who was gazing with bated breath, and swung him lightly through the air.

This was too insignificant a test of strength and skill; so he challenged the strong man of our Machmud tribe, and the powers of these Titans were transformed into the figures of a wrestling dance, amid the wild acclamation of the audience. The opposing tribes now applauded with the enthusiasm of a football match, but were never carried beyond the rhythmic beats set by the orchestra.

When two-thirty arrived and the performance was still at its height, we realized that even we, accustomed to midnight hours, could not compete with the inexhaustible flow of the repertoire of this Theatre of the Desert. We apologetically rose to leave. This proved to be the signal for another motif. The première stood also, swaying toward us, the orchestra playing with greater fervor. She placed a hand on either of our shoulders and with irresistibly insinuating movements challenged our waning endurance still further. We found ourselves in the centre of this swaying, beating, singing, cheering, swarthy company. Round and round, on and on we turned, in what was probably a pathetic imitation of her movements, until we found ourselves near the open tent-flap and fairly reeled from it into the quiet calm of the night. Our desert players still shouting to us, '*Quies chales*,' — 'better than the best,' — and we in turn, panting for breath, '*Vive le Théâtre! Vive l'Arabi!*' we retired to our sleeping-tent. The morning stars had come and gone, but our guests were still lost in the enchantment of their fantasia.

JONAH

BY W. O. STODDARD, JR.

'THERE is no God. There is no Heaven. There is no Hell. There is only ignorance.' The speaker stood on a soap box on the east side of Madison Square. He was short of stature, medium weight; the face was round, with the forehead low and projecting. He was past middle age but not old. His eyes were black as was his hair, which he wore after the manner of an impresario. The accent, though faint, suggested Southern Europe.

His constantly shifting audience gave him but casual attention. New Yorkers will stop to look at, to listen to — almost nothing. Down in their hearts is the country general-store-and-post-office habit, though they pride themselves on their cosmopolitanism. There were messenger boys, there was a policeman, there were taxi-drivers, there were real business men, there were loafers, there were foreign- and native-born. There was also a tall man who looked the stranger even in so motley a group. He did not belong. He was from the country; that much was evident to any New Yorker. Therefore he was queer and to be smiled upon. He wore a squarish goatee — that also was provocative of laughter; but there were little tufts of hair protruding from his ears and that was something to call forth a full-throated laugh. However, no one had laughed as yet for there was a dignity about the rustic that gave pause. Dressed for the part he might have posed for the standardized caricature of Uncle Sam. However he wore a

slouch hat; a rough tan suit, and his face though kindly did not invite familiarity. The hair was gray and black, the eyes gray, the nose Roman, and the mouth wide and firm. He was listening intently to the foreign orator. His first sensation had been shock, surprise, and pain. Then came confusion of mind and doubt as to the sincerity of the speaker. Presently resistance began to assemble within him and he edged nearer to the soap box, listening, waiting — a born fighter from a land of fighting men.

The orator was gaining headway and he had caught his audience. They were listening. 'And as for Jonah, nobody, not even your church-going hypocrites themselves, believe in Jonah —'

'I believe in Jonah.' It was the tall man with the square goatee.

Ah, this was going to be good. A sensation at last. Hush, let the old boy have his way. Look at him. He does n't need a soap box to stand on. Watch him wag his head.

'Shut up, you fool,' snapped the orator. 'When I finish you can have your say, if anybody will listen to a man who believes in Jonah. As I was saying —'

'I believe in Jonah.' It was a voice not to be hushed. The soap-box orator glowered his hate but the believer in Jonah rolled on. 'I reckon yo'-all are men an' I reckon I'm one. Jonah was a pesky mean cuss jes like we-all. God give Jonah a job. He said "Go to Nineveh an' tell 'em they're hell-bent, an' if they don't quit in fo'ty days or less I'll wipe 'em off the slate an' that's

that.”” The speaker paused. The soap-box orator opened his mouth as though to recapture his lecture, but the crowd had forgotten him. Here was something new. ‘Go on Whiskers!’ called a voice, while other voices echoed, ‘Go on.’

‘Did Jonah obey orders? I’ll say he did not. He piked it for Joppa, bought a ferry-ticket for Tarshish, tryin’ to lose Jehovah, but that’s where he smashed his molasses jug. Yo’-all can’t sidestep God that away. Jehovah jest messed up them waves till the old tub lay over on her beams’ ends, an’ was like to bust in two. The sailors lost their nerve an’ chucked over everything that was n’t nailed down. Presently they came to Jonah, who was sleepin’ comfortable-like down in the hold. The captain give him a call-down and told him to git busy an’ pray his god an’ see if it would do any good. Everybody had his own particular god them days.

‘Nothin’ doin’, an’ the storm gittin’ worse every minute. Them heathen had to blame somebody—so they throwed dice an’ lit on Jonah.

‘Jonah knew he was a quitter an’ made no bones about it. Fact is he stood up for his god like a man. The sailors liked that and asked him what to do, and Jonah braced up an’ says “chuck me overboard an’ the sea will flatten out.” Just the same them sailors rowed for all there was in it, tryin’ to make the shore. Nothin’ doin’. Then they prayed to Jonah’s god. Nothin’ doin’. Then they chucked Jonah overboard, an’ they did n’t like the job either. Then the sea flattened out into a calm, an’ the sailors admitted as how Jonah had a regular god.

‘But God weren’t through with Jonah yet. Yo’-all can’t beat out God by jest kickin’ off. There’s more to it yet. A fish comes along with a mouth like a cellar door. Open an’ shut; an’ Jonah had a reservation for three days an’ three nights.’

‘Listen to that!’ screeched the soap-box orator.

‘Go on, go on,’ yelled the crowd.

‘Friends,’ said the southern farmer, ‘yo’-all can see what I am. I ain’t got enough theology about me to fill a toad’s pocket-book, but they’s somethin’ so darn human about this here Jonah I can’t stand no reflections on his character, a-tall. In fact, he’s jest like me an’ maybe like you, I don’t know. An’ here’s this fish that come along so opportune. I don’t know about that fish an’ I don’t care; the only thing I do understand is Jonah, an’ that’s because he’s so tarnal human. Look here, now, look at this Jonah, down an’ out. What’s he do? Cries to God jest like you an’ me. God gives him a chance to do somethin’ worthwhile. Jonah chucks the job an’ then, first minute he’s in trouble, he calls on his god. I done the same, mebbby yo’-all can remember somethin’ like it. What’s Jonah say? He’s down, way down, death would look good to him but he can’t die. He’s lost his chance an’ he’s a failure in his own eyes. He’s down an’ can’t raise himself out o’ it all. But he calls on his god an’ tells him where he is—down there on the bottom of the mountains under the sea among the weeds, under the bars o’ the world and lost forever. An’ look here! Jonah’s prayer came into the holy temple right befo’ Jehovah; an’ Jehovah saw it, and Jehovah spoke to the fish, an’ it lifted Jonah up, up from the black hole at the bottom o’ the sea where we all git, an’ let him out on dry land. As I said befo’ I ain’t no theologian, an’ I don’t know a thing about big fish an’ not much about little fish. All I know is Jonah. He’s so darn human.

‘Now here’s Jonah on dry land ag’in. What next? First, what’s Jehovah goin’ do, an’ second, what’s Jonah goin’ do? First Jehovah gives Jonah a second chance. That’s what we all

want — a second chance. Then Jonah, jest back from the blackness down there at the bottom o' the sea, jest back from cryin' an' prayin', Jonah grabs off his second chance jest like I want to do an' jest like yo'-all want to do an' Jonah beats it, hot foot, fo' Nineveh. An' he parades up an' down Main Street shoutin' to them foreign sinners that they is on their last laigs, an' that in fo'ty days they 'll be plum destroyed.

'Jonah had done his job this time an' done it good an' plenty, but he did n't reckon nobody would pay no attention, an' he had a sneakin' idea he 'd like to see the grand finish when the fo'ty days was up accordin' to his prophesyin'; an' he kep a-thinkin', "What 's the use o' bein' a phophet if nothin' happens when yo'-all prophesy?" Fire an' brimstone in forty days accordin' to schedule was his way o' thinkin'.

'But the Nineveh folks surprised Jonah by listenin' to him an' quit bein' rotten. They covered themselves with potato sackin' an' ashes accordin' to their idea o' repentin' an' wantin' to do better. Yo' see they wanted a second chance jest like Jonah did when he was down an' out. They was like Jonah, an' me, an' yo'-all.

'An' Jehovah give them a second chance jest as he did to Jonah. Did that make Jonah glad? No, he got peevish. It spoiled him as a prophet. He had told them the finish was set fo' fo'ty days, an' now accordin' to the new ruling it was all off.

'Jonah turned on Jehovah an' said, "I told yo' so. I knew yo'-all would n't do nothin' to them Nineveh folks. Here I've prophesied destruction in fo'ty days an' now there's nothin' doin'. I'm through. I wish I was dead."

'Just the same he went outside the city to a safe distance, in case there might be fireworks, an' made him a comfortable seat. He figured he'd watch an' see if somethin' would n't

happen to the city after all, an' prove to the people he was a regular prophet. Jonah was so darn human.

'But Jehovah was n't through with Jonah. He made a plant with big leaves sprout up an' grow mighty fast so that next day, which was a hot one, it shaded Jonah. And Jonah liked it.

'Now I ain't argufyin' about a plant growin' that fast. I admit it was right quick maturin'. That ain't it. The plant growin' all out o' proportion ain't neither here nor there. It's Jonah that I believe in; not the big fish and not the fast growin' plant — only Jonah. But Jehovah ain't through with Jonah yet. A cut-worm got busy, so that next day the plant that made a comfortable shade fo' Jonah wilted right down in the hot sun flat as a flannel cake. Then Jonah got peeved again, an' did the baby-act an' said he wanted to die same as befo'. Brave one minute, childish the next, an' allus thinkin' too much o' what the Nineveh folks might think.

'Then Jehovah asks Jonah has he any honest-to-god excuse fo' bein' peeved. An' Jonah let on he had; an' then Jehovah said, "Yo'-all can make a great fuss about that weed that grew up in the night without yo' doin' a hand's turn to make it grow — jest a weed, that's all; an' yo'-all can get mighty peeved about it dyin'. How about me an' all them people in Nineveh — all so poor an' ignorant? How about all them, Jonah?"

'I reckon Jehovah was right, givin' Jonah a second chance; an' I reckon he was right givin' them Nineveh cusses a second chance; an' I hope he gives me a second chance. An' as fer Jonah, I believe in him, pesky mean as he was, because he's so darn human. Now friends, do yo'-all believe in Jonah?"

'Sure, sure,' came from the crowd.

The southern farmer who looked like Uncle Sam turned to find his soap-box orator but he was not there.

IMPERIALISTIC AMERICA

BY SAMUEL GUY INMAN

I

It is difficult to follow the expansion of America in the Caribbean without feeling that it will go farther. Utter recklessness and incompetency have characterized the management of every one of these pseudo-states which the preoccupations of the real nations have temporarily abandoned to independence. It was a matter of chance which one of the dancers should first pay the piper, but all have danced and all must pay. To the independence party Central America is its own little world. To the imperialistic party it is but a pawn on the mighty chessboard of world empire. The United States plays the vaster game, must play it and play it well, for the stake is its existence. We have learned subtler ways of winning, more varied ways of ruling. Never was our frontier more alive than it is to-day. Not one American in a hundred realizes that we have a protectorate over Haiti and that our control is creeping out through all these southern seas. If he knew, his only reaction would probably be a slightly increased complacency. The door is thus opened wide for a government, embarrassed by the mischievous irresponsibility of these petty make-believe states, to take refuge in an ever-broadening imperialism. — H. H. POWERS, in 'America among the Nations.'

THIS bold statement of North America's imperialism in the Caribbean may shock some readers, but the fact of its rapid development cannot be denied. It is the outstanding development in the international policy of the United States, as interpreted by its Government and its financial interests. After watching it rather closely for several

years, the author believes that it bodes more evil than any other tendency on the American continent to-day.

In these smaller countries of the South, controlled by our soldiers, our bankers, and our oil kings, we are developing our Irelands, our Egypts, and our Indias. So far they are weak and we have been able to hide them from others. But at the rate the world is moving they can hardly be expected to remain always powerless and isolated. Our North American Christian civilization will find its final test in the way we treat our next-door neighbors. We are piling up hatreds, suspicions, records for exploitation and destruction of sovereignty in Latin America, such as have never failed in all history to react in war, suffering, and defeat of high moral and spiritual ideals. How can the United States expect to be the one exception to the rule?

Run your eyes rapidly down the map and note the countries where the United States is now in practical control. And remember that this control always brings resentment and enmity among the people, though their officials may approve it. Here is the list: —

Cuba, where the United States has a navy base, with marines often found in the interior of the country, with the threat of intervention always held over the Cuban Government, which can make no loan nor dispose of any territory without the consent of the United States, whose representative at

Havana largely controls the political and financial policies of a land whose economic life is determined by absentee landlords and bankers living in the United States.

Haiti, where two thousand United States marines direct and 'protect' the Haitian Government, elected under their supervision; where an American financial adviser exercises absolute control over finances, collecting customs and making loans which the United States Government guarantees, thus assuring its continued occupancy of Haiti, and where, moreover, the nation's constitution was rewritten to permit the acquisition of land by United States' companies.

Santo Domingo, where for the first time in the history of republics, one republic, without declaring war on another, landed an army, dismissed the president and congress, and for seven years ruled entirely, without even a semblance of national government, by military decrees enforced by a foreign military governor, backed by 2500 marines. Recent promises to retire the military governor are conditioned on the Dominicans' ratification of all the acts of the military government and agreement to allow the United States to continue to collect the customs and administer the finances of the country.

Panama, where, as President Roosevelt said, 'I took Panama,' since which time it has been under control of the United States, with an 'agreement' providing for the disbanding of the Panamanian army, the taking over at any time of further Panamanian territory considered necessary for protection of the Canal, and carrying out any other measures which might be covered under the general formula of 'maintaining the independence of the Republic of Panama.'

Nicaragua, where we have main-

tained one hundred marines since 1912, keeping in control a government which — according to the United States Admiral in charge — is opposed by eighty per cent of the Nicaraguans, but which is favorable to American bankers, who, with the approval of the State Department, collect the customs and own the national bank and the railroad — such a complete control that the country is known throughout Latin America by the name of the bankers who hold these privileges.

Honduras, where the American minister and two American corporations have long been the controlling powers, and where recently marines have been landed for 'protection of American life and property' — the same formula under which they have entered and remained in the other countries mentioned.

Here then are six republics where the United States' economic control is backed by military forces on the ground.

Next we come to the countries where North American financial advisers directing the fiscal policy of the governments have not yet brought military forces, but following precedent in the above named republics, they may at any time bring those forces which are always handy on the battle cruisers that continuously patrol the Caribbean. These countries are as follows: —

Salvador, where a loan at eight per cent — plus extra charges — has been recently made by New York bankers, which loan is guaranteed by seventy per cent of the customs receipts, collected by the bankers, with the agreement made by the Secretary of State of the United States that if any differences arise between Salvador and the bankers, he — the Secretary of State — will refer the question to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of

the United States, whose word shall be final.

Colombia, where an American financial mission has just outlined a reorganization of the fiscal system of the republic, especially advising as to the expenditure of the \$25,000,000 the United States is now paying to Colombia — officially because of the Panama Canal Zone, but, according to the explanation of Messrs. Lodge and Fall in arguing for the treaty which they had before so bitterly condemned, because we needed Colombia's friendship in order to favor American petroleum companies and secure other concessions.

Ecuador, where the government has recently engaged an American financial adviser, where an American president of the principal railroad owns most of the stock, and where American interests recently blocked an English loan.

Peru, where an American financial adviser directs the fiscal policies of the government, and a loan is pending by American bankers which would be guaranteed by the customs, collected by Americans.

Bolivia, where the hardest bargain of all has been driven, with a loan of \$24,000,000 floated, which is guaranteed by the country's customs, by the stock in the government bank, by a government railroad, and finally by all the internal revenues of the country, which may be augmented at any time to suit the commission of the American bankers — which commission now assumes complete control of Bolivia's finances including practically the power to dictate what Bolivia's tariffs and taxes shall be.

Here are five more countries where Americans have been called to direct the fiscal policy of the governments, making a total of eleven. But this is only official direction.

We must now retrace our steps on the map and look at the third class of countries. These are the ones dominated by North American capitalists, though not having Americans officially appointed to direct their fiscal programme.

They number three as follows: —

Guatemala, where American bankers control the business, American money is the medium of circulation, and the United Fruit Company and other American financial interests have secured control of the railroads, which now become a part of the International Railways of Central America — the largest American-owned railway enterprise outside of the United States.

Costa Rica, where, after thirty years' peace, American oil and banana interests recently fomented a revolution against a reform government and at present largely control the economic life of the country and often act as brokers for the government.

Mexico, where Americans own one third of the \$2,500,000,000 of the nation's wealth, with seventy-three per cent of the oil lands and much the largest part of the 54,874,557 acres of land owned by foreigners (an area equal to France, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland), and where American financial representatives are the most important plenipotentiaries received by the Mexican Government.

II

To recapitulate: Out of the twenty Latin-American republics, eleven of them now have their financial policies directed by North Americans officially appointed. Six of these ten have the financial agents backed by American military forces on the ground. (This includes Cuba, which has no official financial adviser; but General Crowder has so acted during recent financial

readjustments.) Four of the remaining half of these Southern countries have their economic and fiscal life closely tied to the United States through large loans and concessions, giving special advantages to American capitalists.

This leaves the six countries of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Venezuela as the only ones outside the circle of North American financial control. While Americans have recently made large loans or secured extensive concessions from these last-named countries they have, so far as the author knows, not yet acquired such a preponderant influence as to dictate their fiscal policies. But these six countries are trembling in their boots, wondering how long before the inevitable must arrive!

Along with this economic and military dominance goes a dominance in the internal affairs of Latin America. In the Caribbean countries especially, the word of the American Minister is the most important factor for any government to consider. It is impossible for anyone who has not come into close contacts with these countries to realize how completely their governments are held in the hollow of the hand of the State Department at Washington. In fact the government officials of these countries are so far accustomed to doing Washington's will that the State Department frequently finds it necessary to refuse to do things related to internal order that native officials, often indebted to their Big Brother for their position, request it to do. This creates a strong inconsistency in the policy of the State Department from time to time. What one official refused to do as interference with internal order, another will do, and even the same official will judge differently at different times. At one time we allow a revolution, at another

we forbid it. So it happens that, as with a fond parent, who at one time will insist on making all decisions for his son, at another will throw him entirely on his own resources, at one time will pay the forged check, at another will let him go to jail, so it is with these little countries — pawns on the international chessboard as Mr. Powers says — who never know what is to happen to them. Usually the State Department seems hesitant about making suggestions to one of these smaller governments concerning improvement in a national educational programme, lest this be considered as interference in internal affairs. But it is always sure of the right to do anything that comes under the formula: 'protection of American lives and property.' Since American lives seldom are in danger, American property naturally gets first place. In fact it is only in countries where American property interests are paramount that this tutelage is employed.

III

This recent economic dominance in Latin America is directly connected with the recent resurgent policy of isolation from Europe. We stay out of Europe; we go into Latin America. The corollary — Europe must stay out of Latin America; Latin America must stay out of Europe. 'Business first.' 'Why take a mandate for Armenia,' asked one of our Senators, 'since there are no oil fields there?' The greatest oil deposits in the world are in Latin America, so we'll take our mandates there, and we will write our own terms. To be sure that these terms are to our liking, we are recently giving the Monroe Doctrine a new application, isolating Europe from Latin America.

As President Lowell says: 'Some Americans, while professing a faith in

the right of all peoples to independence and self-government, are really imperialists at heart. They believe in the right and manifest destiny of the United States to expand by over-running its weaker neighbors. They appeal to a spirit of patriotism that sees no object, holds no ideals, and acknowledges no rights or duties but the national welfare and aggrandizement. In the name of that principle Germany sinned and fell. The ideas of these American imperialists are less grandiose, but at bottom they differ little from hers. According to that view Central and South America are a game preserve, from which poachers are excluded but where the proprietor may hunt as he pleases. Naturally the proprietor is anxious not only to keep away the poachers but to oppose game laws that would interfere with his own sport.'

During the last few years the United States has pursued a steady policy of eliminating European poachers. The first way is by American Government and American banks 'funding,' that is, combining together all the various international obligations of a nation, after which one big loan to care for it all is floated in the United States. The foreign creditors are then paid off and eliminated. Then the United States Government, in seeing that such a loan is paid, is protecting only its own citizens. This funding process was first carried out in Santo Domingo in 1905. It has been extended now to about half the Latin-American States. As the Department of Commerce has recently stated: 'Our great interest in Latin America is largely a growth of the last ten years. Yet our investments now include \$610,000,000 in public securities and \$3,150,000,000 in industries.'

The next step in this elimination of Europe is in the matter of arbitrations. The president of Switzerland, the king

of England, the king of Spain, the president of France, and other distinguished Europeans have in the past been selected by Latin America as arbitrators in the many cases Latin America has settled by arbitration. But the United States Government is now using its great power to eliminate all this. At the Santiago Conference there was a steady drive by the North-American delegation to eliminate all European participation in arbitrations and all other American matters.

One of the first acts of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State was to settle a dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, sending military forces to emphasize his settlement. Both these nations were members of the League of Nations, whose Covenant required that it extend its good offices to any members in controversy. But the League was not allowed to use its good offices. In the same way the Tacna and Arica dispute between Peru and Chile was first brought before the League of Nations for settlement. But the Monroe Doctrine did not allow the League to touch it, and it is now before the President of the United States.

The third way in which we are eliminating Europe from America is seen in the naval mission to Brazil. The principal reason for sending that mission was the one which is given for every imperialistic act from Santo Domingo to Honduras: 'If we don't, Europe will.' For a century England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy have sent military or naval missions to Latin America. But that policy must be stopped. So when England was about to send a naval mission to Brazil, we substituted our own. If the Government that called the Disarmament Conference in Washington had sought, when this matter of a mission came up, an agreement among all interested parties that no more mis-

sions should be requested or sent; and if it had then lent its good offices in the Santiago Conference to bring about an agreement on disarmament instead of standing off, as a disinterested spectator, the terrible race for armament, now beginning in South America, could have been avoided. But to Argentina's appeal against the mission, as a movement that would generate suspicions and augment naval expenditures, the State Department replies: 'We play no favorites, we are ready to send you a mission also.' In fact, we have another mission in Peru.

In one of the recent proposals made by the State Department to Santo Domingo it put as one of the conditions of withdrawing the marines that we be requested to send them a military mission. In the last few years our government has sold arms to different Latin-American countries. Of course, our arms-manufacturers are continually in the business, one recent order being for ten submarines made for Brazil, another the reconditioning of the two dreadnoughts owned by Argentina. We have just established a further military precedent, which is likely to have a far-reaching influence, by our Government selling arms to the Mexican Government to suppress an armed revolution against it.

We have invited a number of Latin-American countries, as a special work of friendship, to send their officers to West Point for further training. Our Government has never sent an educational mission to Latin America, nor offered scholarships in her scientific or cultural institutions to Latin Americans. Where unofficial educational missions — like the one recently going to Peru — and official educational advisers, like the one that went to Nicaragua — have met with difficulties, it has let them go down in defeat and withdraw in ignominy. To do other-

wise would have been 'interfering with the internal affairs of a sister nation'!

Will not someone kindly explain why, when we are arranging to direct the financial and military affairs of these nations, we should not with equal propriety arrange to direct their educational systems? At least it might have the advantage of economy. For what the United States Government paid for the Pershing expedition into Mexico it could have built and equipped in every town of Mexico, of over four thousand population, a high school, a hospital, and a social centre, and in addition presented each one of these towns with an endowment of \$700,000 with which to conduct these institutions. Yet a proposal for the establishment of a North American college in Mexico City, advocated by the most distinguished educators of the United States and Mexico for the last ten years, has languished because a beginning cannot be made on furnishing the five million dollars finally needed.

Here we have then, briefly stated, the programme of economic imperialism and isolation from Europe which the United States is fostering to-day in Latin America.

IV

What does the rest of the world think about this programme?

In no country has the military occupation of Santo Domingo and Haiti been more discussed than in Japan, where the Government has formed now its own Monroe Doctrine of the Orient, by which it justified its recent Twenty-one Demands on China, and its imperialism in Korea.

The press of France is filled with comment on the matter, running from sarcastic slurs on the United States as the good Samaritan of the New World

to the defense of France's policy in financing the Little Entente, in buying arms, and in the occupation of the Ruhr for the alleged collection of debts.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in an article recently reprinted in more than a dozen different countries, has clearly told the story. The press of Spain, of course, finds here its favorite theme. Italy, Egypt, India, Ireland, and Russia find here proof texts, alike for preachments favoring radicalism and reaction.

As for Latin America, the situation is tragic. Since the Santiago Conference a resurgence of opposition against the United States has made the old campaigns of Ugarte and Blanco Fombona seem as nothing. During the last year at least two papers have been founded in Argentina and one in Honduras, backed by some of the most distinguished men of Latin America, whose whole purpose is opposition to the United States. In practically every one of the prominent Spanish-American magazines it is now the custom to carry in each issue one or more articles against the United States. Formerly friends of the United States in those countries combated such attacks. But scarcely ever do we find defenders now. Old friends have either changed or they do not care to oppose the tide. Latin-American government officials, of course, are still outwardly friendly. They have to be. This is probably why our State Department has recently expressed its opinion that never before have our relations with Latin America been so cordial. But if the Department thinks that, it is living in a fool's paradise.

La Prensa of Buenos Aires sharply challenged the optimistic report made to the Secretary of State by the United States delegation to the Santiago Conference, saying:—

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E

What occurred in Santiago, and the inexact, the incomplete, exaggeratedly optimistic report made to the Government of the United States, demand a rectification in the interest of Pan Americanism which to-day is facing a profound crisis. . . . The Conference has perturbed the tranquillity of the situation in general and especially among certain groups like the Rio de la Plata group (Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil). In the question of disarmament the part of the United States was scarcely welcome, since they, being the initiators of the movement for universal disarmament, and authors of that subject on the programme of the Santiago Conference, then abandoned this attitude at Santiago. . . . Do the good people of the United States know these things, which so profoundly affect their interests? . . . The United States has a great mission in favor of Pan-American friendship, but they must reorganize their work on another basis, taking into account the discontent which exists in the greater part of the Latin-American countries. The lack of diplomacy, of exact information, and of coördination among the various officials of the United States Government, in regard to Pan-Americanism, is blocking its development.

No one who visits these countries, mixes on equality with the people in general, reads their literature and attends their theatres and lecture halls, can fail to realize the truth of the following, written by an Argentina professor—a friend who laments the fact he describes as much as does any American:—

As is well known, up until the present, whenever reference is made to closer relations between the two Americas the intensification of economic relations between them is the usual method advocated. This attitude, in which many eminent personalities have taken part, has not been able to accomplish the desired results. It is certainly true that in Latin America the conviction seems to have grown largely that the egotistic motive is the one that guides the United States in its relations with these countries and the materialistic

conception of the North-American civilization has been more largely confirmed in recent time. The current of sympathy toward his country which Wilson succeeded in arousing during the war, and which caused Ricardo Rojas to say that the legend of a ruddy and cannibalistic Yankee had disappeared and that the United States was displaying a magnificent spirit, has gradually disappeared. For people in general once again the North-American civilization is considered as barbaric, and automatically moved only by a utilitarian objective.

We would even venture to say, at least in reference to Argentina, that she finds herself further removed from the United States to-day than she was in the sixth and seventh decade of the past century. At that time, at least, our people were influenced by the fervid enthusiasm for North-American democracy, felt by Sarmiento and Alberdi. Certainly with France and England the United States had captured our sympathy. To-day this has all been modified. While France continues captivating us by the excellencies of her literature, and Great Britain continues attracting our thinkers as the country of free institutions and good political sense, the United States presents herself to us as principally concerned in the conquest of our markets.

Only in the United States do the press and the people ignore how our economic imperialism is eliminating friendships and fostering suspicions. With our accustomed optimism and assurance of our altruistic motives we continue as the trombonist, who claimed he was the greatest trombone-player in the world. When someone told him he would have to prove it, he replied, 'I don't have to prove it, I admit it.' And, should all the world challenge our idealism in relation to Latin America, we might go on serenely; for this is the greatest nation on the face of the earth, owning one third of the wealth of the world and possessing the largest force of efficient

man power humanity has ever seen. To quote Secretary Olney, 'Its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition.'

But can we be sure that always we shall be strong enough to ignore the feeling of Latin America and all other potential enemies seeking their alliance? Already there are three combinations forming which may some day become strong enough to challenge effectually this ever increasing dominance. These combinations are The League of Nations, the proposed Latin-American League and the Pan-Latin Movement.

Suppose the League of Nations already comprising three fourths of the population of the world should some day feel itself strong enough to accept the request of one or more of its Latin-American members and mediate between them, as its covenant provides that it shall. Can we look forward with complacency to the question of deciding as to whether we shall flatly oppose the moral consciousness of the world or whether we shall back down under pressure? Suppose that some day in the future we repeat in some Latin-American country, member of the League, a landing of marines and seizing of the sovereignty of the country as we did in Santo Domingo and Haiti, and the League feels itself strong enough to protest — as it did in the case of Italy and Corfu? Can we look forward with pleasure to such a challenge?

Certainly we cannot be entirely sure that the League will not grow more powerful, and more disposed to carry out its agreements with its American members.

One of the outstanding opponents of the World Court in the United States Senate recently said to a friend that one strong reason for his opposition to our entering the Court was that some

of the Caribbean countries now under our control might then challenge this occupancy before the World Court.

Col. Roosevelt even before the formation of a League of Nations said of the proposed treaty with Colombia:—

If succeeding administrations can act as Wilson's is now acting in reference to mine, then unquestionably there is far heavier claims for reparation against the United States . . . by Santo Domingo and Haiti for her invasion and overthrow of their government by armed forces without declaration of war, while Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Guatemala, all have similar grievances and in the case of one (I think Costa Rica) the International Court of the Isthmus has actually decided we are to blame.

Certainly, so far as a combined Latin America is concerned, no one will question the fact that these nations are growing stronger every day, and at the end of this century will have come to be foes worthy of consideration. Our recent restrictive immigration law will be a considerable factor in the growth of these southern lands.

With the present policy continued, then we shall find ourselves more isolated than the fondest nationalist ever dared desire. Then we shall find that the profits on oil and bananas and sugar, which went into the pockets of a few, were not worth the price of enmities developed in our Southern neighbors against our whole nation.

V

This isolation forced on Latin America is already bringing its counter movements. While we are talking of how we are protecting Latin America from Europe, the Latin Americans are betaking themselves as fast as they can to Europe for protection against us. In the League of Nations they have found exactly the kind of international

understanding they have advocated for years. And the Europeans have not hesitated to give Latin America the leading honors in the League. Two of the four presidents of the annual assemblies of the League have been Latin Americans. Two out of the six elected members of the Council are Latin Americans. Two out of the eleven judges of the World Court, elected from all nations of the world, are Latin Americans. Some of the most important heads of committees come from Latin America, and the Latin-American section of the League at Geneva is a section of great influence.

While the Latin Americans are becoming more engrossed in the League, they are becoming more indifferent to the Pan-American Union. At the last Pan-American Conference at Santiago the United States told Latin America that the Monroe Doctrine was none of its affair; that we are interested in commercial agreements, but that we should have nothing to do with an American League of Nations where all American countries could sit at a Round Table to discuss their problems; and that we were opposed to a reorganization of the Pan-American Union; so that the dominance of the United States should be less apparent — a dominance so marked at Santiago that even the Director of the Union figured as a member of the United States delegation. While the Conference did some useful things, the United States delegation pushed nothing but commercial and health questions, and fought every move which would put Latin America on an equal basis with the United States in determining inter-American questions. As a promoter of good feeling between the Americas, the Conference was a distinct disappointment.

On the adjournment of the Conference without effecting any agreement on disarmament, the Brazilian delega-

tion announced that the question would be referred to the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, which could no doubt work out a satisfactory solution. The League has since been working on an agreement between the ABC countries, to stop the armament race and ugly feeling started at the Santiago meeting.

Following the Santiago Conference, a movement has been launched in Buenos Aires, by influential university professors and students and other prominent men, for the establishment of a Latin-American League. They are publishing a paper and pushing their organization with all enthusiasm.

The old idea of a Pan-Latin League has also been revived, taking advantage of the growing distrust of the United States. While King Alfonso was visiting the Pope recently, Mussolini and Primo de Rivera were planning a new entente between these two Latin countries and Spanish America. Portugal also has been drawn into the movement and the proposed visit of King Alfonso to South America is expected to contribute largely to it. France, always recognized as the inspiration of the spiritual life of Latin America, is more active than ever in its promotion.

VI

Altogether, this is a dark picture. It is a severe indictment of our imperialism — an imperialism which the author believes has not been developed deliberately, but has stolen over us as a part of the materialistic spirit of the times. It is a departure from the ideals of our fathers. The North American visitor in the Caribbean these days, sensitive to those ideals, often blushes with shame and suffers the deepest humiliation on beholding sights enacted in the name of our fair America — acts which his fellow citizens at

home would deem impossible. So one who has seen much of these things and has become alarmed at their rapid spread is constrained to risk all the penalties of plain speaking in order to challenge this un-American movement — un-American although some of the finest men one can meet have been caught up in its onrush. These men have often built good roads, established sanitary codes, and enforced peace. But these are not worth the surrender of American principles, the bowing before materialistic gods, the hatreds and the sacrifice of the spiritual, which the programme involves. Even if such a programme should help Latin America, the people of the United States cannot go on destroying with impunity the sovereignty of other peoples, however weak, cutting across the principles for which our fathers fought, without the reaction being shown throughout our whole body politic.

Some day we shall realize that the whole rotten mess of investigation now being played with at Washington runs directly back to the mental attitudes and the combinations involved in the policy of 'cleaning up' our next-door neighbors — a phrase which may seem to have moral significance to the average innocent citizen and official, but which, for the privileged few, takes on the more modern significance of 'cleaning out.' No one objects to legitimate business with our neighbors. On the contrary, it is vital to all concerned. But the continuance of this dollar diplomacy, with its combination of bonds and battleships, means the destruction of our nation just as surely as it meant the destruction of Egypt and Rome and Spain and Germany and all the other nations who came to measure their greatness by their material possessions rather than by their passion for justice and by the number of their friendly neighbors.

THE DIPLOMATIC WAR IN TURKEY

BY WILLIAM WORTH HALL

I

THE main objective of all the diplomatic skirmishing over the Turkish situation has been much obscured in the confusion of the many side-issues of this dramatic play. Behind the maze of press dispatches and magazine articles dealing with refugee movements, technical treaty work, theoretical economic wealth, and desertion of the harem by Turkish women, there has been one main story running. This is the story of the political antagonism which arose between Great Britain and France over the control of the Mesopotamian oil lands.

It was just before the war, about 1912, that the potential value of the petroleum-bearing regions in Asia Minor was fully recognized. Immediately, the strongest European powers took occasion to concern themselves in the economic welfare of Turkey, and there was a rush to win concessions covering these territories. Momentary dismay reigned when it was found that American interests had, in 1910, already obtained the enviable Chester concession, admitting railroad rights through all the valuable oil regions and including the privilege of mineral development. However, satisfaction ran high again in Europe when it was seen that American capital hesitated to enter a dubious oil-promotion venture in so distant a field, particularly when production of petroleum at home was so far exceeding consumption. And since the Chester rights were not

strongly followed up, the Germans, French, and British got a shoulder in.

According to the sentiment prevailing in Germany, France, and England about 1912, petroleum was nearly worth the cost of a war. To Germany and France, struggling under a rankling monopoly held by the Standard Oil Company, an assured oil supply meant industrial independence, while to England fuel oil meant the turning-point in English naval supremacy. So 'catch-as-catch-can' rules were resorted to in the diplomatic contest for the 'favored-nation' pledge from Turkey and for the exclusive right to exploration of petroleum-bearing lands under her dominion. Three years after the signing of the Chester grant by the Turkish Minister of Public Works, Germany, France, and England had secured later concessions duplicating the privileges conceded to Mr. Chester and placing in the hands of these European Powers practically all the territory promised to American interests.

The German project was the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad. The Turkish Government looked upon this with favor, since it would open a main stream of commerce between the European markets and the productive agricultural districts of Mesopotamia. To the Germans the railroad meant control of the Mosul region — richest of the oil regions.

French entry into the arena was effected through a railway concession

in northern Anatolia, duplicating in part the lines proposed for construction by the Chester grant. The concession is dated 1913, and the French paid a considerable portion of a loan of 500,000,000 francs to the Turkish Government to secure their rights.

British capital made the most direct effort. The Turkish Petroleum Company was organized for the stated purpose of developing the Mesopotamian oil regions. The British Government itself held a controlling share in this Company. Turkey was much interested in the enterprise, and in 1913 the Turkish Petroleum people secured concessions from the Government covering the Mosul and all the productive Mesopotamian territories.

So, at the beginning of the Great War, German and British oil interests found themselves facing each other on the same ground, with France edging her way in. Mesopotamia became one of the chief objectives of the fighting forces. Germany was apparently ready to place a considerable portion of her strength on this front to protect her cherished 'Berlin-to-Bagdad' railroad, while the British Foreign Office felt that the realization of this project must be forestalled at any cost. 'To foil this scheme,' said Sir Charles Greenway, of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company shortly after the cessation of hostilities, 'was the sole purpose of the British army in Mesopotamia during the war.'

Even the imminent danger of collapse of the Allies' Western front did not divert the minds of the European nations from the problem of oil. Probably it was because of the constant reminder pressed by the hampering shortage of fuel oil and the dependence of the Allies' navies upon the American oil companies. That France was not overlooking the material advantages of occupation of the Mesopo-

tamian field was evidenced when as early as 1916 she asked for the Syrian mandate. The British continued to allow the Mesopotamian forces vast extravagances. The opposing armies in the East were pushed back; Palestine, the Mosul, and Bagdad were won over, and a British mandate was set up over these territories. But this was accomplished at a cost which made all England indignant when the bills were reckoned up after the Armistice. Meanwhile, on the Western front, America carried the Allies to victory 'on a wave of oil.'

II

The Peace Conference opened. The American people, now that the spectre of a German victory had vanished, showed a pronounced unwillingness to lend counsel in any of the readjustments through which Europe was passing beyond the advice of President Wilson. This left France and England to settle things by themselves, with possibly a little advice from south of the Alps. So these two saviors of civilization coolly decided, it seems, to wring every possible advantage from the situation in Eastern Europe, and to divide the proceeds into two portions only. And secretly, as evidenced by later events, the English and French leaders determined to yield no emolument to each other which could be retained for one country alone.

At the conclusion of the Armistice, France pointed out that it was her right to hold the mandate over Syria, both by right of her concessions in that territory gained from the Turkish Government before the War, and through her operations in that field during the conflict. This mandate was granted, Great Britain holding a similar control over the adjoining regions of Mesopotamia. The English

were now in a somewhat disadvantageous position, because the French controlled nearly the entire coast. The British army held the Mosul, to be true, but there was no outlet for the oil, either from this region or from Persia, where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company was operating other valuable concessions. Somehow there must be a link between the oil fields and the Navy. It was necessary to secure the coöperation of the French, and the British were afraid they would be pinched and forced to pay dearly for an outlet to the sea. So the British Foreign Office set about to devise a plan by which the French could be made to ensure safe passage of the British oil to points on the Mediterranean, and at the same time prevent France from profiting from the strategic position she held.

It was first necessary to prevent the oil interests of France becoming estranged from those of England. There had been much talk in France, just after the war, of floating new oil companies. France held rights in the oil lands of Russia, Rumania, and Mesopotamia, as well as potential fields in her African colonies. She wished to become independent in regard to the problem of fuel. British capitalists determined to divert this interest of French capital in oil, and a clever scheme was hit upon which won the support of French capital for the English oil companies.

Early in 1919 when the pound was rising and the franc dropping, English bankers commenced to flood France with shares of the Royal Dutch, Shell Transport, and other English-controlled companies. French capital accepted these eagerly, since the shares could be bought at a fair figure, and then sold at a considerable profit as the franc dropped. The French brokers were so interested in this speculation

and easy profit that much of the capital originally ready to enter the support of the new French oil companies went to buy blocks in the British companies instead. A little later the pound began to drop and the franc to rise, as the British had suspected it would. To sell the English oil shares now meant a loss for the French speculators. There was no turning them to profit except by holding them and waiting for dividends. The franc rose steadily, and much of the stock was sold out at a loss, recrossing the Channel to England. Thus the French brokers who still retained shares were forced to back the projects of the English companies to save their investments. This left insufficient capital to finance the visionary French-producing companies, and the considerable French capital invested in English companies exerted no great influence there. France would still have to ask favors from her Ally.

This was the occasion on which the British industrialists made their offer to France. France wanted oil, and France had insufficient unemployed capital to produce oil herself. So through the British Foreign Office the following proposals were presented to Clemenceau: that Great Britain and France undertake the mutual exploitation of all oil lands formerly belonging to enemy powers; that British capital be allowed to develop the oil resources of the French colonies and of the French mandate in Syria; that England grant to France twenty-five per cent of all the oil produced in Mesopotamia through the Government exploitation, or, in the event that exploitation should be carried out by a private company, that the French should be allowed a twenty-five per cent participation in the same; that in return for this 'gift' of the oil so produced, France should coöperate with England to the

extent of guaranteeing the security of pipe-lines across Syria from the Mosul and Persian oil fields to Mediterranean ports.

These proposals seemed to the French to be fairly conceived. The guarantee of twenty-five per cent of the oil produced in Mesopotamia was an important consideration. Still, the less impetuous French statesmen were reluctant to enter so binding an agreement. There were many influencing circumstances, however. The Arabs had begun to grow uneasy under the French dominion in Syria, and under the leadership of the native king, Feisal, commenced to resist the authority of the French troops. A campaign against Damascus was initiated, and the situation demanded the support of Great Britain's military forces in Mesopotamia. Lord Curzon said, 'Sign the Mesopotamian oil agreement, and we will help you secure Syria. If our military interests should be coördinated, so also should be our commercial interests, and we must have a contract of coöperation.' Yet the French diplomats hesitated.

Then came the question of whether France should have the left bank of the Rhine. Lloyd George said, 'Certainly our old Ally shall have it; but if we are willing to rest in accord with France in the attaining of so important an object, France should be willing to grant us the favor of her coöperation in the project of the Mesopotamian oil development.' Clemenceau was eager to see French troops in control of the left bank of the Rhine, and quickly granted the 'favor.' So the secret Pact of San Remo was signed on April 24, 1920, confirming the propositions previously presented by the British Foreign Office; and on the same day a twenty-five per cent holding in the Turkish Petroleum Company was transferred to the French Government.

The British forces united in action with the French in Syria, and the Arabs were subdued in their restless movements, though again at enormous expense. Then a second secret pact was signed, definitely assigning to France the old provinces of Syria and Lebanon. The conclusion of these pacts was followed by the signing on August 10, 1920, of the Treaty of Sèvres with Turkey, by which the feeble Turkish Government sanctioned vast concessions to the Turkish Petroleum Company, in accordance with the plan of the Anglo-French exploitation of the oil in Russia, Rumania, and Mesopotamia, as well as northern Africa.

III

Now came a turn in French opinion. The more conservative and skeptical political elements began to point out that the officers of the nation had naïvely delivered to the British every advantage in Asia Minor. The possession of the twenty-five-per-cent share in the Turkish Petroleum Company gave France little influence in determining the tactics of this organization, and the control of the entire oil business centred in London. On their part, the French were guaranteeing a British pipe-line across their territory, a privilege for which England could have been made to pay dearly, if properly 'sold,' since it was the only outlet for the Persian and Mosul oil fields. Public addresses were made by Barthou, Briand, and Tardieu, condemning in the severest terms Clemenceau's hasty action in entering the San Remo Pact. To increase the excitement of the French, the Arab forces under Emir Feisal continued to threaten the invasion of Syria, and the British refused to put more men into that field. The Paris periodicals shouted that Curzon intended France to be pushed

gradually out of Asia Minor, and that London would soon be holding dominion over Syria. It was going to be another situation like that of India, they said. The resentment against the British Foreign Office and its alleged underhand tactics became intense.

Consequently, France herself initiated a little arch-conspiracy, and proved herself past-master in the Machiavellian arts. France wished first to protect herself in Syria and next to extract herself from the San Remo Pact. So she tried to pass the Arab menace on to the British in Mesopotamia, and at the same time make the newly signed Pact untenable for England. This she accomplished in one move. Secret negotiations were entered upon with Turkey, which resulted in the signing in London, on March 9, 1921, of the preliminary articles of a treaty through which France returned to Turkey a portion of her Syrian mandate, consisting of Cilicia and a long narrow strip running just south of England's Mosul holdings, which formed a kind of barrier between the French and British mandates. In return, France was promised first consideration in the granting of all concessions by the Turkish Government.

This treaty was concluded without any consultation of Great Britain or the League of Nations. Now the French had the Turks on their side to throw back the Arabs, who, meeting this new barrier, would probably turn their energies upon Mesopotamia. Concerning the San Remo Pact, if the Anglo-Persian Oil or Turkish Petroleum Company wished to run pipelines through to the sea, the guaranties of the San Remo agreement were not sufficient, since Turkey's consent must be obtained to cross this strip of northern Syria.

As a sequel, the French withdrew 50,000 soldiers from the Anatolian

army, on the plea that their maintenance was too expensive. The spectacle of the combined French and British forces had been sufficient to quell the restless movements of the Arabs; but now that one half of this strength had disappeared, insurrection again loomed up as imminent. The determined attitude of the Turks in their newly acquired territory turned the Arab energies upon Mesopotamia. The British hold seemed very precarious. Lloyd George bitterly denounced these acts of France in a public address delivered on November 24, 1921, saying that it was a pure case of 'one power stealing a march on the other.'

British diplomats saw only one solution of the difficulty. In August 1921, England recognized Emir Feisal as King of Iraq, or Mesopotamia, and by the treaty of October 10, 1922, Mr. Lloyd George's Government guaranteed the new country financial and military protection for twenty years. It was no more than recognition of naturally asserted nationality, the English maintained in accordance with the catch-phrase of the year. In fact, the English felt that Iraq was destined to become a more consolidated nation than Turkey, and consequently favored the dismembering of the latter country and the corresponding growth of Iraq. Needless to say, King Feisal was immeasurably grateful, and willing to grant the British limitless concessions of any nature.

Again the French felt themselves being outwitted. If Great Britain's Near East policy were realized, Feisal would be the dominating authority in Asia Minor. The young kingdom of Iraq seemed ready to burst its bounds and take in Syria. The Paris periodicals shrieked that England was trying to deny France her share of the oil in Mesopotamia, and that Great

Britain was deliberately forcing France to give up the mandate of the League of Nations in Syria. Obviously it was to France's advantage to see that the Turkish dominion should be extended as widely as possible.

IV

The dramatic scenes of the Turkish defiance before Great Britain followed. Smyrna was burned in September 1922, and the forces of Mustapha Kemal swept up the Anatolian coast and confronted Constantinople. The British threatened to chastise the audacious participants in this disrespectful disorder; but the Turks, far from yielding, continued to advance their forces and increase their demands. In London there was a tense situation between the aggressive and pacifist parties, which eventually resulted in the resignation of Lloyd George; and finally the London Government agreed to 'compromise' with the Turks — which meant almost a complete acquiescence with the Turkish demands.

It cannot be asserted with any degree of conviction that the Paris envoys coolly proposed the Turkish venture. However, the British were uncertain of the support of the French in the event of armed conflict, and it was this doubt that lent the Turkish position its strength. A new 'balance of power' was being effected. The Turks persisted in a mode of conduct which assaulted the dignity of England, but the British exhibited the greatest self-control evidenced in centuries and extracted themselves from the arena without a tussle. When the dismay of Europe was at its height, France sent Franklin Bouillon to treat with the rowdy Turks, who were ready to fight anyone. This gentleman and diplomat, who had so nicely arranged the Bouillon Treaty of 1921, now

whispered a little counsel in the ear of his old acquaintance, Mustapha Kemal, telling him that France considered Turkey had done well enough with her show of armed force, and that Angora must look for further support from Paris only through a diplomatic conference. So the informal Turkish conquest ceased, and Franklin Bouillon advised the world that he considered himself one of the greatest peacemakers of history.

Then the sessions of a new Lausanne Conference opened, on November 20, 1922. On this occasion the representatives from Angora spoke as often and as loudly as those of any government. Turkey had suddenly become a power, not a pawn. France, too, gazed with some wonder and chagrin upon her determined protégé. She had reason for dismay, because the promises of preference in the way of concessions, specifically stated in the Bouillon Treaty, were now ignored by the new Angora Government. This time the cat's-paw scratched the cat. Angora was skeptical — commercial agreements offered too much opportunity for political intervention. So the Government determined to repudiate unequivocally all the old English and French agreements. At the same time it wished to keep the good-will of France — so much depended on keeping the two Allies estranged in their Near East policies and on preventing united opposition to Turkey's growth. The Government's problem was to escape from the binding conditions of the Treaty of Sèvres — through which such sweeping concessions were placed in the hands of the Turkish Petroleum Company as practically to give this corporation control of the industrial future of the country — and also to evade the obligations to France specified in the Bouillon and previous treaties, without embittering Paris.

The way out was the Chester concessions, old, never ratified, antedating and embracing all the later concessions granted to the British and French. In April 1923, a thrill ran through the diplomatic world when it was broadcasted that Turkey had recognized without reservations the validity of the Chester grant. This meant that the exclusive right to exploit the valuable oil regions of Asia Minor was placed in American hands, and that the British claims to the earliest concessions in these petroleum-bearing lands were discredited beyond dispute. The French raised a disturbance on the ground that the Chester concession included privileges granted to the French in 1914, for which France had advanced a large loan to the Turkish Government. However, the validity of the Chester claims was held not to be affected by these French objections, and American capital possessed an absolute monopoly on Turkish trade.

Notwithstanding, remarkably little fuss was stirred up through diplomatic channels over the recognition of the Chester grant. The feeling in England and France was that the exclusive rights given American interests would never be exerted, because the widely proclaimed policy of the 'open door,' guiding the Washington Government, would permit no such inconsistency. This sentiment was verified when, on May 2, Mr. Grew, the American Minister to Switzerland, announced officially that the United States would not support any claim against the acquired rights of other nations. This sounded the death knell for the Chester programme, since without the support of Washington, American capital was afraid to embark upon the enterprise. The Chester concessions were annulled in December.

So Turkey cleaned the sheet in the way of concessions. She is now starting

a new page in her economic and political history. The successful termination of the Lausanne Conference has confirmed the return to Turkey of the territories given her by France through the Bouillon Treaty. Equality of all nations in commercial matters is guaranteed. Apparently the diplomatic bout of Great Britain and France over Asia Minor has failed because neither nation now holds advantage in the dominions of the Angora Government, while Iraq may soon pass under the control of the League of Nations.

We cannot, however, expect this state of equilibrium to remain undisturbed long, since in politics as well as in athletics a neutral victory means another struggle. Already there is a new uneasiness in the air. A corporation backed by French capital has recently obtained the promise of concessions duplicating the annulled Chester grant. British commercial enterprises are stubbornly combating this project on the same ground. Turkey's prosperity still depends in large degree in continuing her game of playing France and England against each other, and she will endeavor to sustain the hopes of each in the success of their Near East programme. The 'eternal triangle' means that Turkey is safe as long as two strong nations are courting her favors. Angora will keep on flirting with London and Paris.

Other events in Europe are not drawing France and England more closely together, and it seems a safe wager that the diplomatic war in Turkey is not yet concluded. The oil lies in the Mosul, and in the recently signed Lausanne Treaty it was left in abeyance whether these valuable petroleum regions should be included in Iraq or Turkey. Here lies the prize for which the French and English leaders have dared so much. How much further will they dare?

'GRAVE CONSEQUENCES'

BY H. H. POWERS

At a time when the American Congress seems incapable of mustering a majority on any subject, it has with practical unanimity passed upon an issue probably the most momentous upon which it has ever taken action. By majorities of five to one in the House and ten to one in the Senate, Congress has voted the practical exclusion of foreigners and the total exclusion of Asiatics from settlement in the United States. This action may have been wise; indeed I am inclined to think it fundamentally right and inevitable. But it is not so clear that the actors were wise or that the manner and motive of their action were justifiable. The avowed reason for this action, at least in individual cases, was a trivial diplomatic incident, capable, perhaps, of the construction placed upon it, but equally capable of a different construction had such been desired. The real reason was a political and economic situation superficially perceived and little understood, and the compelling cause a vast, cosmic pressure of which political discussion has as yet betrayed no consciousness. This action, considered in its immediate international reactions, in its relation to our traditional policy, and in the immeasurable scope of the forces which it challenges connotes a crisis, not only in our national life but in the life of the world, compared with which our struggles for national union and for the abolition of slavery are of but secondary importance.

The action in question presents three distinct problems which, begin-

ning with the trivial, rise in overwhelming crescendo, to the momentous. The first is a diplomatic episode; the second is the problem of race discrimination; the third, the problem of exclusion. Let us give to each of these an attention somewhat proportioned to its merits.

I

The diplomatic episode looms large in the discussion of the moment and obscures the larger issues. Its details are familiar. The exclusion of the Japanese, long a recognized policy of our government, has for some years been effected without law or treaty by the so-called 'Gentleman's Agreement,' a pledge on the part of the Japanese Government not to grant passports to Japanese settlers and a perfectly correct refusal of our Government to admit them without. This considerate method of exclusion, so passionately desired by Japanese sensibilities, was unsatisfactory to the radical elements of the Pacific Coast, apparently not because it was ineffectual, but because it was too gentlemanly. The stigma which the Japanese sought to avoid is precisely the thing which certain elements desire to affix, race competition having long since engendered race antipathy. The minor issue in the immigration bill was, therefore, between the Gentleman's Agreement and a flat law of exclusion.

As a compromise it was suggested that the Gentleman's Agreement be itself enacted into law, thus ensuring

greater sanction and perhaps greater stability. It was in support of this measure that Ambassador Hanihara addressed to Secretary Hughes his letter in which he made the unfortunate allusion to ‘grave consequences.’ This letter was sent by Secretary Hughes, a pronounced supporter of the proposed compromise, to the Senate, apparently with the thought that it would further the desired end.

The effect was the reverse. The Senate chose to construe the letter as a threat and found in it a reason or a pretext for the overwhelming rejection of the compromise.

Need the Senate have taken this attitude in deference to our national interests? The expression, ‘grave consequences,’ is one of a series including: ‘would regard as an unfriendly act,’ ‘could not view with indifference,’ and so forth — which, in the euphemistic language of diplomacy, have acquired a more or less technical meaning. I think, however, that no one experienced in diplomatic usage will claim that these expressions are equivalent. To ‘regard as an unfriendly act’ is a direct threat of war and must be followed by a declaration of war if the other country persists in the objectionable course. A statement that we ‘could not view with indifference’ means a very strong protest with war as a possibility, but it hardly necessitates an immediate declaration of war as an alternative or precludes another settlement. An allusion to ‘grave consequences,’ though serious, is a much milder term and by no means implies a threat of war.

Not only is this term milder and more vague, but it can hardly be said that this technical meaning debars the phrase from use in the looser, popular sense. It is obvious that very many relations between nations might be characterized as grave even when the

possibility of war was excluded. Thus the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods following the episode of ‘the twenty-one points’ was certainly a grave consequence. Nor is it too much to say that the situation already created by the action of Congress is to be thus characterized.

It is clear, therefore, that these words, whether used technically or popularly, did not necessarily imply a threat of war or of other unfriendly action on the part of the Japanese Government. They did imply, of course, deep resentment on the part of the Japanese people with whatever of inconvenience and loss that might entail. That was a foregone conclusion. Whether it meant more than this was to be inferred from the situation.

Now the situation was to a remarkable degree reassuring. There has, undoubtedly, long been a party in Japan which looks forward to the necessity, possibly even the desirability of eventual war with the United States; but there is reason to believe that this party has steadily lost ground in recent years. The Washington Conference with its cancellation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and other measures greatly lessened the power of Japan for such an offensive. On top of this came the earthquake, which for a considerable time virtually paralyzes Japan as a military nation. These, one and all, do not preclude the possibility of war between Japan and the United States, but they do postpone that possibility for a considerable period. Economic relations, in turn, amounting to little less than dependence, preclude any rational resort to other forms of hostility.

If Ambassador Hanihara, therefore, intended his message as a threat, it was peculiarly ill-timed and foolish. Japanese statesmen have rarely been open to this charge. In astuteness, ability to

size up the situation, and above all in self-control and ability to dissemble and bide their time they have few equals. It was therefore perfectly possible to construe this message in an innocent sense. Secretary Hughes, the equal perhaps of Heflin and Caraway, evidently so construed it. Possibly contact with Secretary Hughes misled the Ambassador into thinking that he represented the temper of the American people. He did not. The American people has drifted into an attitude of antipathy toward the Japanese and the Congressional sounding boards at Washington reverberate the antipathy. The call was for drastic action, however unnecessary and however unwise. The problem was to find the pretexts. The message could be made to serve the purpose and it was so used. We threw away, deliberately and consciously, the results of our finest diplomatic achievement since Roosevelt kept the Kaiser out of Venezuela; and we reopened the sorest international wound in our recent history. All for nothing.

It is claimed, of course, that the Gentleman's Agreement had been evaded. Does anybody think the exclusion law will not be evaded? that our Canadian and Mexican borders will be effectively policed? Does anybody think that a million Japanese settled across the Mexican border would be restrained by that international chalk-mark? Was Japanese official honor, probably the highest in the world, worth nothing as enlisted for our protection in the Gentleman's Agreement? One of the finest achievements of statesmanship is to lay the onus of action upon the other party, to enlist his sense of honor and moral responsibility on your side.

This achievement of Roosevelt we have wantonly sacrificed. Congress has failed disastrously to consider the 'imponderables.'

II

Thus far we have considered only the question of method. We now come to a far more vital question, race discrimination. This takes two forms — absolute exclusion of the non-white races, and unequal restriction as applied to the white race. Of the non-white we shall consider only the Japanese who alone have the organization and the alertness to make serious protest. We shall not quite forget, however, that back of Japan are other races, many fold more numerous and potentially more powerful, for whom the logic of events makes Japan, in a sense, the spokesman. What differences, relevant to our inquiry, exist between these races and the white races in whose favor we discriminate?

The assumption on both sides is that the difference is one of quality or capacity. The whites constantly imply if they do not assert their superiority, and the non-whites as constantly resent it. Passionate arguments against this assumption only bear witness to its reality and establish a presumption in its favor. Whoever heard of Englishmen arguing that they were the equal of Hindus, or resenting Tagore's claims in behalf of his race? While no measurement is possible and no criteria can be agreed upon or defined, we only make ourselves foolish by arguing for the equality of the races of men. Equal in God's sight if you will, but if this is so, then frankly that is one of the last points on which we are likely to come into sympathetic understanding with the Almighty.

But while we must recognize immense differences of attainment and presumably of potential capacity as between different races, it is by no means clear that the line is to be drawn between white and non-white. Not all the white races are of high capacity

nor all the non-whites feeble. The history of China and Japan, already a very long one, does not stamp them as inferior. England boasts that for over eight hundred years her island home has been inviolate. Japan, similarly situated and confronted by a far more powerful enemy, can boast an immunity three times as long. The Mongolian East was civilized and had its inimitable art and its aristocracy of letters when the Saxons were tending swine in sheepskin clothing. When we opened the door of Japan with complacent condescension, the interchange of amenities brought to our President beautiful specimens of gold lacquer, bronze, silver, porcelain, rolls of silk brocade and pongee, coral and silver ornaments and other articles innumerable, in return for our own gracious gifts to his Imperial Majesty, which included among other things a diminutive locomotive, a telegraph key and wire, a natural history of the State of New York, sixteen volumes of the Annals of Congress, Journal of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, two volumes of Lighthouse Reports, a barrel of whiskey with an assortment of other liquors, and *three ten cent boxes of tea*. A dozen other notables received more modest gifts in all of which whiskey figured largely. Speaking of national affronts, it must not be forgotten that Japan has had something to put up with.

If the relative showing at that time was not wholly flattering to us, I doubt if the subsequent period has redressed the balance. It is a period in which we have little occasion to be ashamed of our achievements, but even less has Japan. Very wonderful has been the Anglo-Saxon's progress and his peaceable adaptation to modern conditions during the last seventy years; but the record of the Japanese during the same period is one for which the Anglo-

Saxon can offer no counterpart at any period of his history.

We would better go slow, then, in provoking comparisons of capacity between ourselves and the Japanese. The facts cited are typical and relevant, nor do I know any counter facts to offset them. It is a matter both of fairness and of good policy to withdraw all insinuations or implications of Japanese inferiority. Judged by any common-sense standard, the white races as a whole are superior to the non-white, but there are whites who are less fit for American citizenship than the Japanese, and we have received such and are still receiving them into our fellowship.

The test is not capacity or superiority but assimilability. By this I do not mean ability to learn our ways, our habits of thought, and our ideals. There is no reason to doubt that the Japanese can become as good an American as the best in these respects. But can he cease to become Japanese and become one of us so that we shall not think of him as anything different or remember his origin any more than we remember our own ancestry of a few generations back? This is primarily a question of intermarriage. If he will marry us and we him, we shall forget. If not, not. This the white races do, though with unequal facility. The German or the Norwegian released from Ellis Island may not seem an eligible party, but no one draws the line at his son or daughter. In two or three generations at most the separate strain is lost and we are all Americans together.

But we do not wish to marry the Japanese and the Japanese are as little disposed to marry us. Procreation therefore perpetuates the race distinction instead of obliterating it. With extensive contact there would no doubt be some crossing of the line; but

most of it at the bottom of the social scale and thus of a nature to discredit the union. The lot of the Eurasians in the East or of the mulattoes with us is not one to commend their origin to right-thinking persons.

But why this necessity of assimilation if the Japanese can acquire our ideals and become loyal supporters of our institutions? Why can we not live in harmony side by side — distinct, yet united by a common loyalty to a common government? This question is very honestly asked by a certain number of the benevolently minded to whom the policy of exclusion is inherently distasteful. It is perhaps sufficient to reply that we are not very harmonious at best, that differences of opinion and clashes of interest are at all times threatening our peace and limiting our power of action, and that differences of any sort are constantly exploited by the spirit of faction. Even the temporary race-consciousness of our immigrant population, obliterated in a generation or two, is a grave political and social danger. What would it be if it were perpetual?

But in the case of the Japanese there is a far graver danger. The white races, broadly speaking, have reached a common solution of the problem of civilization. They differ widely in their standard of living and in innumerable details, but they seek well-being in fairly uniform ways and under similar conditions they work by similar methods toward similar ends.

Not so the Japanese. They have reached a very different solution of the great problem — a solution which is quite as satisfactory to them as ours to us and which may well be our envy and our despair. They have made far better terms with nature than we seem able to make, terms which permit them not only to live but to provide themselves with the elegances and refinements of a

very high civilization at a fraction of the cost which our method imposes upon us. If their standard of living were inferior to ours, they would quickly learn to prefer ours when brought in contact with it. But it is not inferior. It lacks much that we care for, but it has much that they care for and that ours lacks. In a word, they have hit upon a marvelously efficient and cheap way of getting high-grade results. This gives to their way of life a tenacity which a life of squalor and deprivation does not possess.

No doubt with prolonged contact even this difference would disappear. We should adopt their way of living or they ours or there would be a compromise between the two. But the two facts to be remembered are first, that we are dealing with a relatively permanent rather than a temporary race-consciousness; and second, that theirs is a tenacious rather than a willingly surrendered way of life. For both these reasons the disparity is likely to be long continued. For generations the Japanese would remain among us a peculiar people.

And during all this period, be it remembered, the odds would be overwhelmingly against us. They would make money where we should lose and would flourish where we should starve. The competition might be perfectly honorable, even considerate; but it would be not the less fatal to the dispossessed and disastrous to the social order.

It may be objected that this process of displacement is always going on, that the fit are always displacing the unfit and that philosophically considered it has its justification. This is true; but few realize how delicate is the adjustment required to permit the continuance of this wholesome process without disrupting society. Every society has its submerged tenth, its

margin of the inefficient that it is concerned to eliminate, but with the least possible disturbance to the social structure. Let the number become too great or the process too harsh, and society is at once confronted with a revolt which may prove its undoing. The rejected must be too few and too weak to be dangerous, too obviously unfit to inspire dangerous sympathies or futile efforts at rehabilitation. Exceed those limits in whatever manner, and you raise up against society an enemy against which the organism is incapable of protecting itself.

What may be expected to happen when the line is drawn between two races consciously distinct, and the losing race is in the majority? What prospect is there that a race as virile as our own, and perfectly capable of annihilating its rival by weapons ready to its hand, would submit to be peaceably dispossessed by economic forces so favorable to its opponent? The question has already been answered by the revolt of the Pacific Coast. It is well that the decision has come thus early when the result is assured without a struggle and with a minimum of cost. With a larger Japanese population on the Pacific Coast, race rivalry would have become race conflict with an inevitable appeal of the Japanese to the mother country for aid that could not and would not have been refused. If we want war with Japan, the sure way to get it is to open our doors to Japanese immigration.

Most of the foregoing holds with equal or greater force of other Asiatic peoples. Chinese and Hindus are even less assimilable than Japanese. They have less powerful backing and this makes their exclusion easier — but not less imperative. Our door is and must be closed to Asiatic immigration, to the immigration of the non-white, *id est*, the non-marriageable races.

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III

Turning to the white races the case is somewhat different. These are assimilable, though unequally and after a certain delay. At the head of the eligible list stand the English, who have the advantage of a common language. A close second stand the Nordics generally, — the Germans, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, — whose assimilability has long been demonstrated. There can be no question that the Mediterranean peoples become less quickly and less completely American than the Nordics, due in part to their different temperament but more to their different inheritance of political and social ideas. In marked contrast with these easily assimilable races stand the Jews, not because of inferiority or inherent defects but because they have managed, through all the vicissitudes of twenty troubled centuries, to obey too strictly the injunction: 'Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.' Something of race solidarity which is in part their choice and in part imposed upon them remains as an uneliminable obstacle to their assimilation.

Our policy of discrimination as applied to the white races is a pretty delicate matter. Our preference for the Nordics is undoubtedly justified, but among peoples as among individuals, the expression of these preferences needs to be tempered by discretion. The choice of the census of 1890 as the basis of our quota is probably less offensive than calling names; but it is entirely arbitrary and a very bold expression of Nordic preference. Perhaps no better method could have been devised, but it has glaring defects. It favors the English, but also the Irish — a matter for finite congratulation. If it excludes the Russian Jew, there is nothing to prevent the large German quota being entirely Jewish.

But this question of discrimination as between whites loses significance in the face of clear indications that it is a stepping-stone to complete exclusion. It is not so much the fact of restriction as its progressive character, not so much the decision as the increasing unanimity with which we have reached it, that counts. The previous quota of three per cent is reduced to two per cent, and this is reinforced by an absolute numerical limit. Exceptions have been abolished. It is amazing with what rapidity this new policy has developed. For years no restrictive measure could secure a majority in Congress. When finally voted it was vetoed; then vetoed again and passed over the veto; and now in this most drastic form it is voted with approximate unanimity. No one doubts the country's consent. What next? The tide may turn, but there is no sign of its turning. The prospect is for complete exclusion at an early date.

This is the momentous issue already referred to as more important than slavery or national union. Slavery was a domestic issue. It aroused the opposition of philanthropists, but it affected the life of the outside world but little. National union was perhaps of more interest, for upon it depended our weight in the council of nations. But neither of them approximated in international interest to this problem of immigration which our senators affirm to be 'a purely domestic question.' It is, on the contrary, the most obviously international of all our modern questions. The transfer of citizens from one allegiance to another is clearly a matter of joint concern.

For let us not forget, this policy is absolutely without precedent in the history of the world. There have been plenty of exclusions but not of this kind. There have been hermit nations like Japan and Korea that forbade all

intercourse with foreigners, punishing either entrance or exit with death. There have been attempts without number to expel undesirables and to attract desirables, all predicated upon the right which we now invoke of determining the kind of persons with whom we shall choose to live. But never before has a nation attempted exclusion under such conditions and for such ends as in the present instance.

Men everywhere tend to multiply to the limit of sustenance, and since that limit is a fluctuating one, a season of crop failure exposes them to famine. Increase, crop failure, and famine, this is the normal cycle of life for an incontinent people. The majority of mankind has always been and still is in that class. The constant background of history is a succession of these cycles. Where relations between nations are complex and confused as in Europe, the sequence is obscured, and famine and pestilence are more or less systematically commuted for their more merciful alternate — war. But in the record of a hermit country, such as was Japan for two centuries and a half, where war was excluded by organization and isolation, the cycle was repeated with monotonous regularity. Men thought of famine as we do of death, as a thing sure to come though you could not tell just when.

This equilibrium which we may fairly characterize as the normal lot of mankind has long been the condition in India and China where the efforts of philanthropy and science advance the fighting line but gain no permanent advantage. It was the condition in Europe throughout the Middle Ages, though here famine was more often commuted to war than in the East. It is true in Russia to-day.

But for the last two or three centuries a favored portion of humanity has been granted a suspension of sen-

tence, a suspension so long that it is mistaken for a permanent reprieve. During all these centuries of crowding and intermittent famine half the world was unknown and virtually unoccupied. Suddenly this empty world was discovered and appropriated by the more favorably situated of the old world peoples. They were slow to realize the advantage, and but a part availed themselves of it.

But to that limited part these discoveries brought an opportunity so vast that it changed for a time the fundamental laws of their being. As the barriers to occupancy were slowly broken down and the inertia of the situation overcome, all the pent up energies of the race were released and expansion proceeded unchecked. If the potato crop failed in Ireland, half Ireland moved overseas. If there was revolution in Germany, the defeated party came to America. If Russia persecuted her dissenters from the Orthodox faith, they found asylum in the new lands. Each year the movement became easier and the swelling tide increased. The new lands not only received the immigrants but sent back food to those who remained. Thus, while Europe was peopling a new world, she doubled her population at home. And still famine remained afar; the ban upon increase seemed lifted. Nature seemed even to have put a premium upon it. Coinciding, as the movement did, with a vast series of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions, and favored of necessity for a time by the law of increasing returns, increase of population has for a century connoted an increase in well-being. Superficial thinking has been quick to throw the time-honored philosophy into the discard and grasp the proffered optimism. Nature is not niggardly but bountiful; famine is not necessary and therefore it is disgraceful, a concomi-

tant of savagery and sloth. Thus a contributor to the *Boston Transcript* makes the confident assertion that, when our population reaches the figure of two billions, there will be more food per capita than now and we shall just be beginning to be comfortable.

This comfortable optimism leads to many agreeable conclusions. The notion that there is pressure of population in Europe is a myth. If Belgium imports four fifths of her food why can't the rest of them do it? Why can they not house as many as they have standing-room for? The sufficient safeguard against famine is enterprise, thrift, civilization. The numerous population of Europe is not a source of hardship or danger. It is an advantage — a source of strength. This may sound a little extreme, as is wont to be the case when we formulate into definite propositions those vague assumptions to which we commit ourselves under the lead of interest and predilection. But left in their usual hazy and subconscious form they form one of the major premises of our modern psychology. Their significant corollary is that we inflict no hardship by restricting immigration. We may admit aliens if we please, as we may admit strangers to our homes; but we are equally free to exclude them and may do so without injury and without compunction.

Meanwhile the old world, in its turn, has developed a psychology equally abnormal, born of the situation. The peoples of Europe have been accustomed for centuries to find in emigration a refuge from famine, persecution, and misgovernment. If you cannot get a job or a piece of land in Europe, go and settle in America. If you are too old to go, send you son and let him send back his earnings for you to live on. If you are unreconciled to your government, go where there is a better one or one more pliable to your will. If

you are persecuted or ostracized for your religious opinions, go where religion is a matter of private choice. Precept and practice have united in enforcing this philosophy — a philosophy endorsed by none more completely than by ourselves. Under this philosophy, the very antithesis of the stolid fatalism of static societies, the world has become fluid and dynamic. This enormous privilege of expansion, abnormal and temporary though it certainly is, has been of such scope and duration as to be mistaken for a permanent condition. This privilege of migration, almost unrestricted for three hundred years, has inevitably acquired in the popular mind the character of a natural and inalienable right.

To further complicate our problem, these empty lands, while as yet they were but beginning to be filled, have passed largely under the control of a single people, themselves largely supplanters of rivals earlier in possession. The Spaniard still has a feeble mestizo hold on a large part of his original possession; but the most and best of the American continent, with nearly all of its mineral resources, as well as the whole of New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, are in Anglo-Saxon possession. This is more than half the white man's land of the world and more than two thirds of the territory available for further settlement. To much of this the French and Spanish had an equal or prior claim. They lost it chiefly because of restriction or discrimination in connection with immigration. The Spanish favored Spaniards; the French would have none but Catholics. But the Anglo-Saxon, despite local intolerance in some of his settlements, has welcomed everybody. The Anglo-Saxon policy has been an open-door policy. His achievements in the way of assimilation have been simply colossal. From every part of Europe have come

throng with their babel of tongues, their diversities of practice and belief, all to become in due season fairly standardized Americans, speaking a more or less intelligible American dialect and measurably devoted to the country and the flag.

And here again this open-door policy has become to the popular mind a part of the constitution of nature, a natural right. What else does it mean when European and Japanese denounce our exclusion policy as unjust? They are as confident of their right to enter as we are of our right to keep them out, and all for the very good reason that they have so long enjoyed the privilege. Let the public make a thoroughfare through your premises for a sufficient number of years and you cannot close it. You have created a public highway. Europe has enjoyed this privilege since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and privilege has hardened into right.

I am not defending this view. I am merely noting its existence. We have a head-on collision between two instinctive assertions of natural right. We are colliding, too, at a moment when the opposing forces are at their maximum of energy. The static mood has well nigh disappeared. The world is on the move. Never was the desire to migrate so general or the need so urgent as now. It is at such a time that we decide to close our gates, against Asiatics wholly, and against Europeans in major part. Thousands are waiting at the border, ready for the midnight rush when the ban is briefly lifted, and steamers are counting seconds in their race across the line. Foreign governments are clamoring for consideration for their nationals and threatening reprisals. But we sit complacently deaf.

There are reasons and good ones for what we are doing. The best reason of all is the desire that the Anglo-Saxon in

his true character, undiluted and unperturbed, shall inherit these lands and give his incomparable guidance to our developing world. It is an ideal to be boldly avowed. The best chance to make this an orderly world, a prosperous and peaceable world, is to make it an Anglo-Saxon world. Let those of other view act according to their conviction, but let us act according to our own. Every foot of soil that we control we hold in trust for that world of the future whose very flesh and blood is to be determined by our holding. It is a great trust and the end in view is worth any hazard.

But let us not be blind to the hazard. It is a fighting proposition that confronts us. The world will not tamely relinquish the prize that we withhold. The Anglo-Saxon still has room, enormous room, which others need and covet. Australia has a population of one and a half to the square mile, Canada two and a half, the United States 32, Europe (as a whole) 110, Italy 326, Japan 376, and England 649. Will these peoples acquiesce unresistingly in so unequal a division of the good things of the earth? Yes, if they must; not otherwise. There will be lip service to our doctrine that immigration is a purely domestic question, but it will be in recognition of our power, not of our right. The country is ours, we say. Well, we got here first. If we can hold it against later comers it will be ours; but our right will be the right of the strong. Against any ethical claim that we may assert, they can oppose another quite as good and one to them far more apparent.

I do not wish to imply that other nations will declare war upon us on this issue. Europe will not force open our

gates as she did the gates of China, or as we did the gates of Japan. The conditions at present are unfavorable to such a course and grant us a deceptive immunity. Moreover the excluded peoples have other weapons in their armory, of which they have more than once made effective use. But the issue is a fighting issue and it engenders the fighting mood, a mood which may conceivably make the peaceable settlement of other issues impossible. The reaction of Japan to our decision is significant. An exceptionally friendly attitude has been suddenly followed by an attitude of bitter hostility. Whatever the possibilities of the new policy, it does not make for peace or fellowship. Our reputation as a refuge for the oppressed and a home of the free, though somewhat a matter of jest, was still an asset and an asset which we have now sacrificed. We enter upon a more difficult period of international relations, a period of increased contacts and lessened sympathies.

To summarize briefly. Restriction of immigration with total exclusion of Asiatics has become necessary if American development is to continue along our chosen lines. But exclusion is not a purely domestic problem nor does it rest upon an obvious natural right. Interests and instincts are sharply opposed and we shall not make away with the prize unchallenged. It is the most difficult thing we have ever tried to do, a thing fraught with great danger. We have no sufficient consciousness of these difficulties and these dangers. We are prodigal of the world's good-will and reckless of its hostility. We must be wise as well as strong if we are to escape 'grave consequences.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LIMERICK

THE limerick's is indeed a happy fate — or at least it has been so up to the present. Serious-minded critics have been so afraid of lowering their dignity that they have never thoroughly discussed it. But — alas, poor limerick! — it shall no longer be allowed to rest in peace. Its pedigree, growing steadily larger every moment, cries out to be chronicled, and, pitiless of the limerick's personal feelings, I shall emblazon its history — not so dark by half as many believe — upon these pages.

Limerick is the name of a city, of a county, and of a diocese in Ireland. You will probably object to being told such a universally known fact, but there is ample reason for mentioning it here, as it has given rise to much dispute among those rare scholars who have dedicated a few moments to the verse form of the same name. J. H. Murray states that there has long been a song in Ireland, whose elaborate refrain is built on the question, 'Will you come up to Limerick?' And he further says that the stanza form of this song is identical with that of Lear's limerick.

Well and good. But the *Encyclopædia Britannica* upsets that apple-cart by impertinently contradicting Mr. Murray, saying that his Irish song does not resemble Lear's limerick in the least.

You may say, 'Why don't you read the song yourself, and settle the matter?' but that question, unfortunately, is as easily answered as asked. The song must forever be consigned to the limbo of the unpublished, for Mr. Murray says it is endless, and of extremely

doubtful moral character. Now my personal inclinations command me to steer clear of two scholars when they meet in battle. Therefore let us consider the source of the limerick and of its name as two more riddles of the Sphinx, awaiting only an Œdipus to solve them — and he will most certainly have to be an Irishman.

On the other hand, there can be no dispute that some of the earliest limericks come from the Mother Goose rhymes. Truly that is a noble birth-place, which no verse form should disdain. And in the country of nursery rhymes the limerick is king. Numerous verse forms far more distinguished can claim no such honor. How many, for instance, can produce an early ancestor so charming to a dieted man as this Mother Goose rhyme: —

There was an old man of Tobago
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this: —
'To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go.'

'Far and few, far and few' are forms richer in food for the mystic. Only the deepest clairvoyant, the most confirmed opium-eater, the profoundest alchemist, could extract from lines like these their hidden but golden significance: —

So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.
Feedum, fiddledum, fee.

Very justly have such words been clothed in legend with magic potency, and the Mother Goose limericks are rife with such magic.

Furthermore, the limerick showed itself to be a true supporter of freedom, even at its outset. Not only do we find

in the Mother Goose limericks the usual triple-beat metre of 'There was an old man of Tobago,' but also many variations, of which there is room to give only the most unusual:—

Pitty Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt!
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

The Mother Goose rhymes, however, cannot be assigned any definite date. And heretofore the serious-minded critics mentioned above have, by their indifference to the limerick, overlooked the first one ever published. It has been printed twice before: once in Michael East's *Second Set of Madrigals to 3 4 and 5 parts: apt for Viols and Voices*, 1606; and again in Fellowes's *English Madrigal Verse*, Oxford, 1920; but never previous to now has it been recognized as the first dated limerick.

O metaphysical tobacco,
Fetched as far as from Morocco,
Thy searching fume
Exhales the rheum,
O metaphysical tobacco!

The honor of writing the first signed poem in limerick form must be added to the already overlaid Robert Herrick. Of this poem, the 'Night-piece: To Julia,' the last stanza is peculiarly beautiful.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The record of the limerick lies buried in shade as deep as that of Hades for two hundred and more years after Herrick wrote his 'Night-piece: To Julia.' Who can tell to what great heights it rose, or to what vast depths it fell, during that gaping void of years? History keeps quieter than the tomb. At all events, the limerick reappears about 1810 with the *Irish Melodies* of

Thomas Moore. In the well-known songs, 'The Young May Moon,' 'The Time I've Lost in Wooing,' and 'I Can No Longer Stifle,' each stanza is formed of two limericks.

We find the limerick next in the verse of Leigh Hunt, who uses the form in a 'Song to Ceres,' given in Emerson's *Parnassus*, though not to be found elsewhere under covers, even in the bibliography of Hunt's work given in the Oxford edition. This perhaps accounts for its not having been mentioned in other essays on the limerick. Hunt also wrote in 1830 a series of humorous limericks on the poet Galt, but they are not nearly so worthy of quotation as the 'Song to Ceres,' one of whose stanzas is as excellent poetry as any of Hunt's I know.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,
And Toil that sleeps his cart in,
Brown Exercise,
The ruddy and wise,
His bathed forelocks parting.

The next limerick really begins the history of the form as we generally know it. That is the well-known 'There was a young man of St. Kitts,' which had a wide circulation in the English university circles about 1834.

Beyond this point, there is a steady, consecutive growth, from Lear to the present day. Who, again I ask, can tell to what vast depths the limerick may fall, or to what great heights it may rise, not far in the future? But no! as I live in a practical age, I must be practical in this history, by limiting it to the past.

Returning to Lear: as everyone knows, he was the limerick's earliest champion. His first *Book of Nonsense*, issued in 1846, marks the transition in

the history of the limerick from the prehistoric stage, where relics are few and insufficient, to the historical, where there is a blaze of glory shining on the record. Here is a limerick which surely possesses a vivid beauty; who would guess from his other works that Lear ever wrote thus: —

There was a Young Lady of Tyre,
Who swept the loud chords of a lyre;
At the sound of each sweep
She enraptured the deep,
And enchanted the city of Tyre.

Dear me, how very unobservant I am!
I shall have to withdraw my compliment, for, as Lear's illustration shows, the Young Lady was using a broom!

Here is another limerick of Lear's: —

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!'

with the 'Nonsense Rhyme in Blank Verse,' which it inspired in W. S. Gilbert: —

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;
When they said, 'Does it hurt?'
He replied, 'No, it does n't,
But I thought all the while 't was a hornet.'

Next we find that the limerick seems to be the favorite verse form of artists. Of the painters known to have written limericks only a few are Whistler, Rossetti, and Du Maurier. The last, besides succeeding very well in writing limericks in French, composed a classic in English, — of a sort, — which I recommend to all Americanization propagandists: —

I am gai, I am poet. I dwell
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.
And I sing tra-la-la,
And I love me mamma,
And the English, I speak him quite well.

After this are the serious poems in limerick form which have come to my attention. Kipling used a strange

variant of the usual limerick in 'The Peace of Dives,' and even stranger varieties in other poems. So unusual they are that few, I suppose, recognize them as limericks, and none have — to my knowledge — mentioned such notice in writing.

In future generations, enlightened by the renewal of vision, men will regard Carolyn Wells as the ideal rebel against the materialism of our time, in the most important limericks that are being written to-day. For, scorning the narrowness of a zoölogy book, she creates with true poetic imagination a new and gorgeous animal-world of her own: —

The Lollipopossum, it seems,
Is made out of chocolate creams.
He hangs by his tail
From a bough or a rail,
And he has most remarkable dreams.

Likewise she is the leading writer of those limericks which attain great suggestiveness by spelling words in remarkable fashion, on the analogy of other words similarly pronounced. I forbear giving an example from her work, as I consider that the masterpiece of this type appeared long ago in the *Harvard Lampoon*: —

An amorous M. A.
Says that Cupid, the C. D.,
Does n't cast for his health,
But is rolling in wealth —
He's the John Jacob-B. H.

Reader, is your tongue straightened out yet? Then let us proceed. Would that I might, in closing, give you a wide selection from popular anonymous limericks, great numbers of which are part and parcel of our daily speech. You would there see, for the first time perhaps, the prototypes in limerick form of moss-grown tales that you have heard over the boards of every vaudeville house, that you have read in the pages of every comic magazine. You would weep with sheer delight at seeing

so many old friends joined in a reunion. But alas! two facts prevent me from giving you this delight: the majority of these beloved brethren are too disreputable in their morals to gain admittance to this magazine; and the others are so numerous that any selection would be grossly unfair, incomplete, and arbitrary. How could I slight the feelings of so many boon companions of my youth? No, it would never do. I shall end, rather, by indicating the balms for afflicted mortals that are found in limericks. Have you vague suspicions of approaching baldness? Then comfort yourself by the pathetic verses of Gelett Burgess: —

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

Does excessive modesty make you redden at every ambiguous remark? Turn for consolation to this famous limerick, by an unknown though certainly illustrious writer: —

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say:
'Now hoist up the top-sheet and spanker.'

There are endless other panaceas I could give you from the recipe book of the limerick, but unfortunately for my benevolence, this magazine is not equally endless. It is fitting, however, for me to close with a remedy appropriate to my own troubles. If, like me, you belong to the great army of the ugly and unashamed, — as I hope from a spirit of comradeship you do, — you will join with former President Wilson and myself in treasuring this limerick of Richard Burton's: —

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face — I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.

ON THE PERSONALITY OF OUR POSSESSIONS

THERE can be no gainsaying the fact that the neighbors, in Congress assembled, have voted our family slightly queer. It is not that we 'put on airs'; that we dress in an eccentric manner; that we speak in accents strange; or that our lives are any less well-ordered than theirs. Oh no, it is none of these offenses against the well-established social standards of a New England town. The whole affair may be summed up in a simple statement: —

We have named our lawn mower Gideon!

A seemingly unimportant matter, this, but what a difference in viewpoint it represents! To us, Gideon is a cheerfully and helpfully pugilistic person who, shouting his battle-slogan, sallies forth once a week to quell the upstart ranks of grass who are mobilizing for a rebellion. To our neighbors, Gideon is — a lawn mower; and he is nothing more.

Perhaps even Gideon might be forgiven us, if he were all; but the fact is, as I can hear them protest, —

'They have names for everything, even the electric toaster!'

It is true. We have. And in the eyes of our neighbors, therefore, we are 'queer.' In this particular respect they consider us morons; we have never quite outgrown the infinitely childish practice of naming our possessions. This fact modifies their respect for our opinions. It makes no difference how learned and enlightened we may appear in our discussion of religion, politics, gardening, or modern poetry — they mentally shake their heads and remain unconvinced. We have a lawn mower named Gideon.

Of course they admit that it is perfectly proper to name the family cats, provided always that one remain true

to orthodox titles like Thomas, Tabitha, Fluffy, or Nigger. If one desires to deviate a bit, perhaps even Buddy or Skipper are permissible; but when one departs to such nomenclature as Boswell, Eli, Boadicea, Huckleberry Finn, or Señor Don Alonzo Estaban San Salvador, — this last as applied to a small blue-eyed scrap of a Maltese kitten, — really, is n't it going a bit too far? And as for the outlandish practice of identifying the feathered denizens of the poultry-house by such names as Oliver, Harry, Walter, Ben Hur, Prunella, Elizabeth, and Martha — it is quite unspeakable!

But, worst of all, they point out, is this naming of things — *inanimate objects*! One day my sister, in displaying some snapshots, turned to one entitled 'Alice and Annabel.' Yes, there was Alice, right enough, but —

'Where is Annabel?' politely inquired our guest.

'Oh, don't you see?' my sister replied ingenuously; 'Annabel is the tree beside which Alice is standing.'

A look of blankness swept over our friend's face.

'Oh, I see,' she faltered.

But plainly her mental vision was obscured, even when we pointed out to her our slender, lissome Annabel. To us, it would be little short of sacrilege to speak of Annabel as 'that maple tree in the front yard.' To our friend any other designation was impossible.

It is the same way with Othello, our plump, jolly little air-tight wood stove; with Araminta, the comforting, motherly, hot-water bottle; with Adelaide and Galahad, the sturdy, dependable oil-heaters; with David, the dignified elm tree; with Honza, my friendly violin; with Barnum and Bailey, our two shimmering goldfishes; with ponderous, verbose Doctor Johnson, the typewriter; and with a host of other possessions.

Oh yes — we may be queer, even silly. But how else can you treat your friends? They are so indispensable and they all radiate such diverse, but sympathetic and jovial personalities. I would no sooner think of leaving them unnamed than the family next door would consider allowing the new baby to grow up without appellation. Oh yes, our lawn mower's name is Gideon and, according to the lights of our matter-of-fact neighbors, we may be queer. And yet — I wonder!

'AMERICA FOR AMERICANS'

SOMETIMES, especially of late years, a Canadian who happens to be domiciled in the United States has a momentary image of himself as a man without a country, or rather, without a continent; he experiences much the same symptoms as Mr. Leacock associates with the sartorial disease of *fractura suspendorum*, or broken suspenders — a sinking feeling accompanied by a sense of loss. For he listens to Senator X's announcement that 'America' will or will not intervene in Europe; he learns how Representative Y thinks 'America' ought to improve Mexico; he sees moving-pictures of an Olympic hockey match in which Canada beat 'America'; he reads of what 'America' is doing for Christ in the financial report of the Southern Baptist Church; he hears, with concern for dear ones in Ontario and Saskatchewan, that Kansas reformers hope to carry a bill in Washington to banish cigarettes from 'America.'

Everywhere, in conversation, in newspapers, in books, 'America' means the United States; Canada as an integral part of the continent does not seem to exist in the average 'American' mind — not to mention the spacious tract named South America. And this habit is not confined to the duller classes;

Professor Sherman, for instance, writes a book of brilliant essays on aspects of life and letters in the United States, and entitles it *The Genius of America*.

This little article is not meant to stir up war; it is only a modest inquiry into the mysteries of nomenclature and mental habit and perhaps patriotism. Canada has eight million people or so, and the United States something over a hundred million, and the relative importance of the two countries is, at present, in about the same proportion. But in a few generations the disparity may be rather less, and even now Canadians may feel a certain good-humored reluctance to resign their share of the continent to a great neighbor. After all, Canada occupies quite a respectable strip of territory, and, on the map, which, like the grave, levels all distinctions, it is certainly half of America.

There is of course a difficulty in such a name as 'United States.' However inspiring in itself, for rhetorical and adjectival purposes it is clumsy. When on Independence Day a Congressman or Chautauqua orator runs his hands through his hair and cries 'What is America's answer?' the effect on patriotic bosoms is vastly more thrilling than 'What is the United States's answer?' And you can't thump yourself (or somebody else) on the chest and say, 'I'm a hundred-per-cent United Stateser,' or, 'I speak United Statesish' — which last, as someone has said, sounds like the housemaid mopping the front steps. With the adjective American, as applied to men and things of the United States, one probably can't quarrel; it seems unavoidable — since Mr. Mencken's circumlocutions are too long for daily use. Yet it is rather odd that while an Englishman or a Frenchman or a Dutchman is a European, a Canadian or a Mexican or a Brazilian cannot call himself an

American (much less a hundred-per-cent American) without being quite misunderstood. As for the noun America, as synonymous with the United States, that cannot be justified at all, for the book of books has laid it down that a part is not equal to a whole.

Many good people in the United States have some astonishing notions about Canada. I have talked to some — voters — who knew that Queen Victoria now reigns in Montreal, the national capital; as citizens of a free country, they felt a little sorry for me, one of many ground under the heel of despotism. One widespread delusion, nourished by the movies and the red-blooded school of fiction, represents all Canada as a wilderness of ice and snow, where virile American heroes, in the Canadian business suit of furs, revolvers, and snowshoes, breathe husky and virile proposals into the fur earlappers of pure, ardent, courageous heroines, in the great silences of the North Country, under the Northern Lights and the malignant eyes of a lynx crouching in a tree. A young woman from Georgia once gurgled with delighted fear at the thought of my driving through the Canadian woods. It was vain to protest that I had never driven anything wilder than a Buick, that I had never seen gray wolfish shapes gliding among the tree trunks — that was only the modesty of a strong, silent man. She loved me for the dangers I had passed, and I — well, what average male of sedentary pursuits would rudely insist on destroying a gushing damsel's picture of himself as a strong, silent man?

But when individual Canadians achieve fame in the United States, 'America' takes them warmly to her heart and appropriates them henceforth as Americans. Sir William Osler was, and Llewellys Barker is, 'the great American medical authority.' Bliss

Carman appears in Mr. Untermeyer's anthology of American verse. How many readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* are aware of the Canadian origin of such typical American figures as the following, who, in various ways, adorn or have adorned the American scene: Franklin K. Lane, Jacob Gould Schurman, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, Willard Mack, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins, Frank L. Packard, Charles G. D. Roberts, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, George Pattullo, Alan Sullivan, Maud Allan, Elinor Glyn? Distinguished Canadian professors, if professors mattered, might be enumerated by the hundred; they infest practically every American college. Some celebrities who remain in Canada preserve their national roots intact, at least partly. I have seen Mr. Leacock's contributions to the gayety of nations welcomed in American literary and college journals as emanating from 'Magill University, Toronto' — as who should say 'Harbard University, New Haven.'

However, Canada is growing more familiar to citizens of the United States. Thanks to prohibition, hospitable Quebec has become the oracle of Bacchus for thousands of pious pilgrims, from Maine to California; and all summer long, motorists speeding along the northern side of Lake Ontario and the

St. Lawrence begin to ask, soon after leaving Toronto, 'How far is it to Montreal?'

The web of Canadian life is highly colored by American influence. There are some real, and countless surface, similarities of tone and temper, both good and bad. We suffer the familiar maladies of 'American' civilization, though in a less aggravated form. Our breakfast food comes from Battle Creek, a portion of our intellectual food from Hollywood, another portion from New York. Canada, as the weaker vessel, naturally receives much more than it gives, and is not wholly blessed thereby. But in spite of the apparent identity of Canada and the United States in their ways of life and thought, Canada in its civilization is not merely the most northern state in the Union. Canada has a distinct individuality, which Canadians feel, and feel deeply.

This Canadian quality has not got into literature very much, but it is beginning to; and there is a real and not insignificant school of Canadian painters.

So, with much that is 'American,' and much that is English, and much that is its own, that part of America which is Canada might well join an Anti-Lucy-Stone League of Nations and gently insist on sharing its better-half's name.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

John Fletcher Moulton was born in 1844. Educated at Cambridge, he was honored as Senior Wrangler and on 'going down' to London, became a Barrister of the Middle Temple. He received his baronetcy in 1912 and in that year became a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Chairman of the Committee on High Explosives at the outbreak of the war, he subsequently was appointed Director General of Explosive Supplies, in which capacity he rendered distinguished service. Officially and otherwise, Lord Moulton was a happy conversationalist and a most felicitous speaker. Singular as it may seem his speech as here given was impromptu and no changes whatever have been made in the printed text. ¶The journal of **Edward A. Wieck** pictures industrial relations at the rock-bottom in so fair, manly, and trustworthy a manner as to confide us of their ultimate adjustment. **Dhan Gopal Mukerji**, who returned to his Bengal home after western wanderings, listened there with unaccustomed astonishment to the expressions of the younger and older generations of India.

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Following his graduation from Harvard in 1922, **Douglas Burden** made his way through the jungles of Indo-China and the Vale of Kashmir, collecting family groups of big game for the American Museum of Natural History. For others like ourselves, who can easily confuse a markhor with a red-headed parrot, we quote the following definitions.

Markhor: a goat of the mountains of northwestern India, reddish-brown in summer, gray in winter, having a black beard and enormous spiral horns.

Ibex: one of the various wild goats of the genus *Capra*. The European or Alpine ibex, or steinbok, is about two and one-half feet high, with horns curved backward, transversely ridged in front, and above two feet long in the male. It lives above the snow-

line during the day, descending at night to graze. *Capra sibirica* of the Himalayas, with smoother and more divergent horns, curved inward at the tips, is a smaller species.

A versatile chemical engineer, **Arthur D. Little**, by means of professional foresight, has given us entertaining little look-offs into a near and dazzling future. **Una Ellis-Fermor** is an English poet, now at the University of London, who sends her first contribution to the *Atlantic*. **Ernest Poole**, novelist of distinction, has recorded a tale such as one might hear from the lips of a wandering exile, so honest is its quality of Russian character and atmosphere. ¶Many readers of **Sarah N. Cleghorn's** '1995' will wish to change places with their great grandchildren. For us, we accept our own lot and time with a new complacency.

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That the world still offers chances such as **Robert M. Macdonald**, adventurer and Australian prospector, describes will be pleasing news to most Americans. **Alexander McAdie** is director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard at Readville, Massachusetts. For many years **Amory Hare** has been sending to the *Atlantic* poems beautifully interpretive of nature's mood. In this number her 'Lyrics,' of a somewhat different imagery, are marked each by its single vivid impression. ¶Ever since the reign of King Cole, the fiddler has been beloved — though whether as the Lord's or the Devil's disciple who shall say? We find **Paul Green's** answer very appealing. **Alice and Irene Lewisohn**, patrons of the Neighborhood Play House, have followed the Little Theatre movement far afield. Their experiences and their unusually dramatic criticisms were taken from their picturesque letters. **W. O. Stoddard Jr.**'s account of Jonah draws a just line between jocularly and satire. Mr. Stoddard's father was private secretary to President Lincoln.

For fifteen years Samuel Guy Inman has traveled extensively and continuously in Latin America. With an array of trenchant observations Mr. Inman has taken a very strong position against the 'ever-broadening imperialism' of the United States. William Worth Hall's study of the oil industry and international politics is written not from casual observation but from six months of thorough and professional research. A far sighted student of national policy, H. H. Powers has added moral weight and heavy responsibility to a phrase and an enactment which have been too lightly appreciated in recent months.

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There are times when the concentration of an umbrella, say, is highly to be desired.

CHANGSHA, CHINA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your January number was probably read in a number of queer and out-of-the-way places; but it is my belief that none of the circumstances can equal those under which that magazine was devoured on the twenty-first day of February, in a third-class car of the Canton-Hankow Railway.

Notice, please, that I not only mentioned the railway line but also make mention of the fact that I was in a third-class car. It is almost a hopeless task to explain just what that means. If you've ever been third class on a Chinese train you know something about it. If you have n't, it is very difficult to make you visualize it. My personal opinion is that the Canton-Hankow line is the worst in China. The third-class coaches on this division of the Chinese Government Railways are what might be called 'glorified freight cars.' The expression is hardly adequate because it implies rather too much. The 'glorification' amounts to cutting about a dozen holes in the sides of the cars to be used as windows, and putting benches along the walls, with double benches running down the centre of the car. Over each bench is a shelf, about eighteen inches from the top of the car. These are presumably for baggage. The rack in the middle is about three feet wide. At each end of the car is a door, leading into the next car, while in the middle of each side is a wide sliding door which provides the main avenue of ingress and egress for the car.

In the winter time, when the car is unheated and drafty, and the roof leaks, and the windows are shut and the atmosphere reeks, it bears but little resemblance to any parlor car you have ever seen. And after all, you ought to take into consideration the fellow travelers who are apt to

swarm into the car. Knowledge of the mysteries of bacteriology is possessed by none. Cuspidors are unknown. And — but what's the use? The place becomes what you might call 'thick.'

On the twenty-first of this month I was on the train, undergoing the twenty-five hours of travel which are required to complete the 225 miles of this trip. The car was as full as usual. The train when in motion, which was little enough of the time, swayed and rattled and jolted along at the breakneck speed of about ten miles per hour. Garlic, cheap tobacco, and the evident need of baths all around made free breathing rather difficult. Down at one end of the car a mother, dressed in blue coat and trousers, was nursing her young son who was still gay in the red suit which he was wearing in celebration of the lunar New Year. Sitting on the end of a bench, gazing pensively out of the open door, was a gray-clad soldier, shoeless, but bulging with his three or four padded coats. He nudged the farmer next to him, borrowed his cigarette holder, took a box of matches from the lap of a satin-gowned merchant across from him, and gravely lit up. The train jerked and halted to a stop and the air became filled with cries and curses as passengers near the ends of the car tried to fight their way through the crowd between them and the door, while a pushing, fighting mob attempted to force its way in at the same time.

Was I being crushed under foot, buffeted about, dug with elbows and crushed by the ubiquitous bedding-rolls? I was not. In calm unconcern I glanced up a moment, gave an interested look or two at the fray, and returned to a perusal of 'A Conversation with Cornelia.' When the scene was reenacted at the next station, I gave it hardly more than a cursory glance, for I was deeply engrossed by the doings of the wily Sam. But lest you conclude that I must be either a liar or deaf-and-dumb, or both, permit me to explain the secret of this remarkable power of concentration. I was lying on my own unrolled bedding in the centre baggage-rack. The tumult and the shouting rose and died. The coolies and the soldiers departed and were succeeded by others of like kind. Tea was gulped and gurgled and the floor became unspeakable. But the *Atlantic Monthly* and I were above all that, and nothing disturbed us but the conductor and his five armed guards and two announcers who came for tickets and dragged me out of the fourth assembly of the League of Nations.

D. C. SMITH.

* * *

We imagine that the adage, 'Where there's a Will, there's a Way,' assisted

Elizabeth C. Adams's article in offering encouragement to these two readers and others who may share a resembling fortune.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Only a few months ago you printed a very sane and helpful article entitled 'The Will to Love.' Since that time there has come into my life an experience which has led me to realize the great necessity of having a will *not* to love.

A few years ago I was called upon to live through a great tragedy — that of seeing my husband infatuated with another woman — and finally marrying her. I then felt, that, had I been in his place and found myself infatuated with another — I surely would have made every effort to control my affections, and have exercised my will *not* to love.

Now I myself am being put to the test! It is my duty to exercise my will, *not* to love; for rather suddenly I found myself really in love with one who, I believed, reciprocated my feelings. I have since learned that it is my dearest friend (who often makes her home with me) whom he really loves. It came to me as a real shock and is the more difficult to bear because circumstances demand that I entertain them frequently in my home, and of necessity am a witness to their happiness. It is only because I am making every effort to meet the test as I believe every man and woman should meet it, that I am able to keep out of three lives, the unhappiness which would result were I not willing to exercise my will 'not to love.'

SUSAN M. WEEKS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May the wife of the Will that is loved greet the author of 'The Will to Love,' and tell her that her article has been responsible for at least one exceedingly happy marriage?

Will and I have been friends from childhood. He tells me that when he was still in short trousers he used to include in his nightly prayer the petition that he might grow up to be worthy to marry me. However, though we were closely associated all through school and college days, our paths afterward led far apart, and we did not marry. In the years since then, he has been more or less in love with several women, but has never gone so far as marriage. I, on the contrary, was married in war time to a young scientist of unusual promise, and peculiarly sweet and radiant personality. The sacrifice of his life was one of the costliest that the war-monster demanded. He never saw our little son.

For nearly four years my boy and I have carried on, as cheerily as might be, together. Each year at Christmas-time has come 'Uncle

Will,' from a distant city, and each year the small boy has welcomed him more joyously, and crept closer to his heart. After the Christmas visit this year, the thought of our old love, and the possibility of bringing old hopes to fulfillment, arose. We discussed the matter pro and con, but, neither of us feeling quite certain that the past had left us enough to offer each other, and our distance apart making it impossible to further test out our personal reaction, we had about decided to abandon the idea.

Then, in the February *Atlantic*, came 'The Will to Love.' It impressed us both profoundly. Will wrote: 'It has set my mind operating in a new groove. I am eager to give the theory an immediate trial. As I understand it, we are making a wager with fate that we can deliberately enter into the marriage relationship and make a success of it, in spite of the fact that circumstances have kept us physically apart for many years, so that we have no way of knowing from recent experience just how, without some voluntary control, we shall react upon one another in daily contact. It may seem like a wild leap in the dark, but I should not propose it if I did not have high hope that it will ultimately lead to much real happiness for both of us.'

We were married late in February. It took less than a day of married life to show us how beautifully complete our response to each other really was. A few weeks later my husband said that he believed he loved me at least four times as much as when he had asked me to marry him. As to the little boy, who has found at last a living meaning for the name 'Daddy,' and the childless man who has opened wide his heart in welcome, I cannot imagine a finer happiness than has come to both of them, and to me because of their mutual joy.

Will carefully laid aside a copy of our marriage service with the February *Atlantic*. 'There,' he said, 'are the constitution and the by-laws.'

H. W. W.

* * *

Mr. Masterman may have forgotten the Scot's pride in the right not the might of Englishry.

DENISON, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I be permitted to take exception to a statement appearing in your current issue? Mr. Masterman speaks of the Scottish race 'which we (Englishmen) once conquered by the sword.'

As far as final results are concerned, the term 'conquered' is equally inapplicable to both England and Scotland during their centuries of warfare. A permanent peace was established in

1603 by what was technically the annexation of England by the assumption of the English Crown by James the Sixth of Scotland after the death of 'that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory.'

On two separate occasions the English (I use the word in its restricted sense) repudiated the Scottish kings, but in both cases reverted to the Stuart dynasty. To-day His Britannic Majesty, George the Fifth, derives his right to the British throne from his descent from the Scottish Stuarts.

R. D. D. IRVINE.

* * *

From one Victim to another.

MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read, with intense hope, the 'victim's case' of the American Malady in the April *Atlantic*, but alas — she merely mentions the finding of the 'Source of Joy,' and she does not tell us what it is. I wonder if there would not be a large number of persons to acclaim her if only she would give us the treatment as frankly as the diagnosis.

May I ask if one must wait ten years for the vision? I have spent about half that time in a small New England village, which may be much worse than any city. When I came here I was delighted with the beauty of the country and I had long enchanting walks with my husband. But, after reveling in the fairyland of a winter morning, I was introduced at a 'Main-Street' party as 'the lady who goes walking in snowstorms.' I discovered that, in all dignity, one must not run down the hills. One cannot go skating on the school pond without being looked at askance. Like the other victim I find plenty of clubs, too many for a village, but they stir no least bit of interest or enthusiasm; they only bore. Domesticity is deadening to the mind, and I find one may live very respectably by spending only a small fraction of one's time thus. One can read widely and long, but there must be something more. What has she discovered — won't she please tell us other victims?

PRISCILLA DALTON.

* * *

Of the readers who have listened to the delicious table-talk of Cornelia, Professor Sherman, and the others anent prohibition, several have wished to raise their voice in the discussion. We wonder if any of them would care to answer this gentleman?

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wish to express my appreciation of 'Cornelia and Dionysus' which is one of the most subtle and convincing articles against prohibition which

has so far appeared; but, knowing the mentality of many prohibitionists, would you satisfy the curiosity of some of your readers by stating whether the author wishes to be pictured as exultingly wiping the blood of the 'wet' from his dripping sword at the end of the article, or as politely offering a pinch of snuff to the 'dry' to convince him that his head has been deftly but efficaciously severed?

S—.

* * *

And who has not slunk silently out into the sunshine when the visiting minister arose for his address?

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In this article on 'The Preacher's Handicap,' Mr. Horwill doubtless took into consideration the devastating possibility, from the preacher's point of view, of the entire congregation leaving en masse during the ten minute interval suggested between service and sermon, with only a handful, or perhaps no new recruits at all, enlisting for the sermon. A lapsus linguae by a preacher, which I once enjoyed hearing, and which may have been induced by the boredom of having to sit through a programme of the usual banal sacred music, would aptly describe the situation. The preacher in question wished to announce that a pile of leaflets would be found at the rear of the church, which the congregation could obtain as they passed out at the close of the service. As actually made the announcement was as follows: 'The congregation can obtain the leaflets as they pile out at the close of the service.'

ALFRED B. YEOMANS.

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We have clipped this charming apology from the letter of an oriental admirer.

TRAVANCORE STATE, SO. INDIA.

In the meanwhile I implore your mercy in the shape of a request that a relative of mine who is entirely in the grip of deep potation posted to the *Atlantic Monthly* a bundle of papers, which is nothing but a net-work of his deranged brain. I knew it, only the 3rd day, while I accidentally stepped into the Post office. I hope you will open your basket of sympathy, and do full justice to my prayer.

I am really at a loss to comprehend anything that are contained in those papers. If you could kindly re-direct it to me, I shall be thankful to you, and will destroy the scamp unquestionably.

As I am your dutiful and obedient Servant, I feel confident that my humble request will not go in vain.

K. P. KASAVE-DASS.